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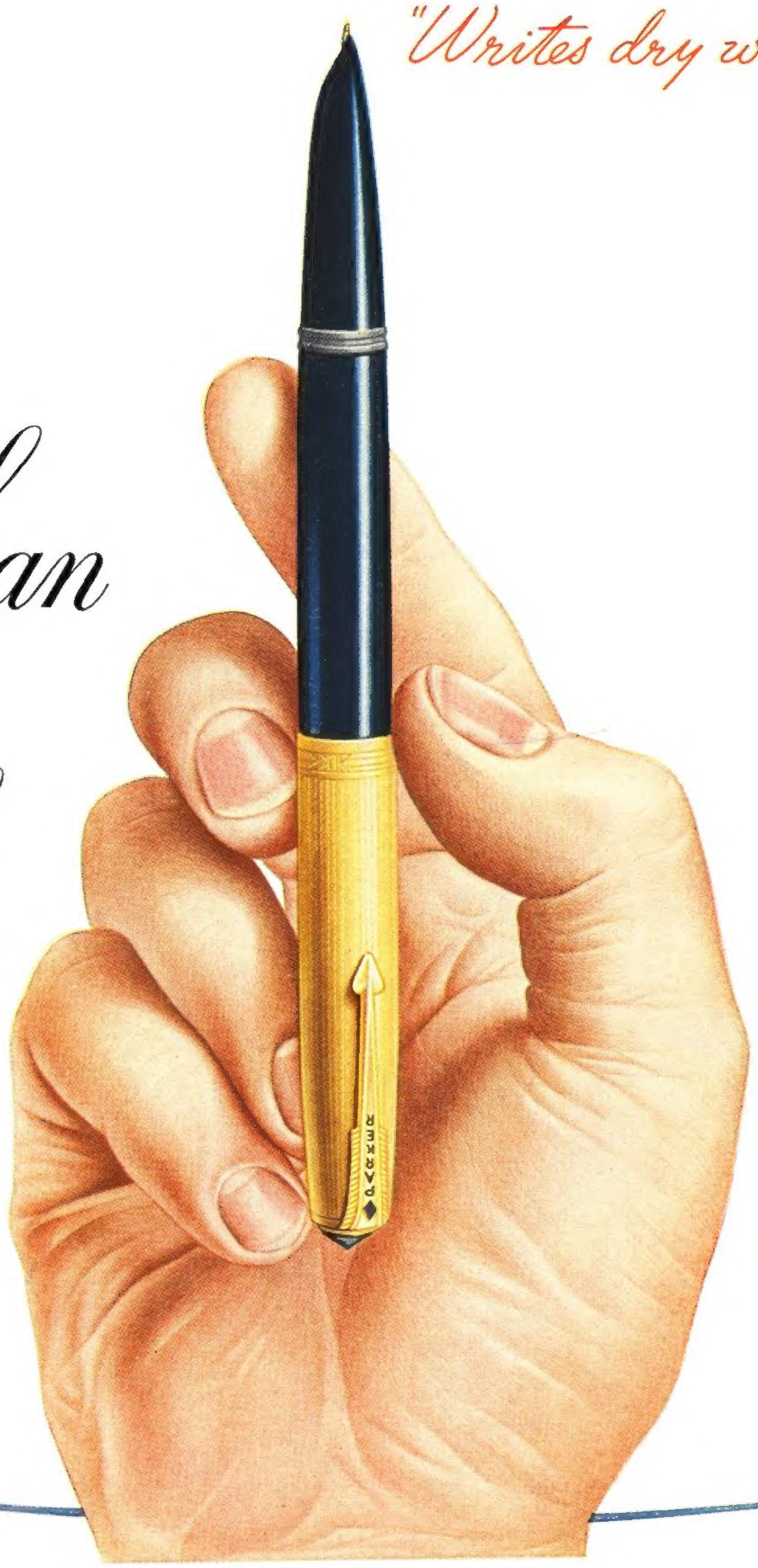

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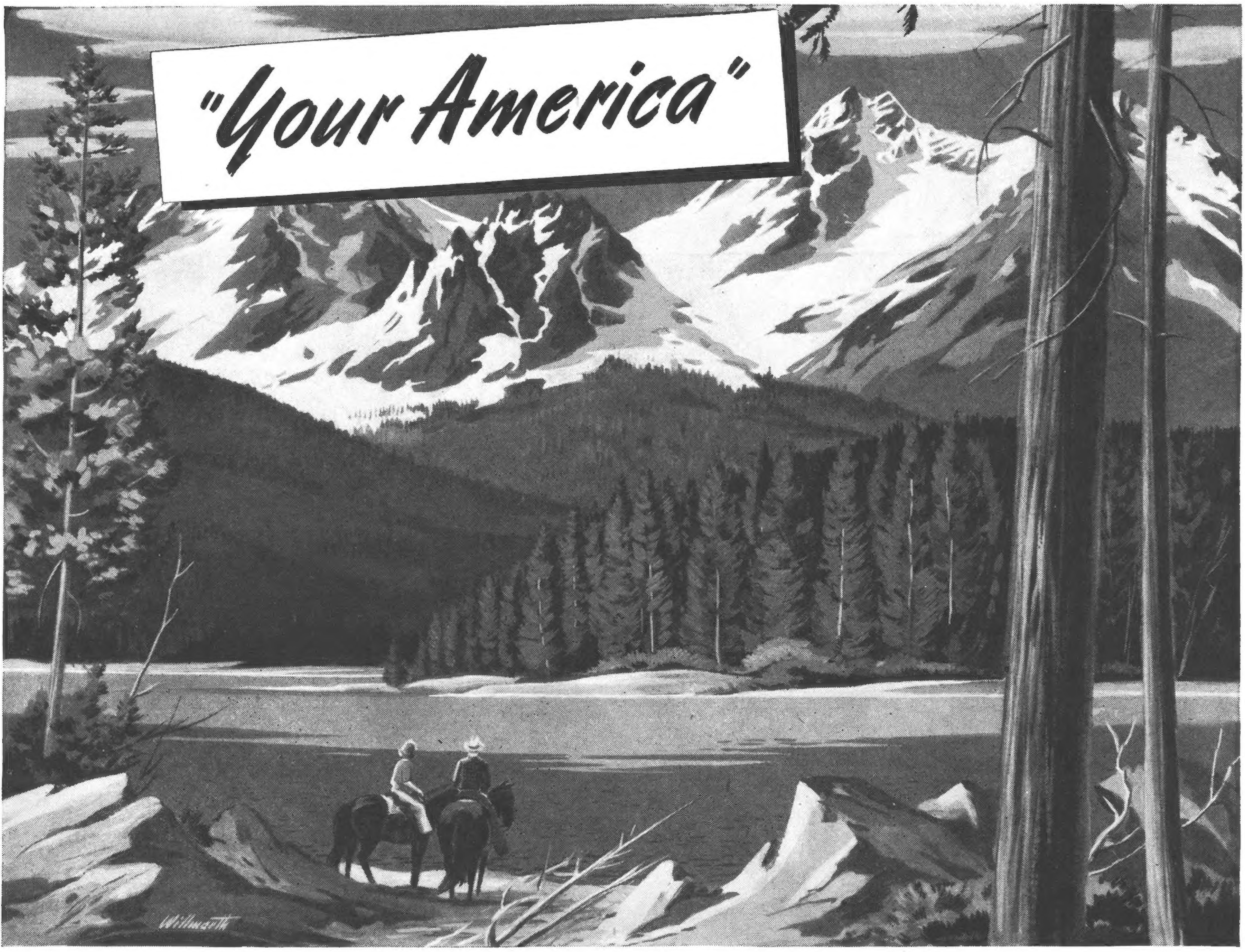
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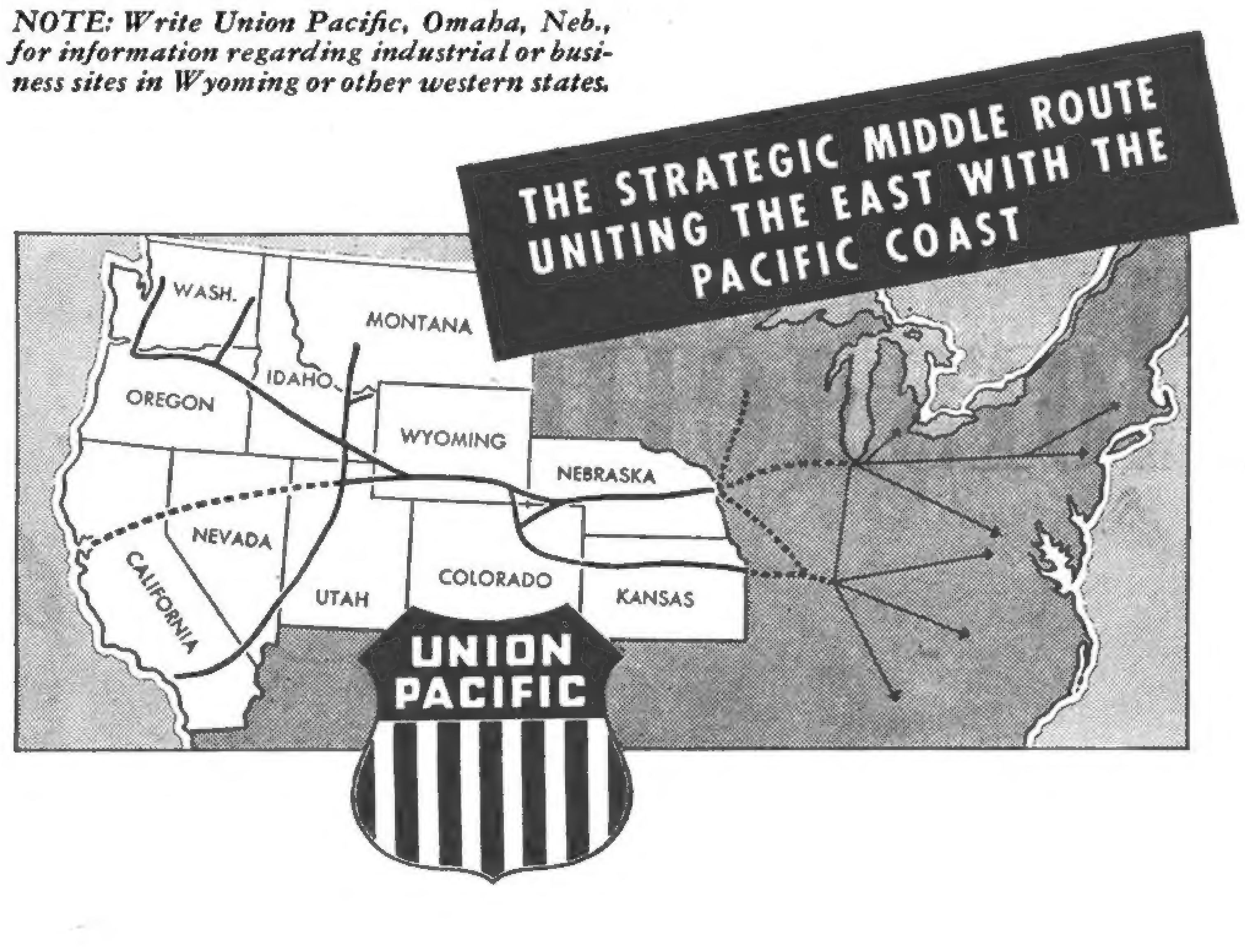
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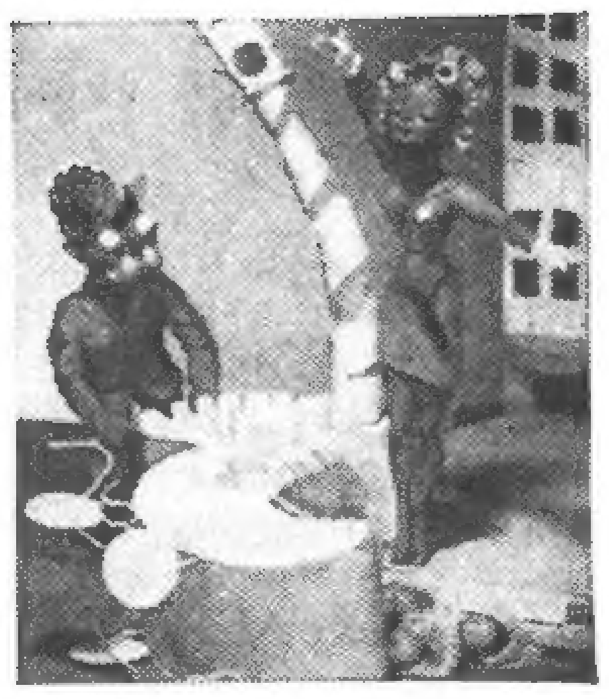

Speaking for G.I. Joe

We have this letter from Edward F. Quinn, returned marine now attending college in St. Louis, Mo., telling us that we were on the beam with the March article, *The Duration Plus Six*, that Joseph Wechsberg sent us from Europe under his pseudonym of "James Waxmont." Incidentally, it is almost as if Mr. Quinn had himself seen through Joe Wechsberg's extra-transparent pen name, because you will notice that he refers to the article as being by *Joseph* Waxmont, rather than by *James*, as it was signed. Anyway, he says:

"Congratulations on your recent article, *The Duration Plus Six*. It's high time someone expressed the realistic desire of Joe Soldier, Sailor or Marine. Copywriters' dreams of G. I. Joe's postwar attitude have long been a source of great discomfort to me.

"I have recently received a medical discharge from the Marine Corps, due to the loss of my right leg above the knee. My life since discharge has closely followed that of Joseph Waxmont's article. I did not come home full of vengeance, nor was I particularly anxious to sip chocolate sodas at the corner drugstore.

"I raised hell for about two months, doing what I pleased whenever I chose to do it. Now I have succeeded in forgetting the war and have set myself to the task of rehabilitation. Since I had no job to return to, I chose college. At present I am enjoying a normal and comparatively happy life as a student. All my efforts are being spent in an effort to catch up with other men of my age, in my profession, who were not called upon to interrupt their duties to serve our Uncle Sam.

"It is my sincerest wish that all my buddies will soon find themselves on the road back to normalcy along with yours truly. Keep up the good work in Esky. It is undoubtedly the finest publication on the market today, in spite of Postmaster General Walker. Best of all good things in your undertakings."

Now in this issue, from across the other ocean, our Pacific correspondent Sid Carroll samples the home-thoughts of servicemen in that area, in the short piece on page 39 called *Some Private Postwar Planning*. And we're sure that other discharged veterans will agree, with Edward Quinn, that such straight talk serves as a useful and wholesome antidote to the "copywriters' dreams of G. I. Joe's postwar attitude."

David A Smart
Publisher

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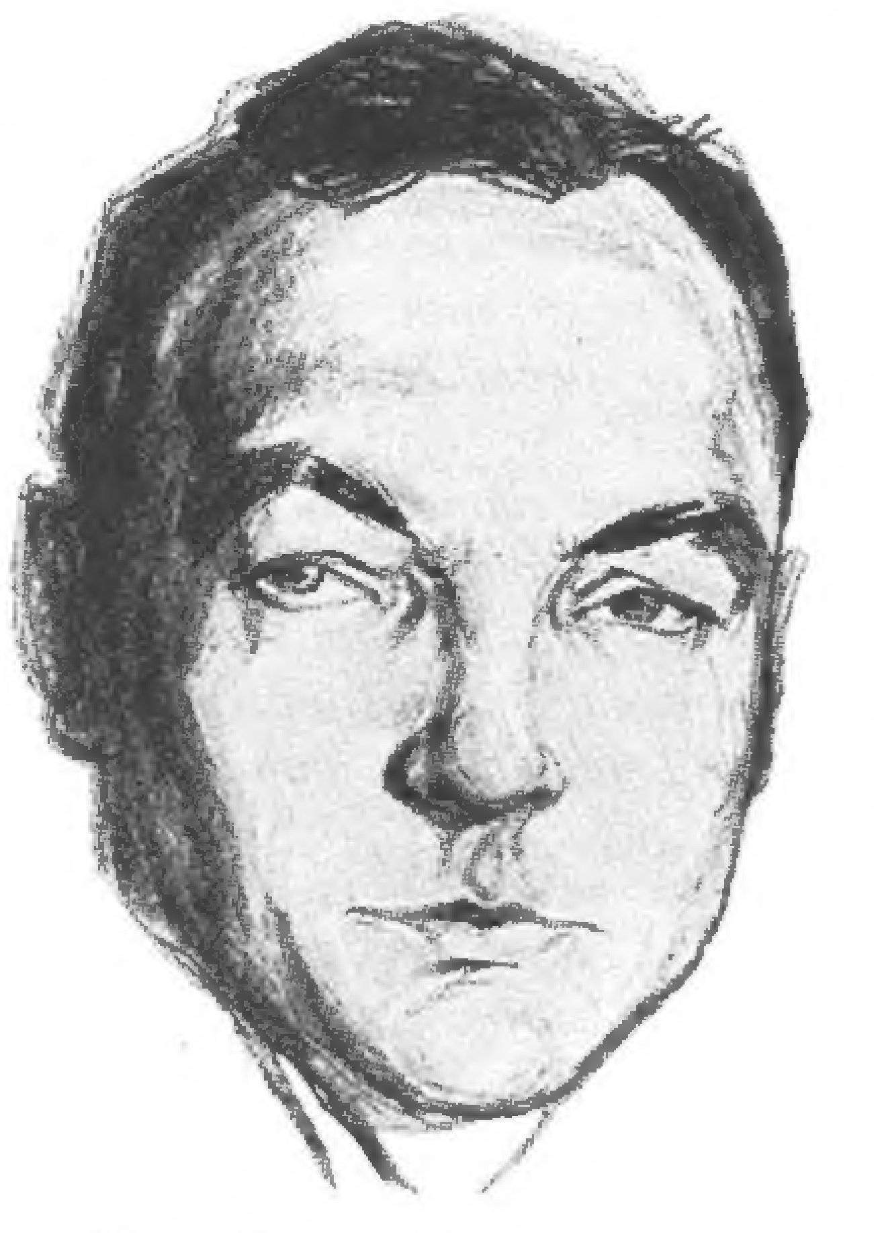
EDITORIAL: All about Graffis the artist, editor, anthologist and grocery-buyer

The occasion of the appearance of *Esquire's First Sports Reader* is certainly noteworthy in itself, but we choose to take it as an opportunity, instead of merely pointing with pride to the book, to record for perhaps the teenth time our wondering admiration, amounting almost to awe, of the prose style of its editor, Herb Graffis. As an inveterate Graffis-fancier, and a charter member of that small but optimistic society devoted to disseminating the realization that Herb is the most undeservedly under-appreciated writer in America, the one thing that interested us most about *Esquire's First Sports Reader* was its Preface. Having enjoyed it hugely, we're passing on a liberal lift of it, as tapped out by the inimitable Herb on his trained typewriter:



Graffis, the man

"From the pages of the past ten years' publications of Esquire, yarns and articles have been gathered into this all-star sports literary line-up.

"As is usual with any all-star or all-American selection, this accumulation is subject to the criticism of Monday morning quarterbacks and bleacher managers. Some character who spent the happiest three years of his life in the sixth grade of grammar school will growl that the compiler of this anthology 'don't know from nuttin' because the complainant's pet piece was omitted.

"But as long as the fellow paid for his book, let him yowl.

"If the critic's pet sport is marble shooting or hunting the ferocious water buffalo with a rubber band and paper clips and we haven't chosen a piece on his favorite pastime, he'll question our judgment. And why not? Nobody in this country is compelled to vote 'jah.'

"One reason for the critic's complaint may be that the piece he especially wanted to read wasn't printed in Esquire. As the Magazine for Men, Esquire has the broadest and liveliest sports coverage of any magazine of large circulation. On that account, probably, the male citizen who vaguely recalls a sports piece that he wants to read again in settling an argument, or for his cultural good, writes to Esquire, asking that the article be located and sent to him. He is positive we ran it. Usually we had.

"Turning the pages of bound volumes of Esquire in search for these loosely described literary items, particularly in response to the requests of servicemen, was one of the reasons for printing this book. This book helps avoid work. Our deep conviction is that in enabling the mortal to avoid work, or to masquerade work so that it becomes fun, sport performs its holiest function.

"Another reason for this collection of Esquire sports pieces which have scored heaviest with its readers is, confidentially, to make money. The writers and athletes whose literary art appears in these pages are all gentlemen who make very handy use of what the patois defines as 'scratch' or 'moola.' Some of the artists represented in these pages (especially Hemingway, Pegler and Hagen) reek with funds. Hence their art is on a plane virtually above sordid gain.

"In the present case, Hemingway, Pegler and Hagen may be regarding the income-tax man as less celebrated scribes represented in this book consider the grocery-man—just another one of the boys who is catching a perfect game.

"There is more than a suspicion that some stories in this collection eventually may be catalogued as classics. You don't get masters of the Hemingway-Masters-Anderson order ruled off the track by literary critics because the subject these articles happen to be treating is sports. Homer, Plato, Virgil (and others down through Thackeray and Shaw) took their literary swing at sports in jobs that are by no means the least of their works.

"Sport is compact drama and sprightly poetry. In all sports there is the conflict element of the literary plot, even when the sport is man *vs.* fish. The fish may not be in a belligerent, hungry, or nosy mood. He may think of his sporting opponent as merely a trusting chump who tosses a tiny hook into water constituting about 70 per cent of the earth's surface, expecting that a smart fish would be silly enough to choose that particular area for sinking a barb into its palate. That's drama. But if the fish aren't biting, sport is poetry. The blue skies, the rippling water, the caress of the breeze on your face make you philosophically indifferent to the contempt of the fish.

"But why be too serious about any part of the sports story? It's all in fun, and what other benefits the sportsman receives are a bonus. Certainly one of the most profound sports pieces written during the life of living man is Westbrook Pegler's 'Are Wrestlers People?' Yet, in our opinion, it's the funniest, and it shows the laughing boy's sunniest artistry. Peg writes circles around Lucilius, who also wrote some pertinent remarks about the grunters, some two thousand years ago.

"Anyway, here's the collection of Esquire sports stories many have asked for, so enjoy yourself with it."

Maybe at this point most of you have been driven right out-of-doors, to fare forth in quest of a copy of *Esquire's First Sports Reader*. In that case, Herb's Preface has shown itself to be possessed of fiscal, as well as aesthetic, vigor.

But those of you who are, like us, of the more quietly contemplative sort, may prefer to hang around and admire that Foreword for its own sake.

The first thing that strikes you about the art of Graffis is that it is so ingenuously and ingratiatingly artless. Who but Herb would characterize the content of a book as "yarns and articles"? A comparable bit of verbal juggling within the tight confines of a three word phrase would result, in less skilled hands, in something like "dolls and scholars," or say, "apes and aesthetes" or—but why try it at all? Graffis yields to nobody, in our studied opinion, as the master of antithetical juxtapositions. But his art is more than word deep. Tricky verbalizations are only the surface sheen glittering on the deep waters of the Graffis prose. Who but Graffis could compress into three little words the specific gravity of a whole anguished volume of labored analysis and diagnosis, as he does with effortless wizardy by summarizing Westbrook Pegler as "the laughing boy"?

For that matter, who else would dredge as deep down among the writings of the past for a fitting comparison or contrast to a piece of Pegler's sports writing? Dismissing such too accessible characters as, for instance, Mr. Damon Runyon and/or Mr. Paul Gallico, Graffis comes casually up with Lucilius! Who else do you suppose, outside the cloistered quadrangles of the professoriat, ever heard of *him*? That's another thing that never ceases to amaze us about this Graffis. His erudition is worn as lightly as, to restrict the comparison to other authors, the clothes of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee.

It occurs to us, perhaps belatedly, that we are doing a disservice to Graffis the businessman by this conducted tour of the stylistic beauties of Graffis the artist. After all, maybe the most welcome comment on the Preface or Introduction to a book is not "Boy, what a fine preface that is!" but rather something to the general effect of "Man, now this is a book I must buy." We don't want to wish upon Graffis the preface-writer the same nasty fate that once overtook Jordan the motorcar maker. Mr. Jordan, as you may remember, wrote such exciting advertisements about the Jordan car that people practically committed them to memory. One, captioned "Somewhere West of Laramie," became as widely quoted as any poem, and much more so than any other advertisement, of its time. Jordan ads made everybody (including advertising award committees) say, "Now there's an ad I like!" They stopped after a while, apparently for no better reason than that they didn't make enough people also say, "My next car must be a Jordan."

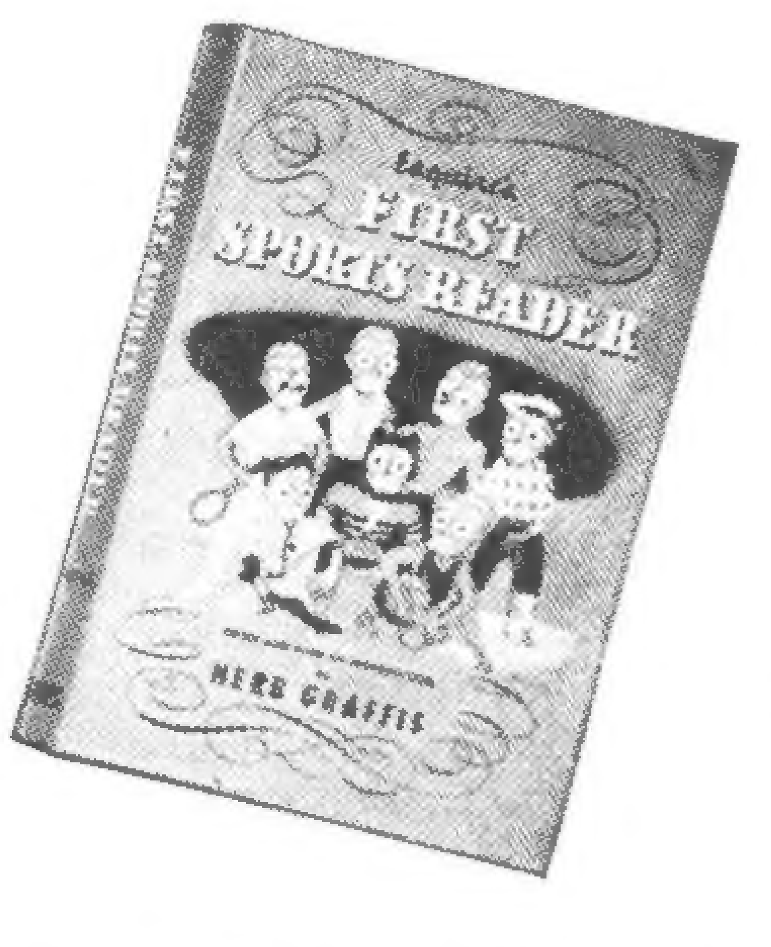
Very well, then, for the sake of Graffis the grocery-buyer, we will change our tack. *Esquire's First Sports Reader* is a fine book. It's full of wonderful stuff. It's a buy. As Herb says, it's got great pieces by some very big shots indeed, such as Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, and Herb knows who all else. He should know; he edited it. But we can't help asking whether anything that Graffis edits is any more precious than what Graffis writes. For instance . . . "You might be disposed to think that a lady Gehrig, in contour and solidity, would resemble a wholesale butcher's block. However, in verity, the rollicking and durable Lorraine has a considerable edge in pulchritude and streamlining over another nice lady whose sliding has been done from one chair to another in changing bridge partners, instead of over skinned diamonds that abrade the hide like a nutmeg grater."

Gad, sirs, did you ever encounter a more vivid image in print? Speaking of style, wouldn't you say that whoever shaped those sentences has a mean curve on the keyboard . . . let's see what they came out of. *Belles of the Ball* by Herb Graffis, from Esquire, June 1940. Well, there may be, as he says, other pieces in the book that will ultimately be catalogued as classics. But the cataloguers could do worse than take that, for a start.

Here's an exciting spot, a few pages farther along, about the long count . . . "Dave Barry's right arm whipped chill early autumn air over a recumbent gladiator. Gene Tunney, his eyes filmed by goof-glaze" . . . hah! there's a Graffis touch, that "goof-glaze"—that term *must* be of the Graffis coinage. Yep, that turns out to be from the Sports Poll for August, 1943.

Here's a piece by a famous golfer . . . "The days have departed when knowing males expect a women's championship to be something like a tong warfare with a few added features like an incendiary fire in a foundling's home. The smart girls have acquired a competitive temperament that is so case-hardened to even the most adept of the tabby touches that there have been very few championship matches in the last few years that have been played with claws instead of clubs." Well, it *says* it's by a famous golfer. But we seem to remember that it was as the "pearly ectoplasm" of a variety of famous golfers that Graffis got his literary start . . .

It's a small point that we're making, maybe. So we'll make it without further ado. It's simply that no matter how distinguished the contributions to this *Esquire's First Sports Reader* may be, or to any other sports anthology for that matter, it's our idea of an odds-on bet that by no means the least distinguished of them would be those from the hand of the good grey Graffis himself. For we don't know anybody writing today, in or out of the field of sports, with a more distinctive style.



Graffis, the book

Now on sale at book and department stores. Or if you can't find a copy, send $2.75 to Esquire's Sport Department, Palmolive Building, Chicago 11, Illinois.

We were once writing up something about Graffis for the *Backstage* page of Esquire. We set down what we considered the pertinent facts about him, employing for the purpose the several parts of our native speech, which is American English. It read as follows:

> "Raised in newspaper offices in Indiana and Missouri, began in Chicago on high school sports for the *Examiner*, prior to *Herald-Examiner* consolidation, then went into trade journalism, being successively with *Telephony*, then part owner of *Gas Record*, and later of *Petroleum Age* and of *Telephone Engineer*. Was founder of *Chicago Golfer*, first and the most successful of the district golf magazines. Later established *Golfdom*, the Business Journal of Golf, and then *Golfing*. Edits both of those magazines now. Also on the staff of the Chicago *Times*. In addition to his own magazine pieces has ghosted for somewhere between a dozen and twenty pro golfers and other athletic notables. Has handled golf special features for Hearst and other newspapers."

Then, just as it was about to go to the printers, we had a happier thought, and sent it instead to Graffis, with a note asking, "Herb, how would you say this in Graffis?" Back it came, obligingly transposed into the Mid-Indiana accents of the pure or basic Graffis, that wondrous language that we lesser linguists can only aspire to understand, but never to speak or write:

> "Born in Logansport, Indiana. Too lazy to plow. Doesn't get up early enough to milk. Too slow to play basketball. Hence was forced into the remaining Hoosier occupation, litrachoor. Saw many old men on his father's newspapers in Indiana and Missouri reaping as rewards of daily journalism, green eyeshades and hemorrhoids. Then switched into trade journalism in the public utility and oil fields. Then back to writing sports, finding it much easier to get good tickets to sports events this way than to work and pay for them. Editor of *Golfing*, and of a golf business journal, *Golfdom*. Conductor of a golf column in the Chicago *Times*. In golf scores, strictly a golfer of the people. The writhing wraith for several of the better known professional golfers. Wounded and honorably discharged in the war against prohibition."

We used to think that the only reason nobody could ever persuade Graffis to write a book himself was that he was lazy. He does give that impression. He's the diametric opposite of the proverbial guy who could "strut sitting down." Graffis, standing at attention, would still look about as relaxed as you would lying prone on a chaise lounge. He can come into a frantic newsroom or a frenzied magazine office and spread an amiable indolence around him so suddenly that you'd swear he'd hypnotized the whole joint. There are even those who go so far as to say that he exerts the same influence on a battlefield. Us, we prefer to put it down to mere coincidence that the one time the war in the West went badly for our side happened to be the exact period that Graffis spent there as a correspondent. There are those, however, who insist that the real inside on that Battle of the Bulge, when the road to Berlin suddenly stopped being a one-way thoroughfare, was that everybody on our side, from generals to privates, just dropped everything when Graffis got started telling stories. But that's not so. That's just a chauvinistic canard. We know better and we can prove it. Because, if by any chance that had been what really happened, the Germans would have dropped everything to listen, too.

No, Graffis must not be lazy. It's just that he looks, and affects you that way. But he does a daily column in the Chicago *Times*. And currently he's even doing a daily broadcast, being audible on Chicago's Station WIND five nights a week from 8:45 to 9 C.W.T. So for a lazy man he gets a lot done. But he certainly looks and acts more relaxed than anybody, except, maybe, somebody like Stepin Fetchit, who gets paid for it. And yet, to hear him tell it, he doesn't even believe in relaxation. At least at space rates he doesn't. Because he's just written a piece for us on the subject, which we'll publish in these pages next month, that he has entitled *Relaxation Is the Art of Bums*.

So we can't imagine why Graffis doesn't write a book. It's gratifying however, to us old Graffis addicts, to see that he has at least and at last come close enough to it to edit one. And if this is all the Graffis we can get between book covers why, as the song writer says, it'll have to do, until the real thing comes along.

Meanwhile, for the latest news and views of Graffis the Global Traveler, walk, don't run, from here right over to page 74 of this issue where you will find a Sports Poll with a difference. It isn't at all what you'd expect in our normal Sports Poll. The difference may be largely ascribable to the fact that this one, for just this once, is written in pure, that is to say unadulterated, Graffinese.

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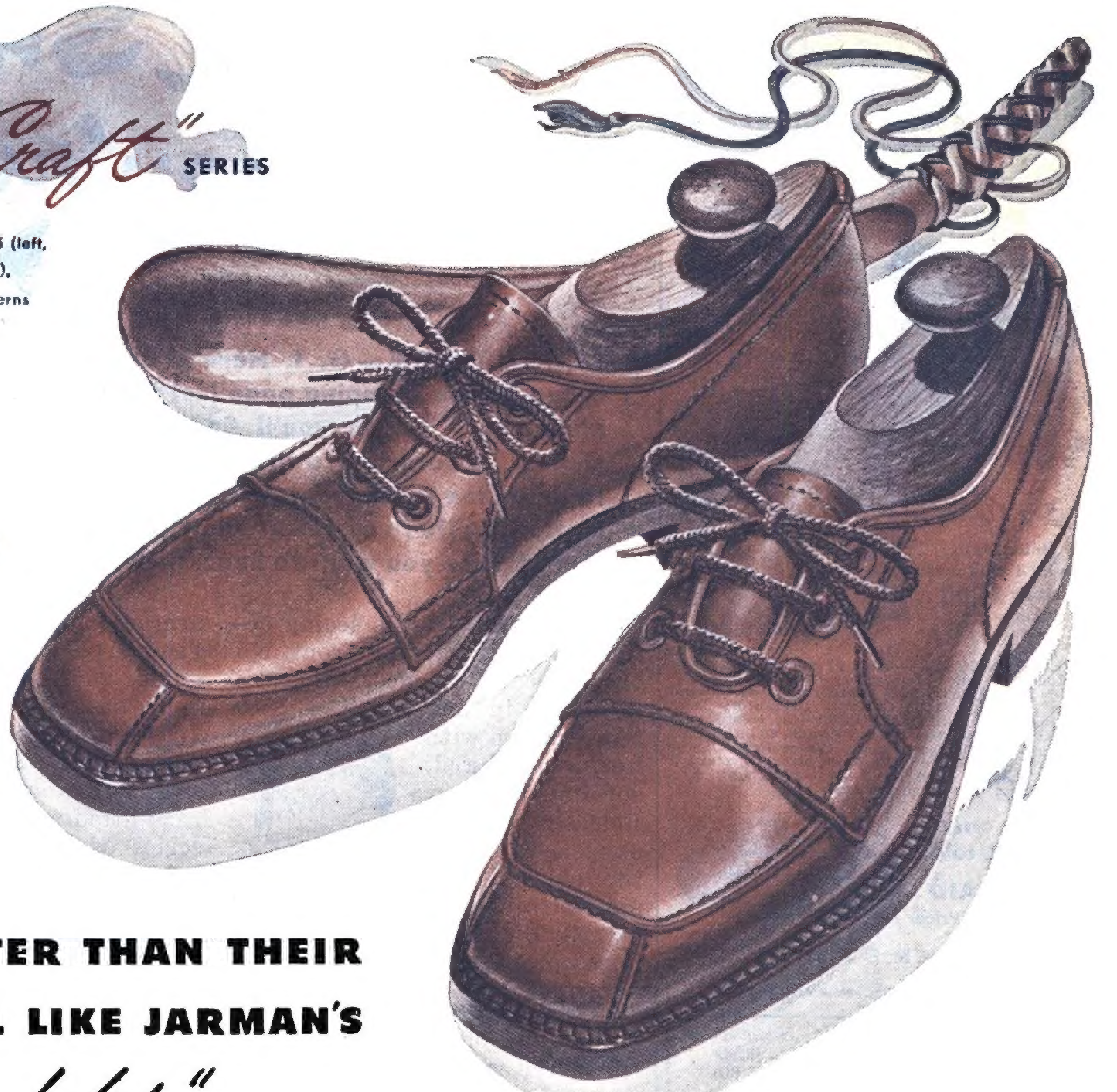
Style No. 1198 (right), No. 1115 (left, below) and No. 1000 (right, below). Three distinctive casual type patterns for wear on all informal occasions.



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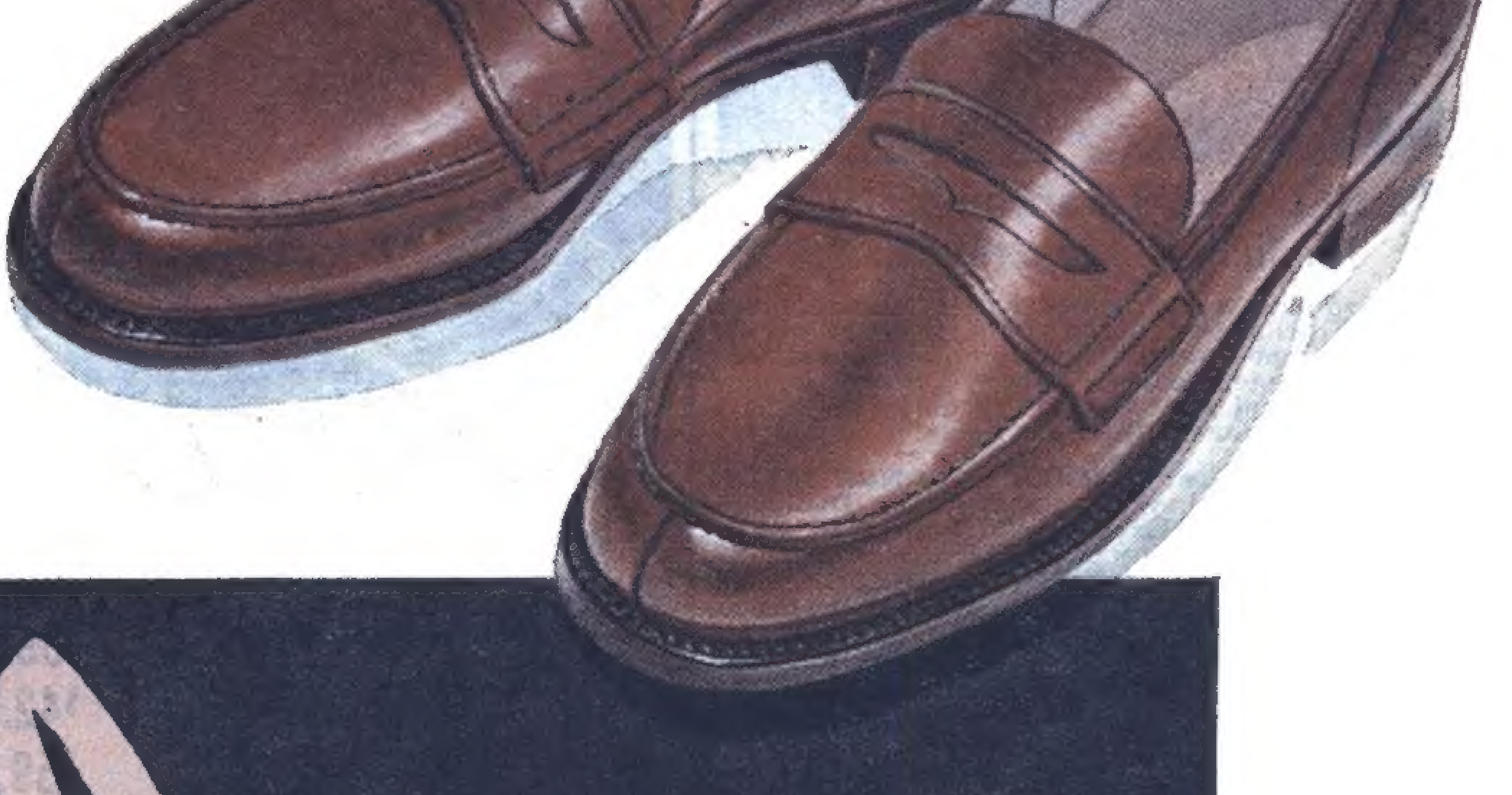

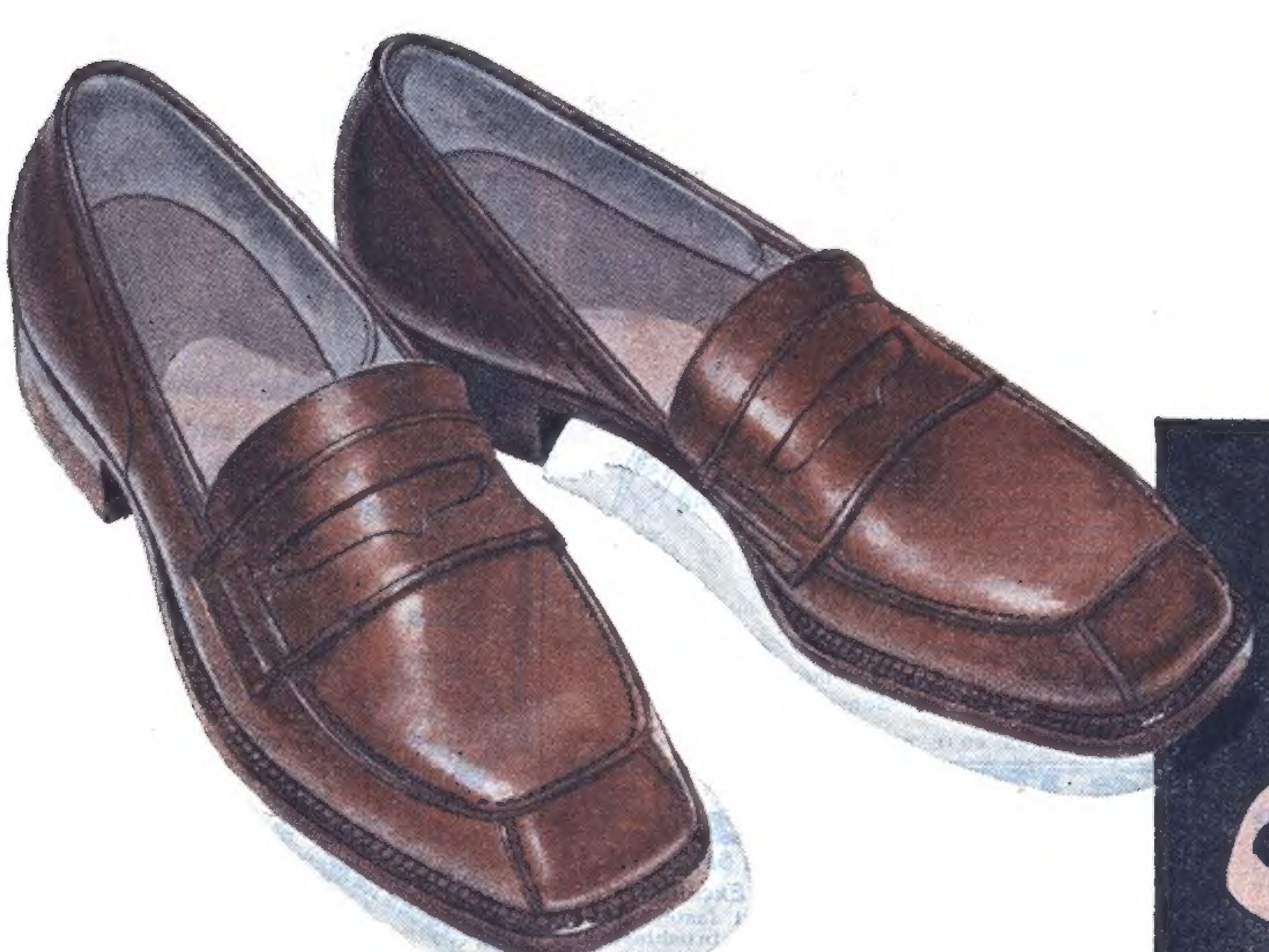

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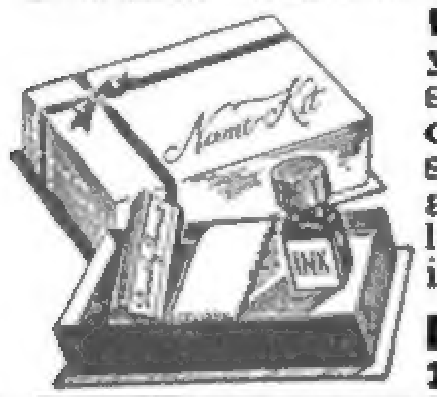

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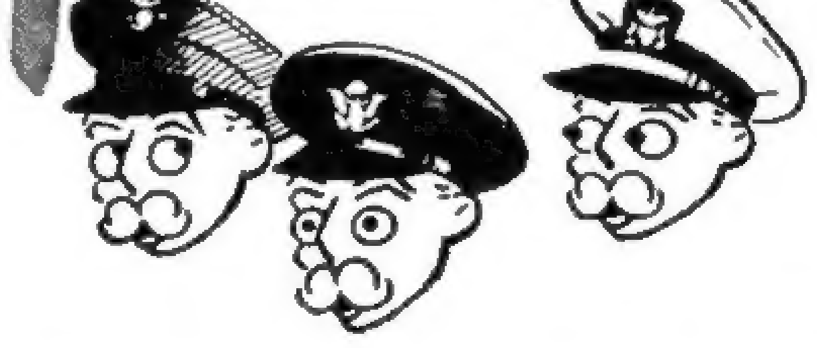
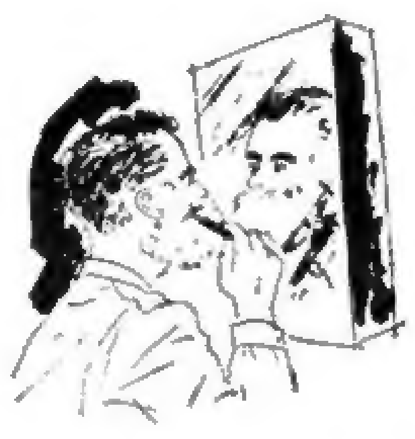


STRICTLY NON—G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



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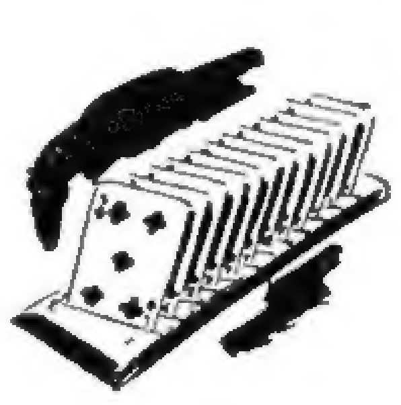

FUN ON FURLOUGH. If you fellows happen to be in Montreal, Canada, head for the Davis dance canteen. Dine and dance with the "Dance Debs" . . . charming hostesses and decorative to boot. Reports claim romance runs rampant at the Davis dancorium.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

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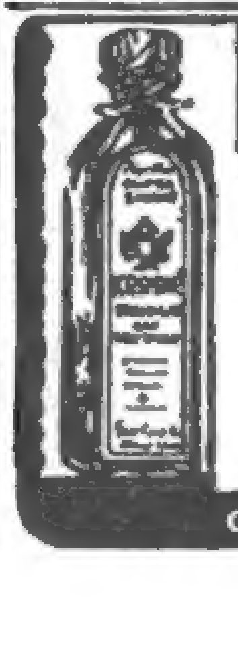

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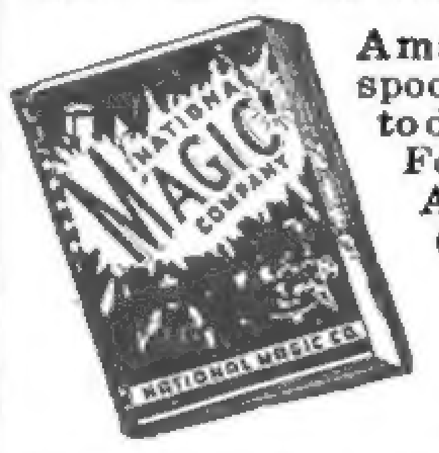

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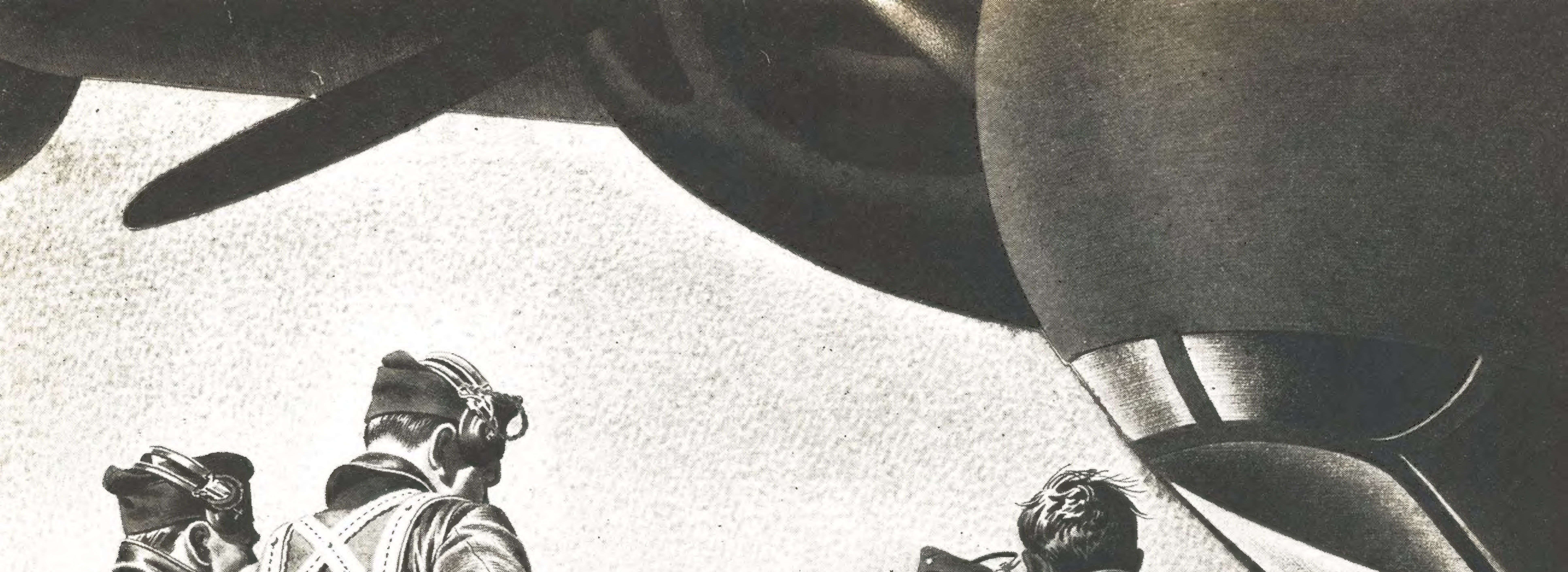

ONLY THOSE THUNDERBOLTS
COULD HAVE SAVED OUR BACON THIS MORNING!

"You all know how bad A-2 needs pictures for the big "blitz" they're planning . . . The C. O. told us to get'em . . . and he don't mean maybe . . . It was another job of sweating it out, and brothers did we sweat . . . the flak looked like a solid wall and about the time we managed to sneak through and get a couple of swell takes, things began to happen ¶ A flock of those one-o-nines that Heinie's been saving, took us on as their personal meat . . . my port number two quit cold . . . starboard number one started smoking . . . our navigator copped a packet, the intercom went . . . then, just as I was beginning to wonder what a shor'nuff pair o' wings would feel like, assorted hell broke out among Schickelgruber's spiteful lads ¶ One burst into flame off my port wing, a gent making a head-on run disintegrated . . . and by the time I limped around and headed for home, two more Jerrys were spinning down and the rest of the visiting firemen hightailed away from there ¶ Believe me, chums, I was between a gulp and a prayer when two P47's*, who'd apparently been the total rescue squad, lined up over our tail, proceeded to wet nurse us home, and, as though it were just another routine chore, flipped around and went calmly back to the wars."

*** STATISTICS FROM ALL FIGHTING FRONTS DEMONSTRATE THE UNMATCHABLE PERFORMANCE OF THE "THUNDERBOLT"**

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ'S SOBER SIDE

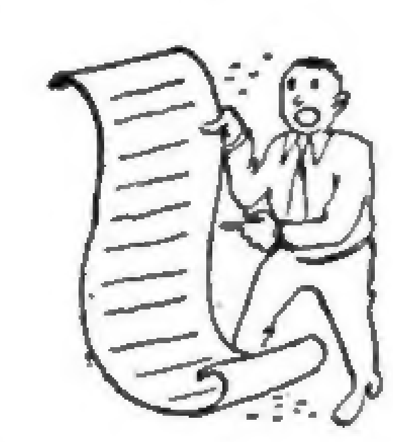
I have been an avid reader of Esquire for several years, especially the last two which have been spent throughout the islands of the Pacific. I can tell you with sincerity that Esquire magazine, and your other literary ventures, provided much real enjoyment to myself and the great many other fellows out here. Esquire is one magazine that never seems to wear out nor finish the rounds, even when a later edition is recieved.

In his preface to *The Bedside Esquire*, Arnold Gingrich stated that Esquire was more widely looked at than read, and though I feel inclined to agree with him, I cannot help but notice the dog-eared, and well-thumbed appearance its pages usually present when it has no sooner than started the rounds. The cartoons, pictures and photographs are not all there is to be enjoyed in Esquire, because all the material between its pages, whether it makes you mad, happy, gay or solemn, is well worth reading. I get an especial kick from the style the authors use in their ingenious writing, whether it be a serious article, a fictional farce, or an advertisement for the Esquire Date Book. It is a style which seems to create an atmosphere of long friendship between writer and reader, and the words written seemingly are intended for the reader alone.

Lt. Harry A. Hartman, Jr.
Pacific Theater

MOLDY FIG GETS A FRESH ONE

I read Moldy Fig's letter in your March issue with a great deal of interest and more than a little scorn. For a person who considers himself an authority on jazz as Mr. Fig evidently does, he displays a woeful lack of information and common sense.



To say that anything arranged is "fine stuff indeed—but not jazz" is really the height of something or other. To deny arranged jazz is to deny Duke Ellington, Erskine Tate, Fletcher Henderson, Doc Cooke and a host of others. To deny these jazz immortals is to deny jazz itself.

Mr. Fig seems to belong to that group of people who live in a prehistoric era of jazz glory, for whom nothing is good unless it's old. For this clique, a chorus by Dodds, Simeon or Noone is hip and righteous, while a take-off by Goodman, Shaw or Fazola just "ain't nowhere." Would Louis Armstrong have been any the less great if he had been born twenty years later in, say, Peoria, Illinois? According to Mr. Fig and his fellows, that would have made Louis a bum.

In reply to Mr. Fig's list of pre-1930 jazz records, admittedly excellent, I'd like to offer a list of my own, made up of records pressed since 1930:

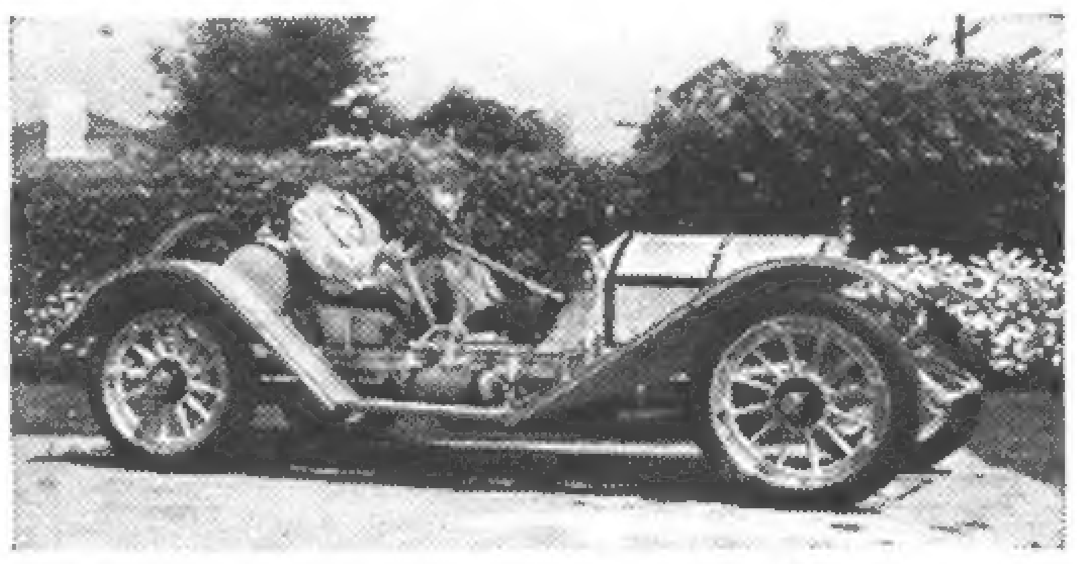
Flying Home/Rose Room—
Benny Goodman Sextet.
Sweet Lorraine—
Benny Goodman Trio.
Sing, Sing, Sing—
Benny Goodman.
I Can't Get Started—
Bunny Berigan.
Cafe Society Uptown Blues—
Edmond Hall
Sittin' In—
Chu Berry
Ugly Chile—
George Brunis.
Billie's Blues—
Billie Holiday.
Echoes of Harlem—
Cootie Williams.
Summit Ridge Drive—
Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five.
Shoe Shiner's Drag—
Lionel Hampton.
Battery Bounce—
Art Tatum.

Get the idea, Mr. Fig?

Paul Wachtel, AM2/c, USN
Pacific Area

CURTAIN CALL FROM THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE FANS

We wish to compliment you on the splendid picture of George Robertson in the Locomobile, and the story accompanying it, which appeared in the December, 1944, issue of Esquire.



Secretary of the Horseless Carriage Club in his 1913 Mercer runabout

We hope we have the pleasure of seeing more of such pictures in your fine magazine as time goes by.

Horseless Carriage Club of America.
Herbet Royston, Secretary
W. Los Angeles 25, Calif.

CRITICAL ADDENDA TO FRENCH LESSON I

Let me be among the first to congratulate you on your contribution to the popularization of the study of modern foreign languages by instituting a series of simplified lessons in French and other important modern foreign languages. The present war and the planning of the postwar era of a society based on the brotherhood of man have emphasized the necessity of liberating us Americans from our monolingual narrowness and self-sufficiency, and Esquire's undertaking is a step in the right direction. I believe that Frank Henius' sound-spelling approach to French pronunciation will greatly facilitate the learning of the spoken language for those who are dependent upon self-instruction or who are deprived of the aid of competent teachers. It goes without saying, however, that one cannot acquire an impeccable pronunciation by relying solely on this system of sound-spelling, although he can learn to pronounce well enough to be understood by a native without being amusing.

There are, however, several errors in Mr. Henius' sound-spelling transcriptions to which I should like to call attention. He transcribes *avez-vous?* (have you?) as *ah-VAY-voo*, indicating that the stress should fall on the second syllable. This is incorrect and should be transcribed as *ah-vay-VOO*, since the tonic stress in French falls on the last sounded syllable of a phonetic group. Had the word *avez* been written alone, it would have been correctly transcribed as *ah-VAY*, but the addition of *vous* shifts the stress. Practice in France supports this phonetic rule. Therefore, by the same rule, *après-midi* should be transcribed as *ah-preh-mee-DEE*, and not as *ah-PREH-mee-DEE*. Moreover, Mr. Henius transcribes *présenter* (to present) as *pray-sahn-TAY*. The correct sound spelling is *pray-zahn-TAY*, since an intervocalic *s* in French is voiced, i.e. it is pronounced *z* as in the English *zebra*. Finally, *commencer* should be written *kaw-mahn-SAY*, not *kawm-mahn-SAY*, since only one *m* is heard.

Edward Allen Jones,
Professor of French
Morehouse College,
Atlanta, Georgia

ONE LITTLE SHAVER VS. ALL CALIFORNIA

In your March, 1945, number, there appears an article entitled *Everybody Reads the Comics*, by Fred Rodell, in which it is stated that upon an occasion "when Polly addressed one of her Pals as 'you poor prune' a prune growers' association in California protested." While it is somewhat of a revelation to know that the word "prune" is considered set aside under copyright protection for the use of Californians only, having lived for some time among the bellows-lunged Ubangi-mouthed inhabitants of this State, I am not at all surprised at the attitude of any individual or organization having headquarters within the hallowed boundaries which separate California from the other entirely unworthy States with which it must acknowledge union in order to get its sticky fingers into the Federal Treasury occasionally. Isn't that "protest" characteristic?

In the same issue of your magazine there appears on page 56 a cartoon shown over the caption "It's our man in the Oregon territory—he says mud and the rainy season have slowed down his operations, limiting his forays to only minor contracts." I lived for many years in the neighboring and much more beautiful and productive state of Oregon and while the winter time is generally referred to as the "rainy season," I can't resist informing you that they have many miles of paved roads within that State and that at no time of the year is business curtailed because of "mud and the rainy season." Your cartoon was most offensive and in poor taste. Nowhere in this Union have they more beautiful scenery nor better highways over which to ride in order to enjoy it, and I trust you have not encountered and do not encounter any difficulty in effecting delivery of Esquire in Oregon because of "mud and the rainy season."

I could go on and on but what's the use? Did you ever taste a Hood River apple or strawberry or a Rogue River pear? Nuts to you, Windy.

As I say, I am living within the State of California, only temporarily I trust, and am therefore omitting my address since, if I provide it, I should probably be attacked by any army of fleas, flies, snails, slugs and other vermin with more impressive names.

Russell Shaver
Los Angeles, Calif.

AMEND TO MEN WITHOUT WOMEN IN WAITING

We were delighted to receive the December, 1944, issue of Esquire and enjoyed *Ladies in Waiting* for the various branches of the service. Yet we do not understand why the Coast Guard, the first Congressionally authorized branch of the services, which was patrolling the North Atlantic before Pearl Harbor, which suffered the first World War II casualties aboard the *Hamilton*, which fought the German invasion of the Western Hemisphere in Greenland, which first located the escaping *Bismarck*, whose men were the first on the beach at Guadalcanal and have taken part in every major amphibious operation in every theater of the war since that date, whose men are manning a great portion of the Naval ships and are also commanding many of the Army's great transport fleet, which is performing its peacetime assignments of beach patrolling, lifesaving, lighthouse keeping, Marine inspection, weather and iceberg patrols and law enforcement duties, yet is second to none in percentage of its personnel overseas, was not accorded a place among the services. It's true that we operate as a part of the Navy during war, but the Marines always do. We would like our shield and girl, too.

Vaughan S. Winborne
Pacific Area Lieutenant, USCGR

Editor's Note: *To the men of the Coast Guard (and to the men of the 1st, 6th and 9th Armies, also omitted, from whom we have had some hundreds of letters): you have all done a job that entitles you not merely to passing fame in magazines like ours, but to the permanent place in history which is surely yours.*

G. I. MAIL CALL

About a year ago, I wrote to several servicemen whose letters I had read in The Sound and the Fury department. The strange part of it is that they answered!

I had been hearing such a lot about how very much "mail call" means to our boys overseas, that I thought I'd try to do what I could for at least a few of them.

The more than half a hundred boys whom I now correspond with are kind enough to say that my letters have helped a lot to keep them from feeling forgotten. Now I am appealing to my old stand-by, Esky, to help me out a bit.

You see, I still have the time and the desire to see that a lot more of those fellows aren't left empty-handed when those all important letters are passed around.

As I know that you cannot print their addresses, I hoped that you might print this letter or part of it, and then anyone who is a long way from home, and feeling a bit forgotten, could write me for a "pep talk."

Box 123, Sharon Blaine
Portland 3, Maine

FEATHERED FRIEND

I, for one, am just about 99.9 per cent in accord with Leonard Feather's views on jazz and musicians. (I allow myself 0.1 per cent for error.) It staggers me. For several years I have cursed and reviled (mentally, of course) the so-called critics who infest the pages of our periodicals. He is the first I have seen with a grain of sense. And the marvel is that he is really a booted character, not just partially laced-up! He has more sense than all the others combined.

I had almost come to the conclusion that *all* critics are necessarily journalists first, last and always and musicians never, never (a fine example of this being one of *Life's* editors, initials G. F.), when I was given a new outlook and a renewed faith in my own sense of values by his very sane, intelligent and musically sound articles in Esquire. It is high time that critics started talking about intervals and diminished 7ths and modulations and stopped bleating about "passion" and "heat" and "feeling"—not that I don't think these are very important, but the musicianship and ABOVE ALL the IDEAS, the musical IDEAS must be there.

If critics *did* use concrete musical terms and discuss records from a standpoint of their musical excellence, instead of speaking about a performer as a psychological study of his moods, which is pure baloney, the legit boys might take jazz more seriously!

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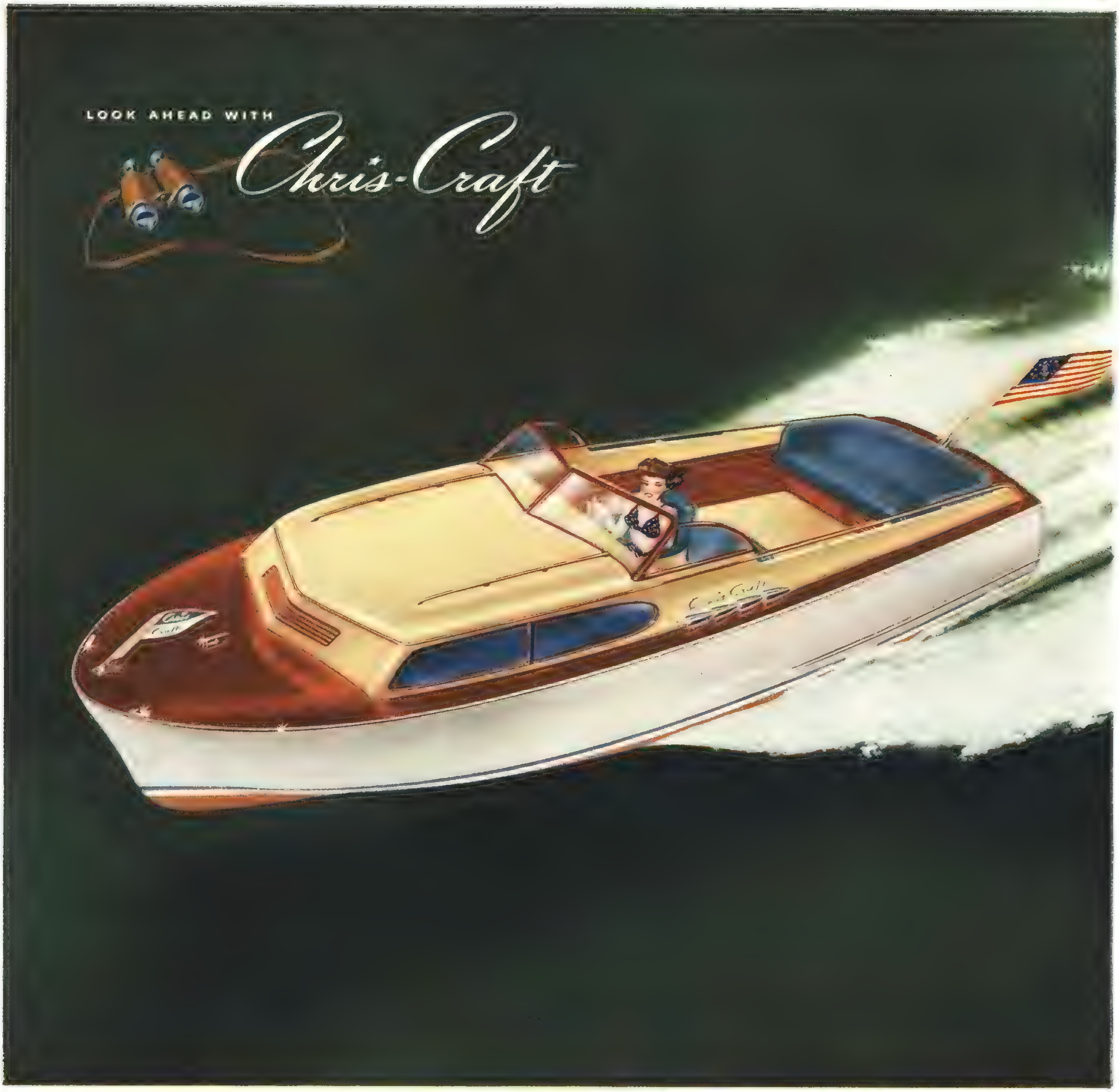
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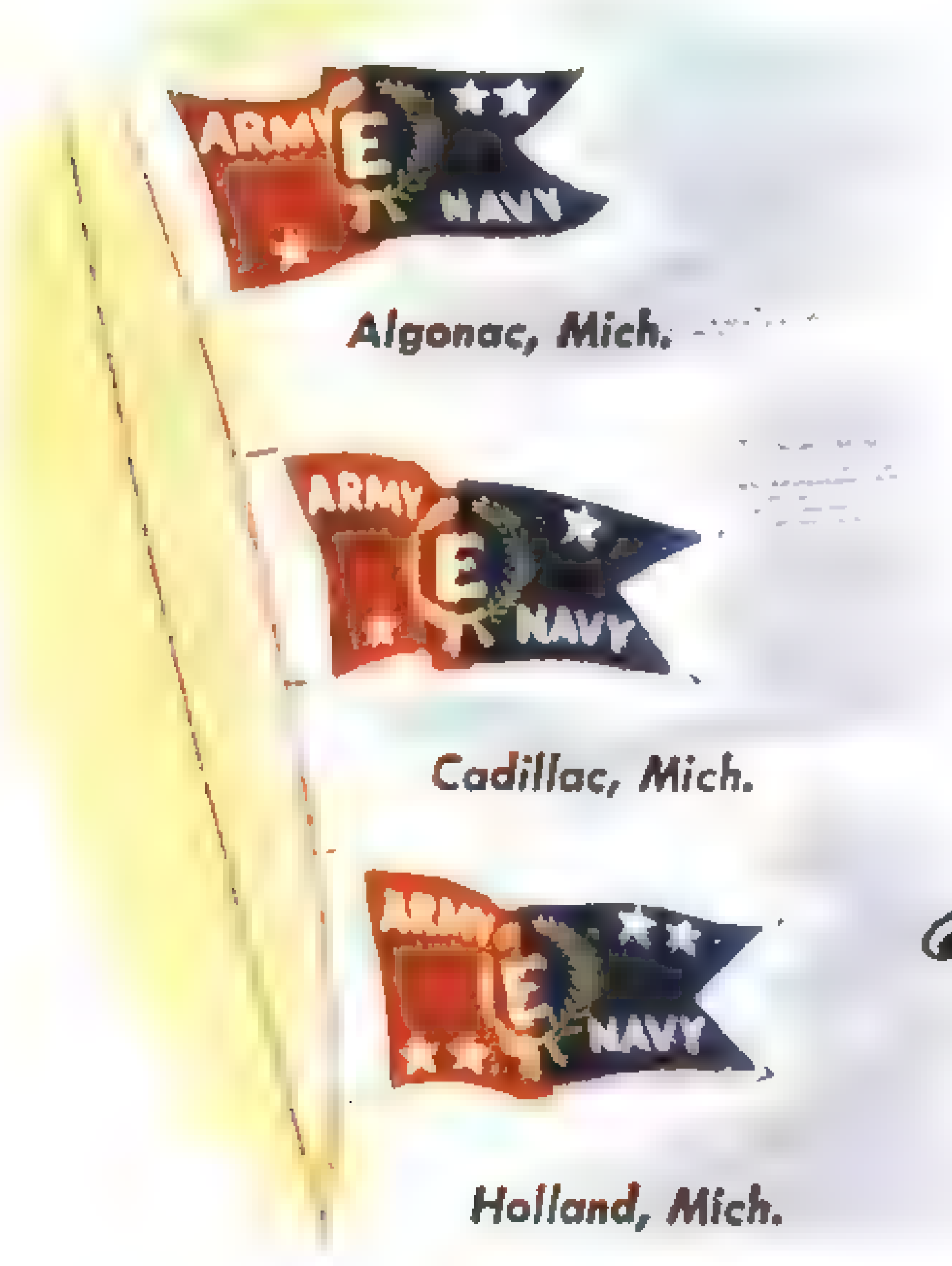
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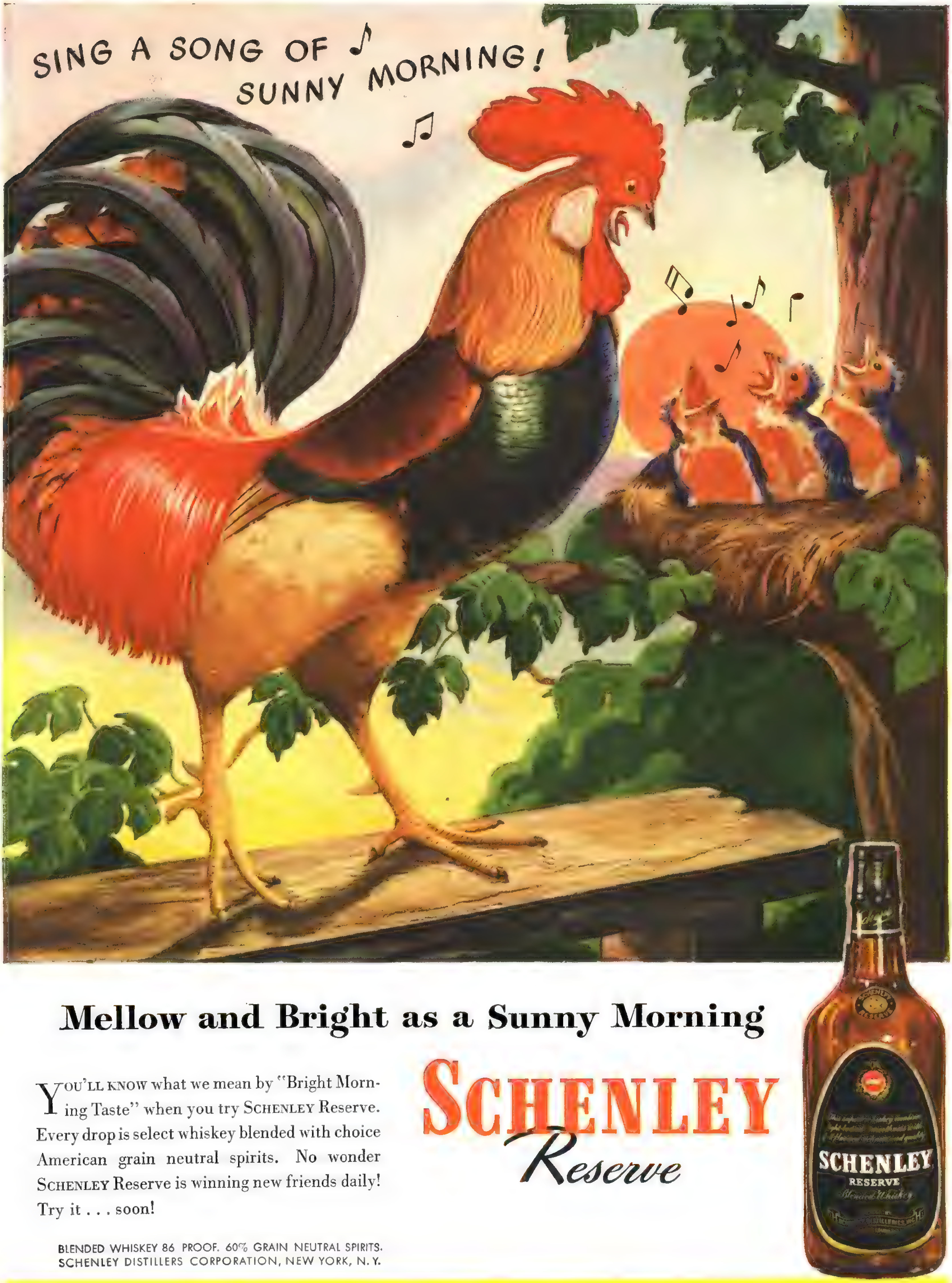
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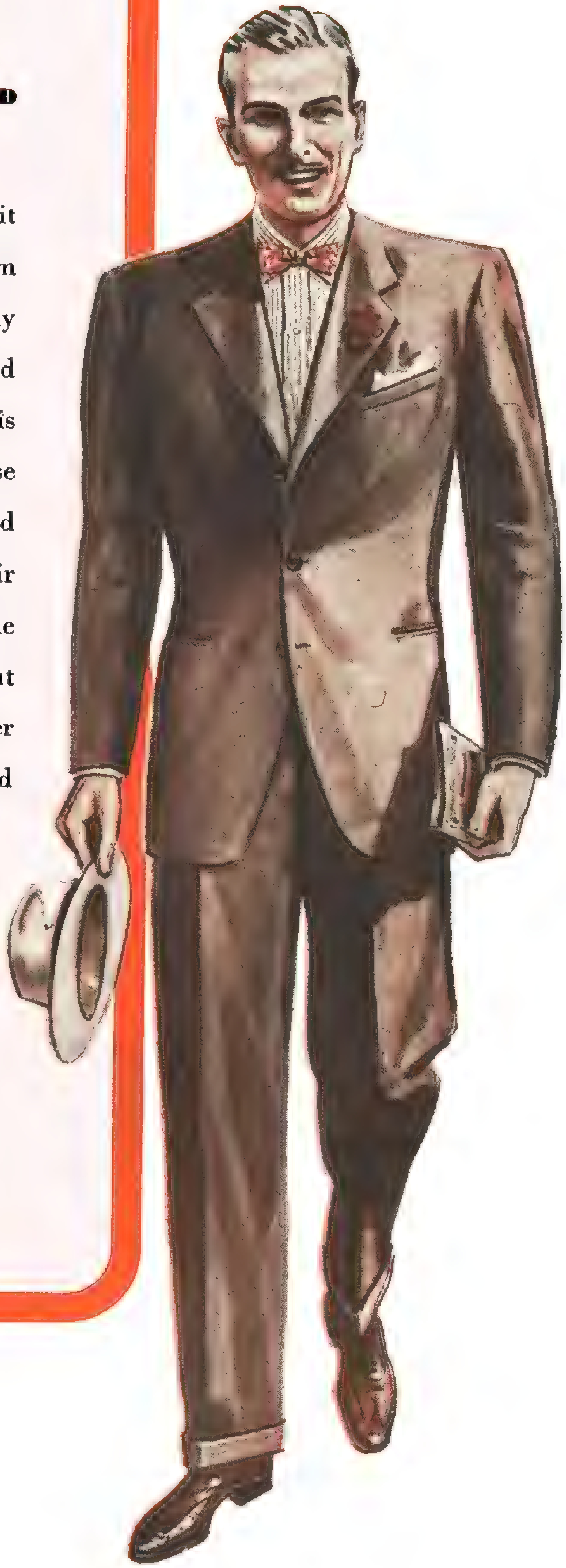

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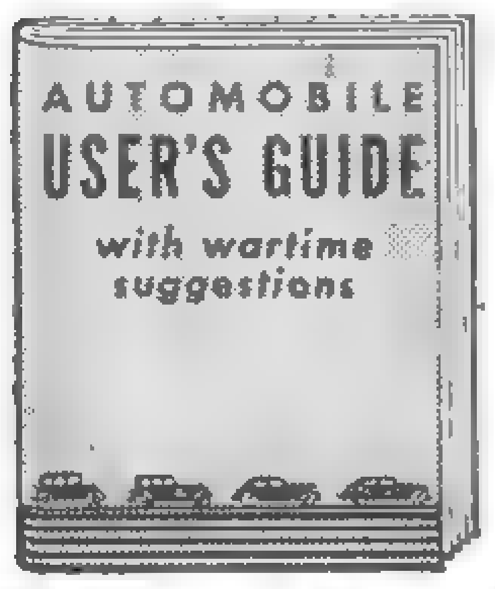
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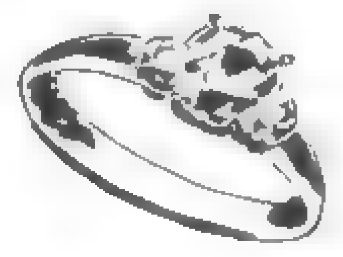
Talking Shop with Esquire

DIAMOND DATA... 4 major points to remember in buying a diamond . . . carat, color, clarity and cut. Carat is the weight; color for a perfect diamond should be clear, bright and frosty white. Stones slightly off color are far less expensive. Popular brilliant cut has 58 facets, but latest news is the multi-facet cut, which has 40 more light-reflecting surfaces than ordinary diamonds, greater brilliance and color intensity . . . and *costs no more!* For your protection . . . ask for a trade marked stone with which you get a certificate of guarantee and registration, signed by the jeweler and backed by the maker.



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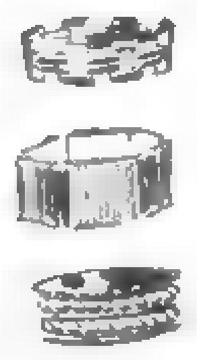

"HE AND SHE" RINGS. Double ring ceremonies are getting a big play. It's smart to buy your rings to match. Popular is the lover's link ring, the man's with an identification buckle at the back; another matching pair . . . the everlasting knot design, a narrow band for her, a wider band for him. Or the double twist rope ring (don't rope me in).

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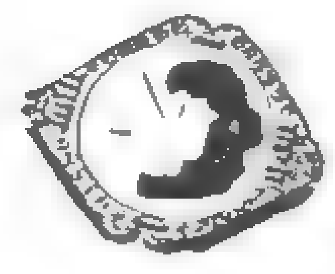

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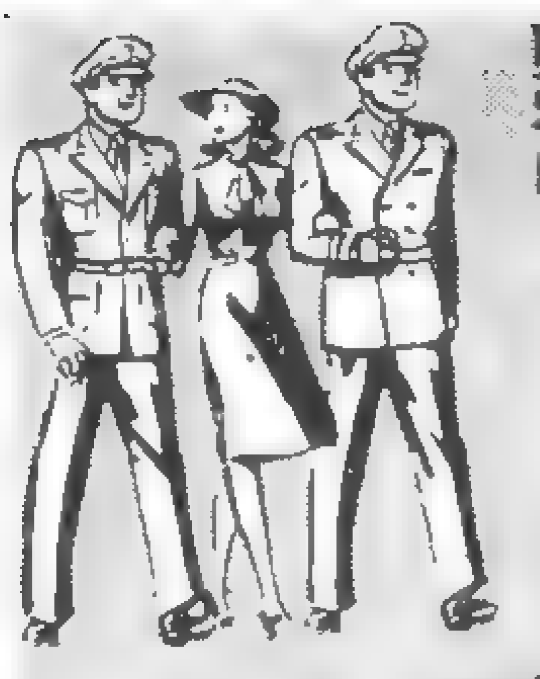
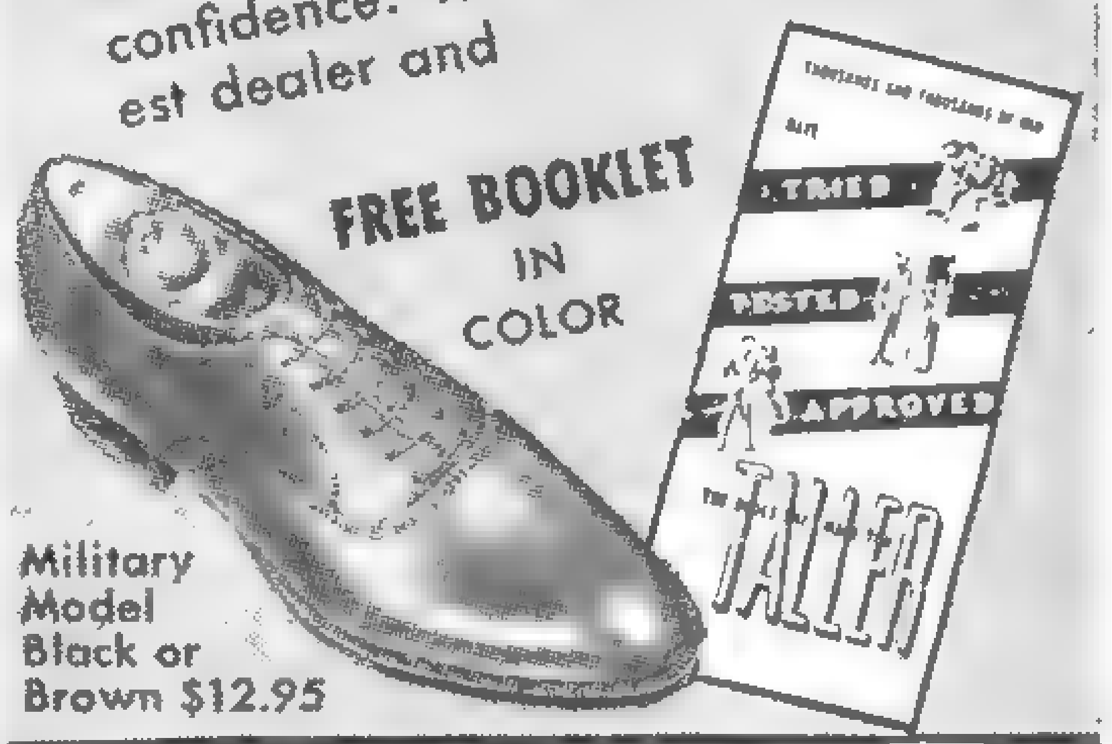
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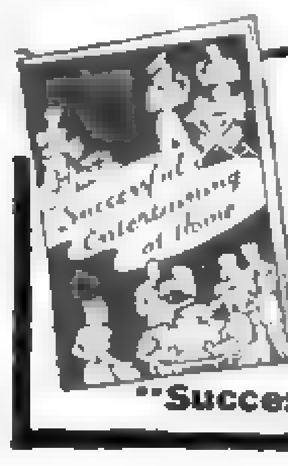
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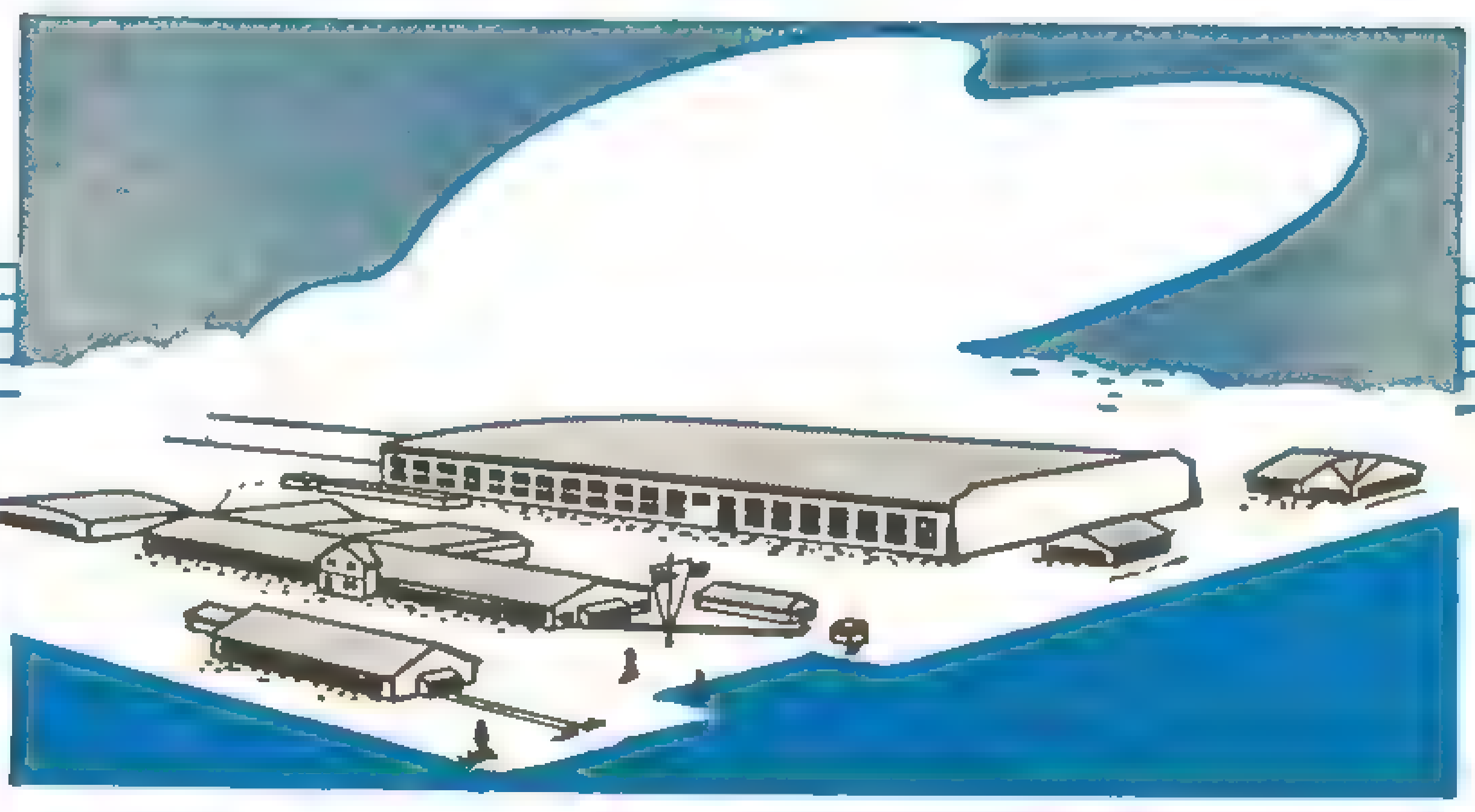

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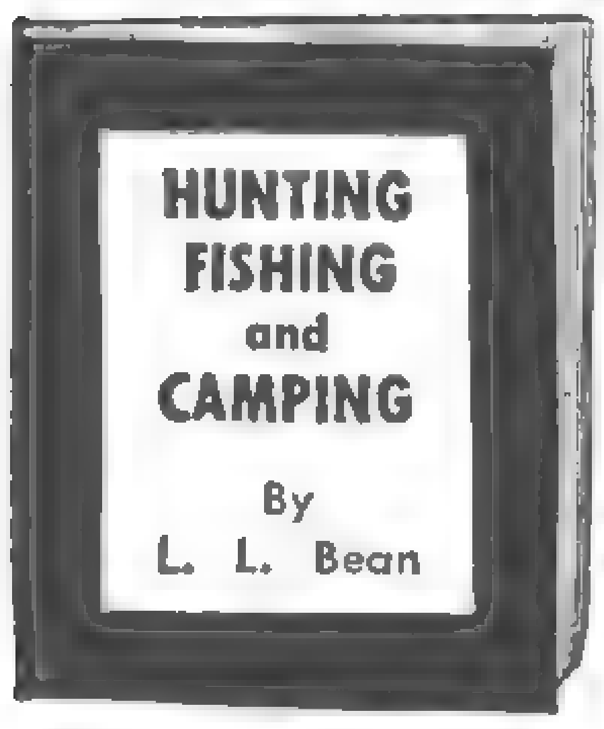

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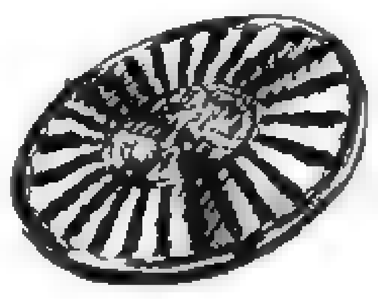

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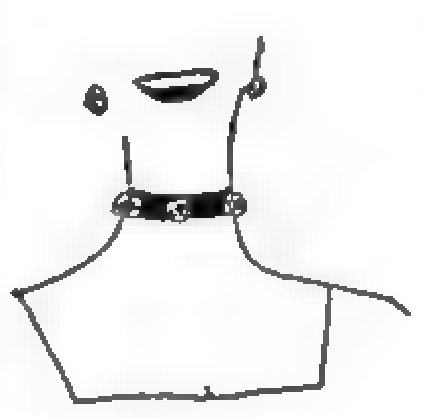

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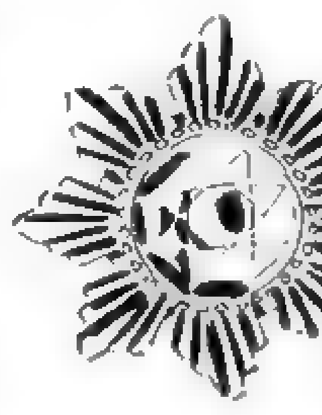

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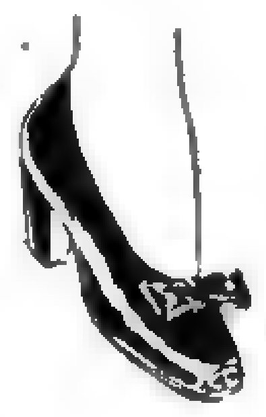

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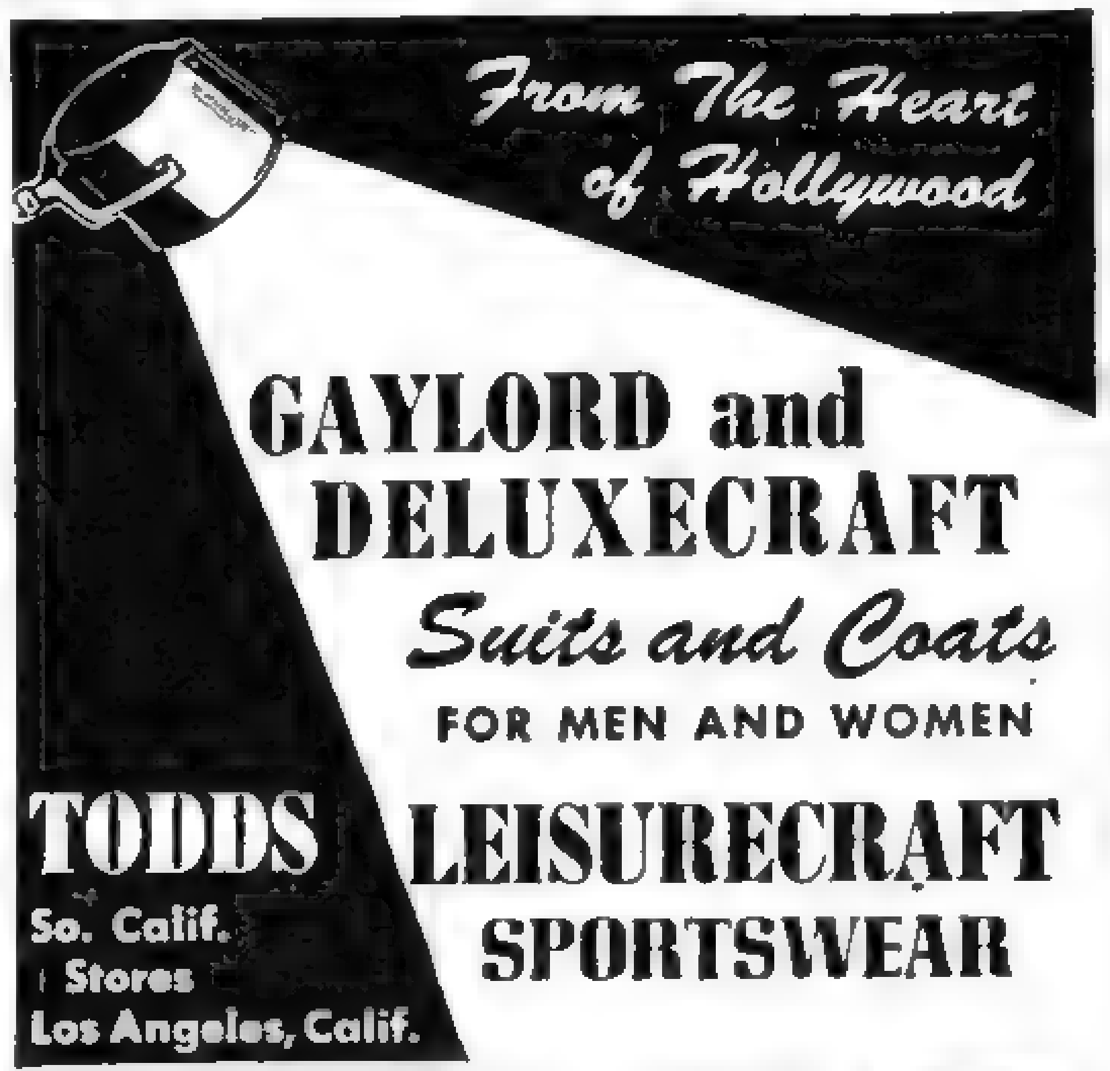
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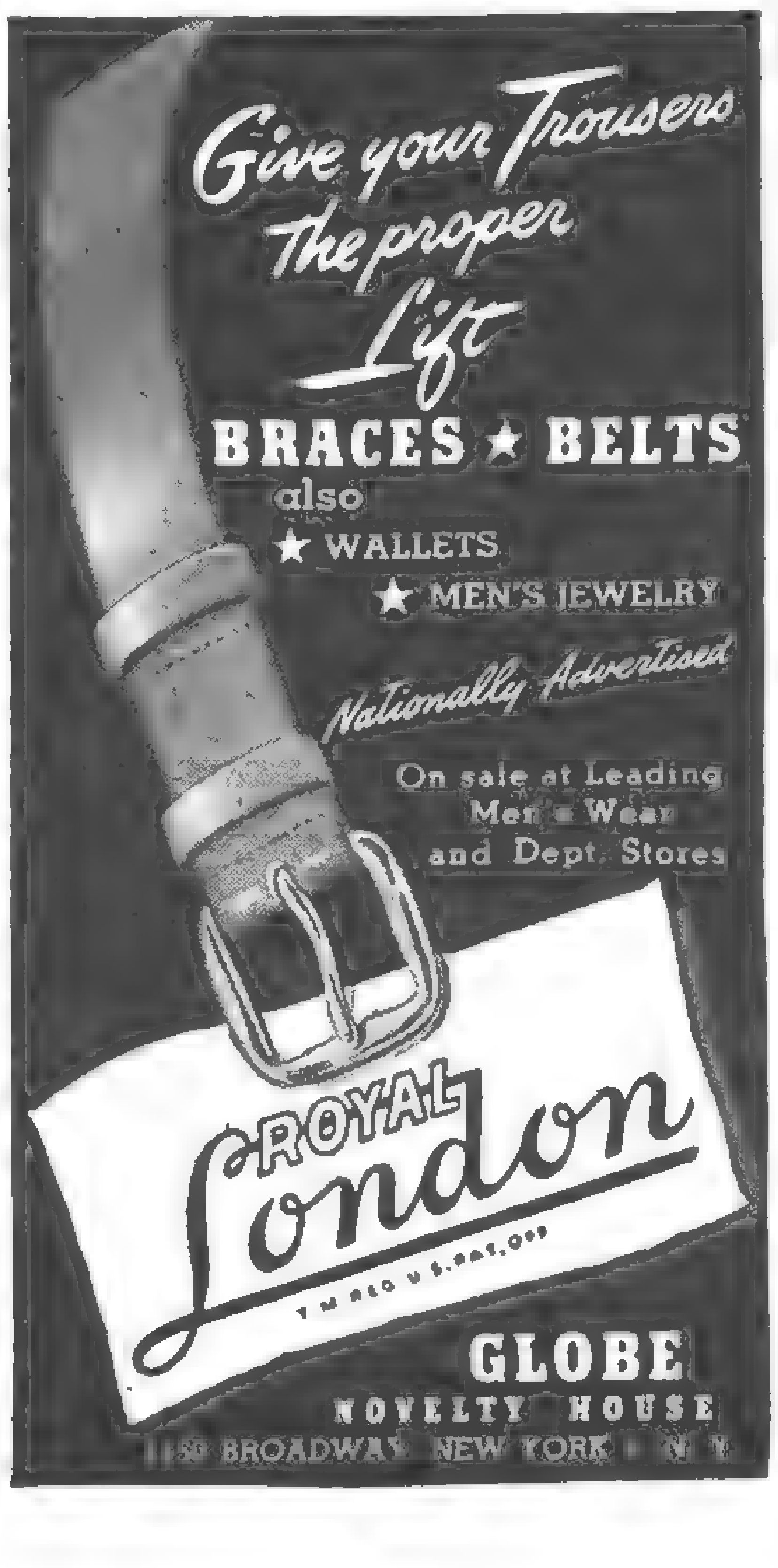
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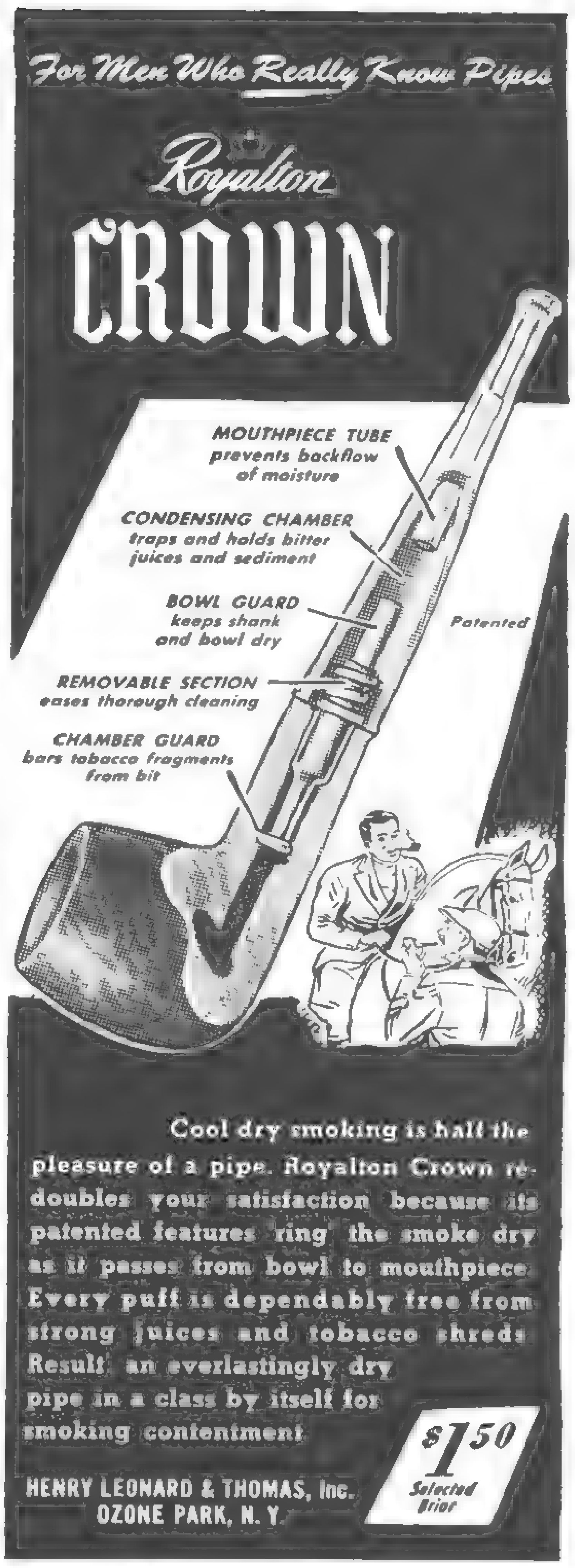
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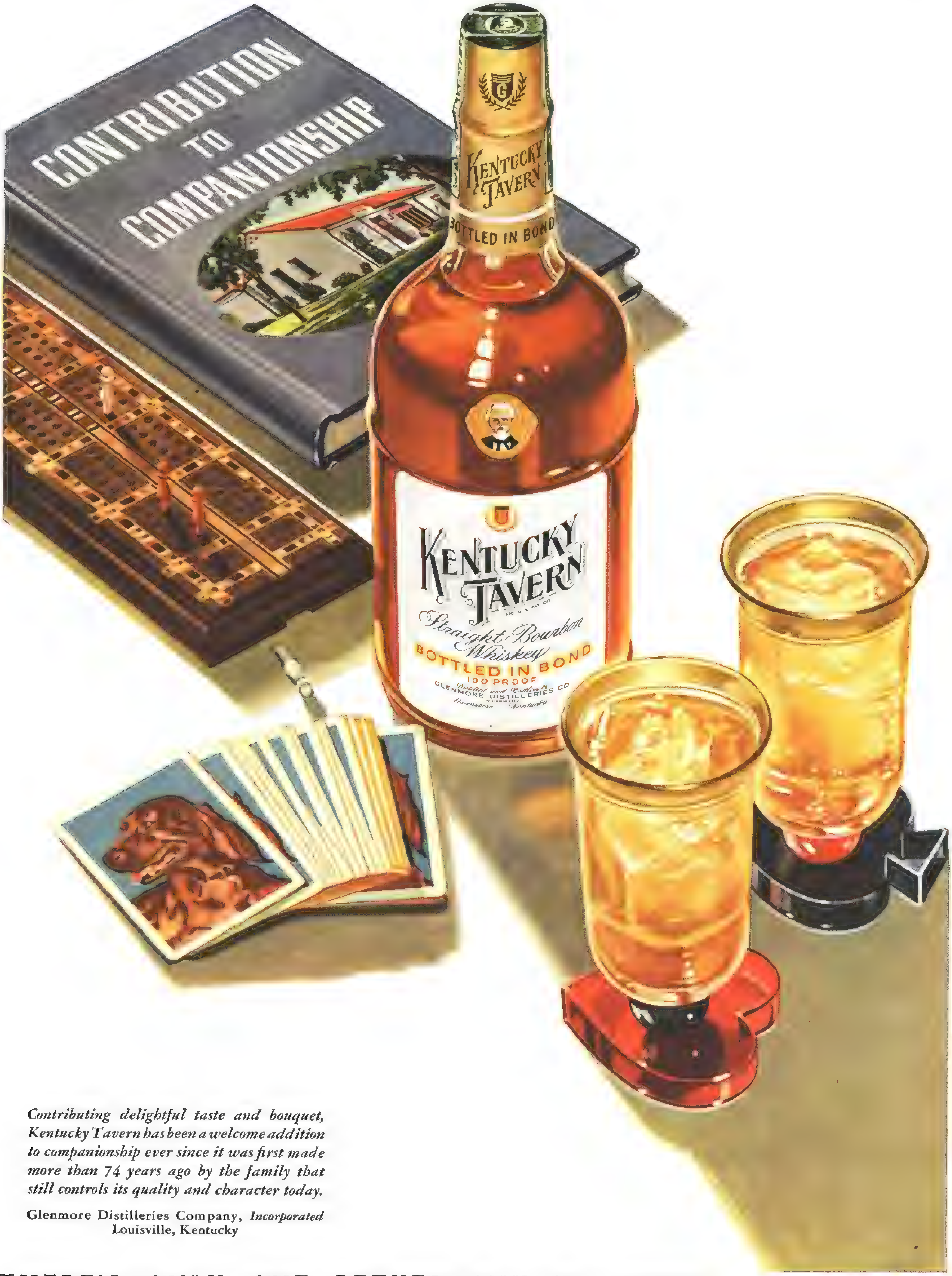
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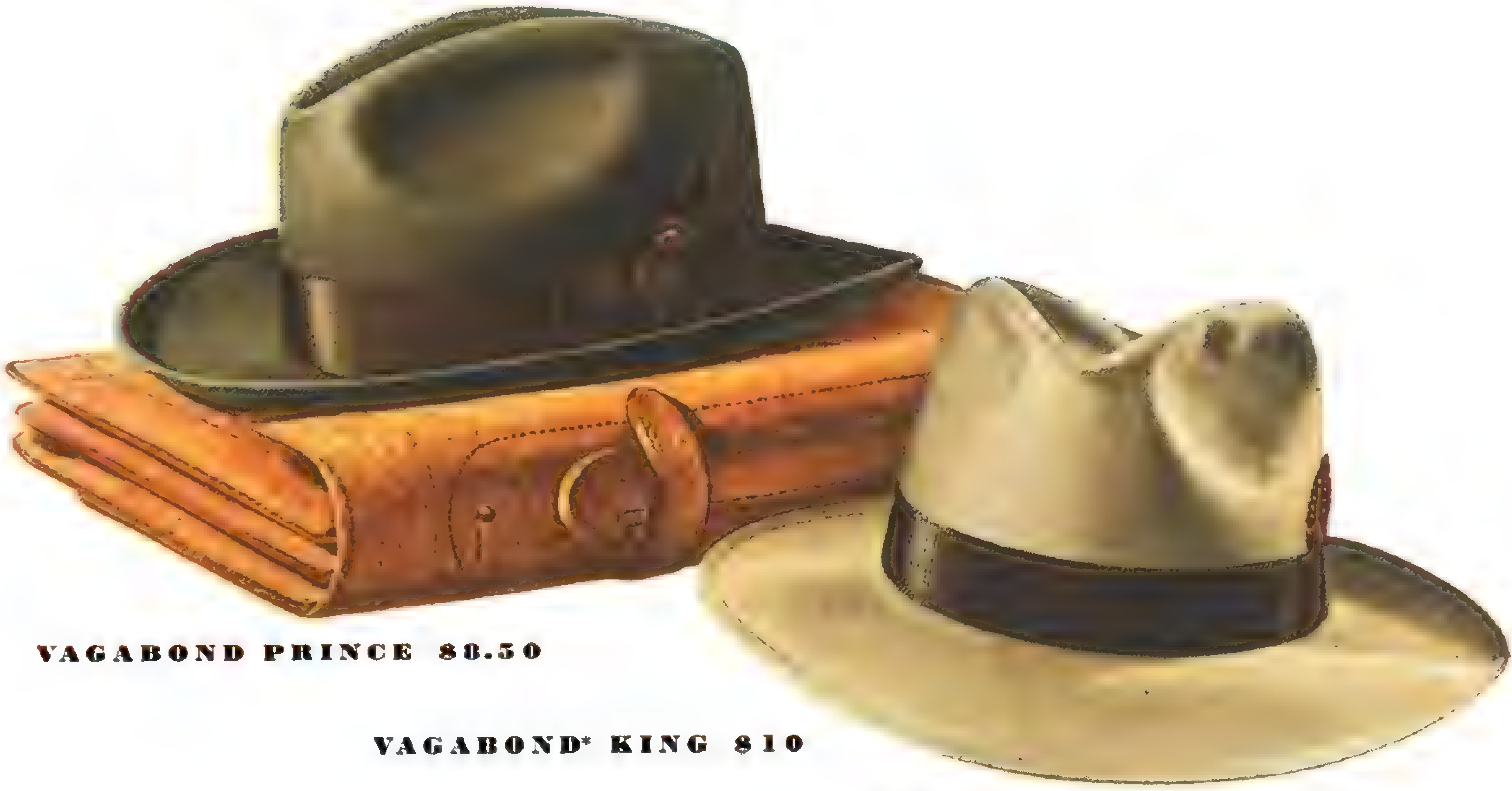
Robert Goodman

IF THE LABEL IS KNOX *. . . THE HAT IS RIGHT . . .*



VAGABOND PRINCE $8.50

VAGABOND* KING $10

Fine Lightweight Hats by KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS

KNOX THE HATTER • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

*Trade Mark

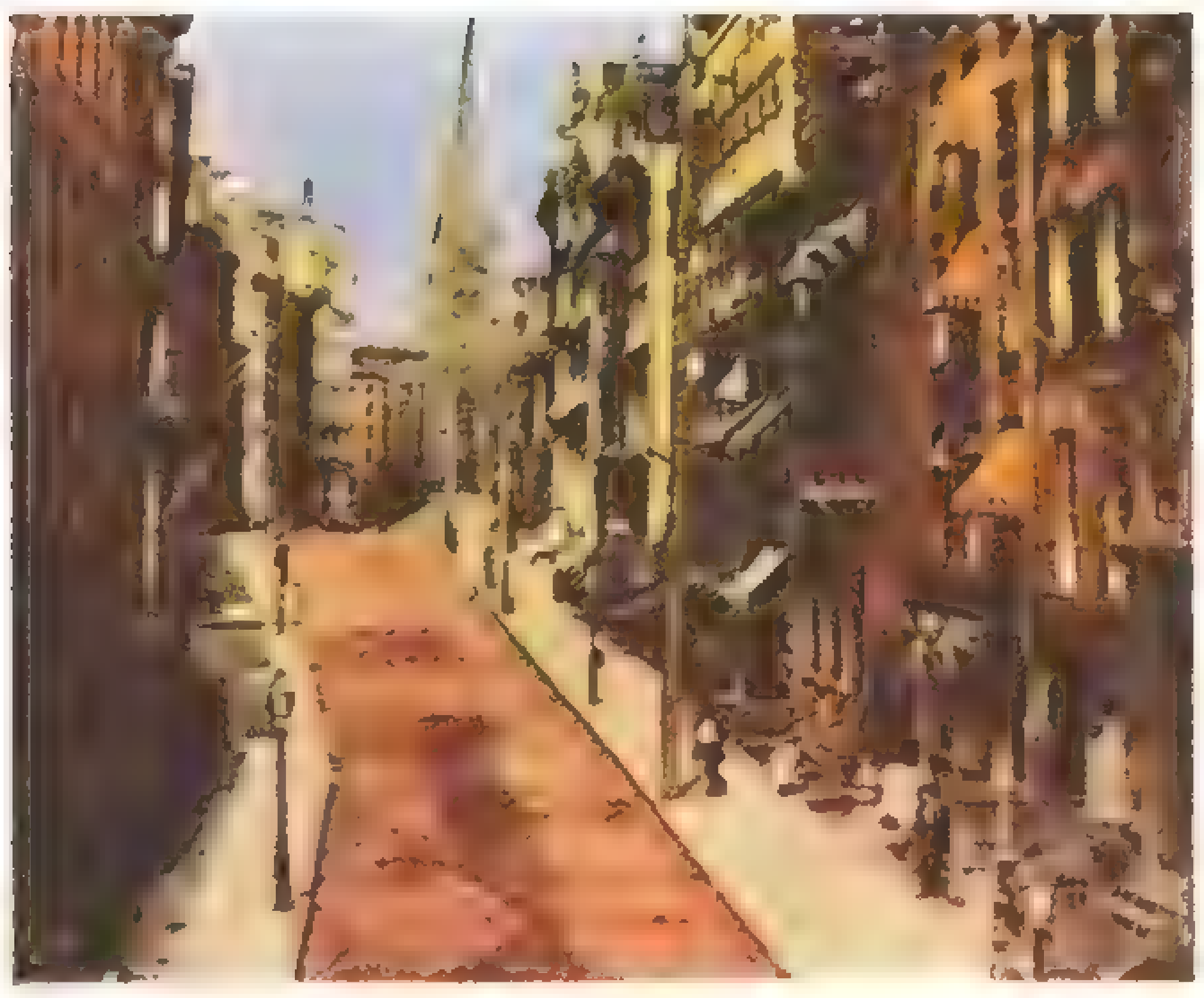
for that good first impression

● Clothes may not make the man, but clothes that are right will help any man make the grade... whether that means getting pop's okay, or getting ahead in business. The suit sketched is the famous Pan American, for men of all ages who like the easy comfort of shetland-type fabrics. The suiting, itself, is rough. Construction is soft. But underlying this softness is Hart Schaffner & Marx quality, which assures you durability and accurate fit.

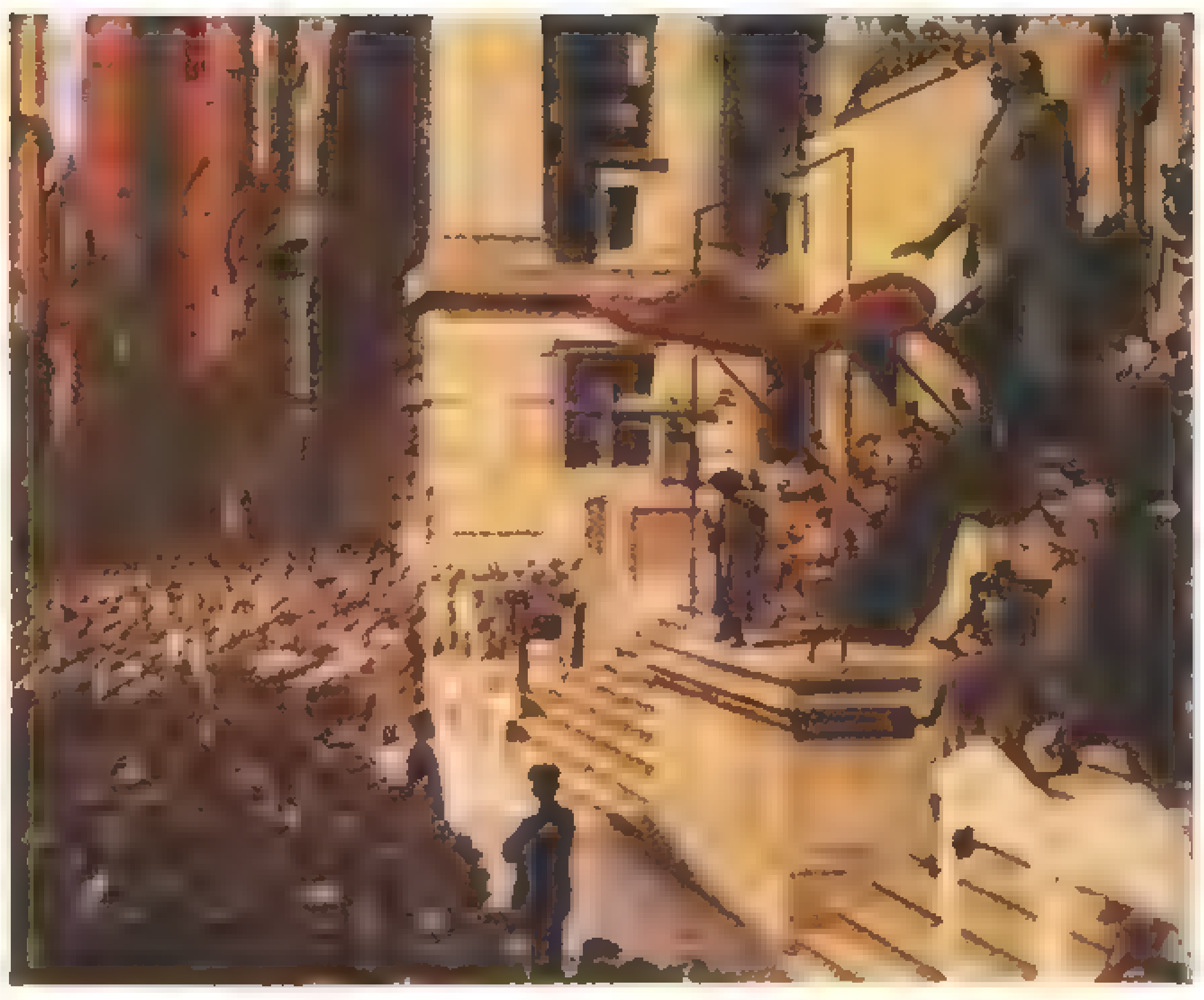
Hart Schaffner & Marx

The Trumpeter label ...
a small thing to look for . . . a big thing to find

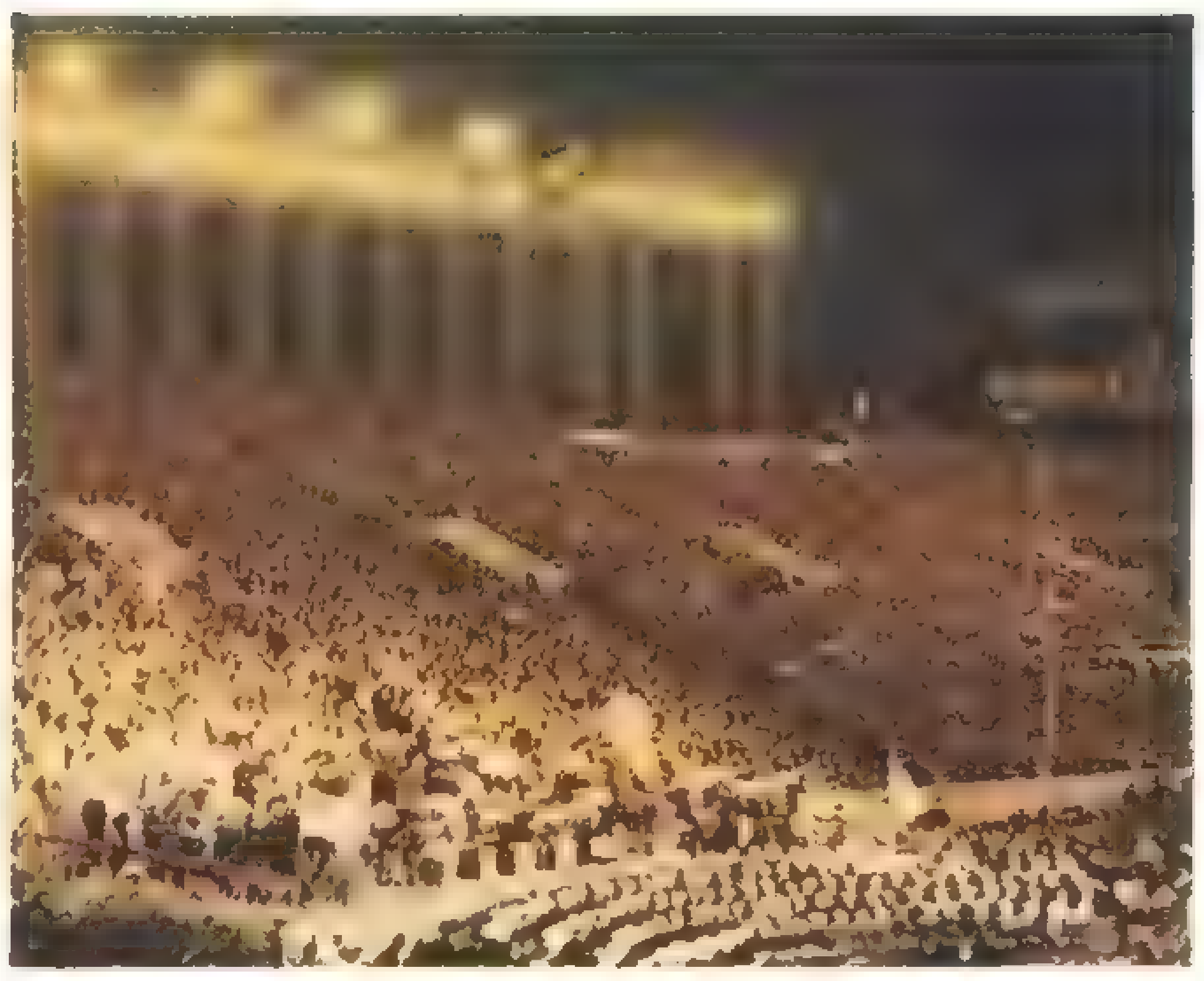
Story behind the 7th War Loan



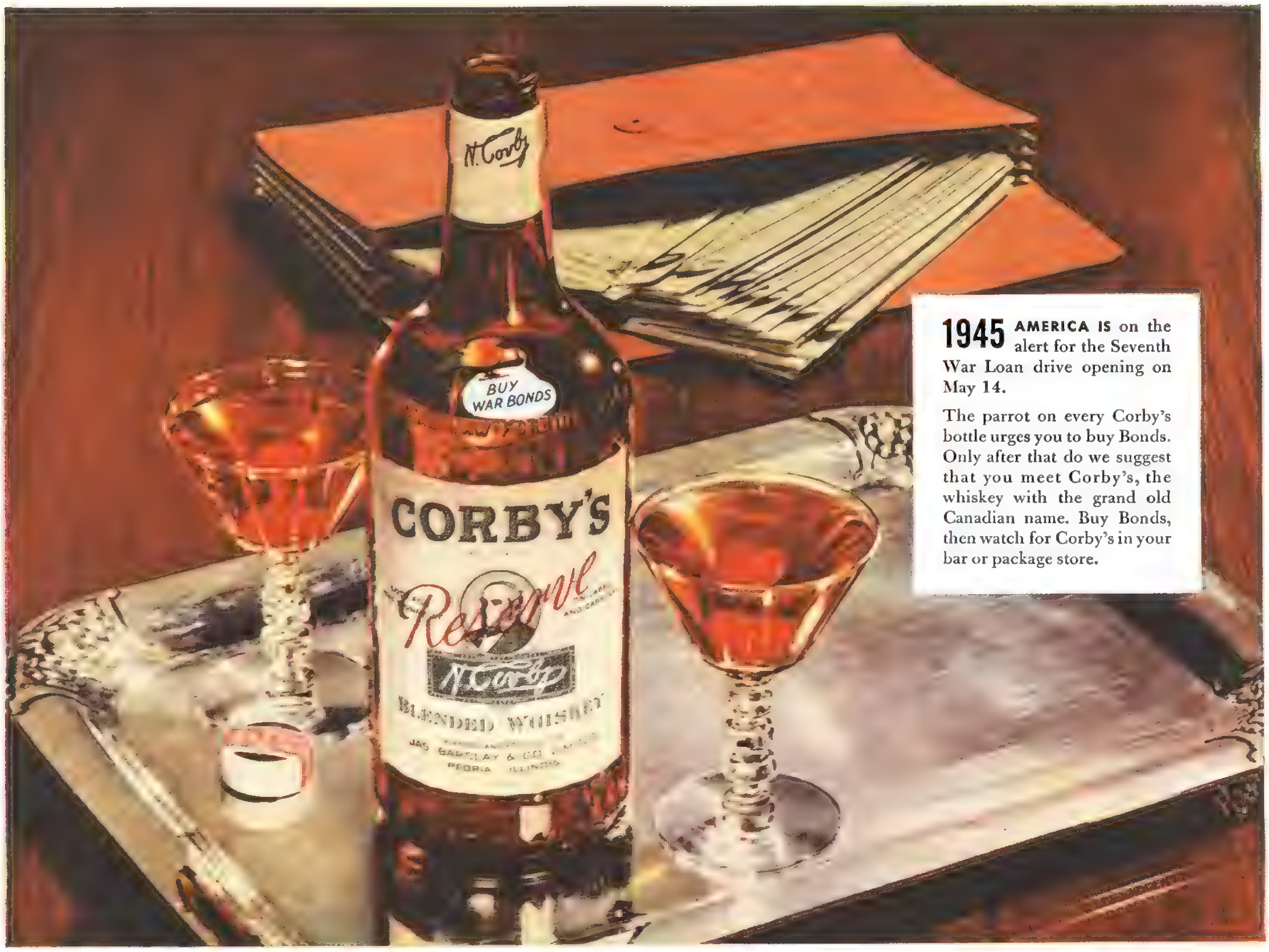
1861 **JAY COOKE'S** Wall Street bank becomes General "Subscription Agent of Government Loans" and finances the North in the War Between the States for 2½ billion dollars. This was in the third year of Corby's fine whiskey tradition.



1917 **THE WALL STREET** scene changes as World War financing enlists every American in Liberty Bond drives for a total of 22 billion dollars. Liberty Bonds, bought at par, sold at market . . . sometimes below par . . . in Corby's sixth decade as a great whiskey name.



1942 **GREAT MASS** meetings open our pocketbooks to the needs of the biggest war in history. The first six War Loan drives, during Corby's eighth decade as a famed Canadian name, sold 105 billion dollars in Bonds that have fixed values at all times; and now . . .



1945 **AMERICA IS** on the alert for the Seventh War Loan drive opening on May 14.

The parrot on every Corby's bottle urges you to buy Bonds. Only after that do we suggest that you meet Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Buy Bonds, then watch for Corby's in your bar or package store.

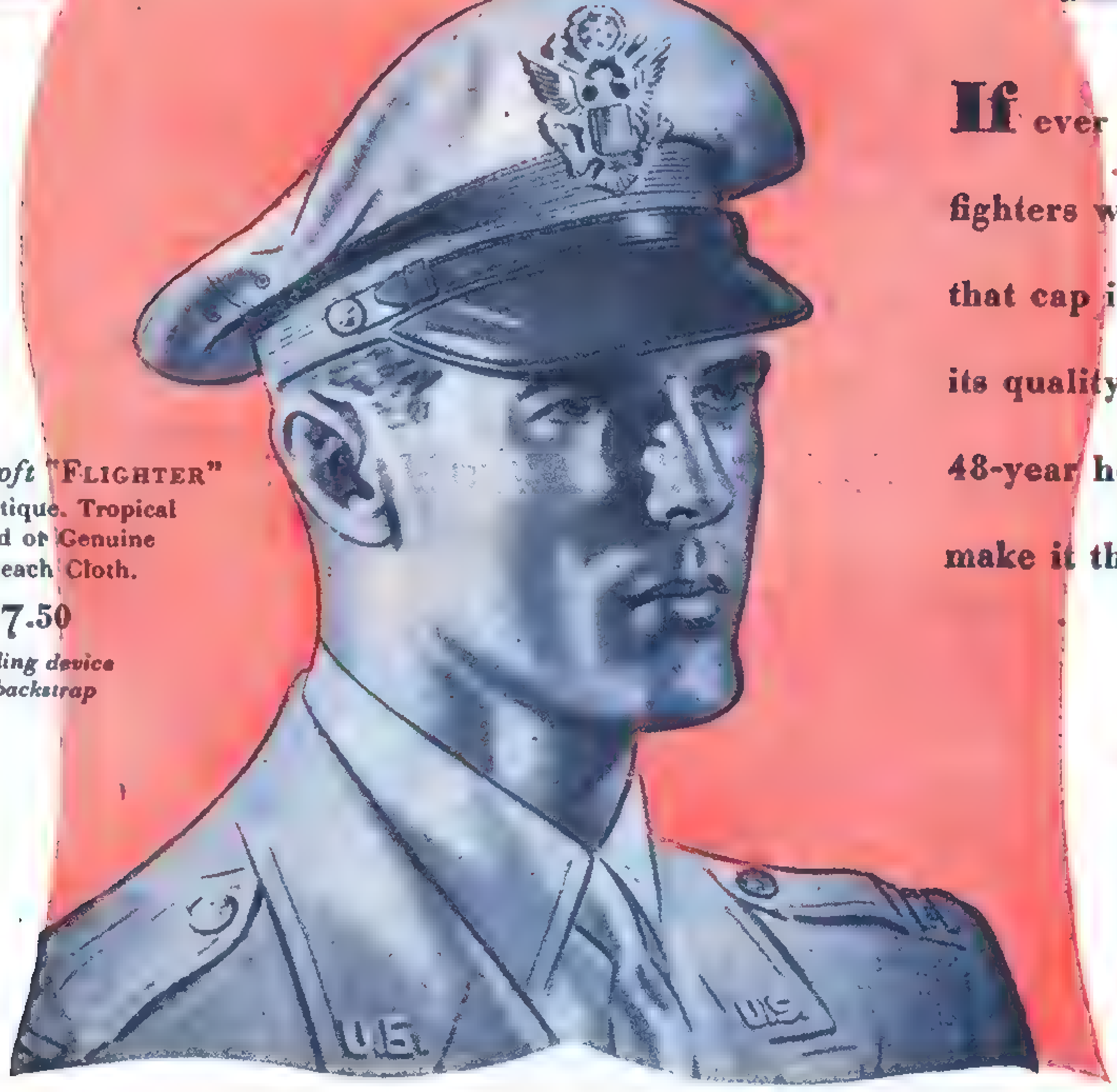
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

HOME
AFTER 40 MISSIONS
–now for a
new summer
"Flighter!"



Bancroft "FLIGHTER"
In Elastique. Tropical
Worsted or Genuine
Palm Beach Cloth.
$7.50
Excluding device
and backstrap

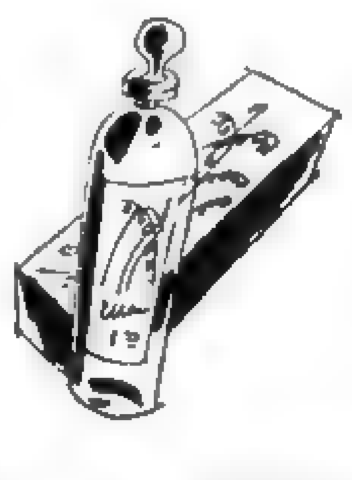
If ever a cap reflected the daring, debonair spirit of the sky fighters who are blazing the air trails in every theatre of war—that cap is the Bancroft "Flighter." Its cocky, youthful air, its quality craftsmanship, its Curve Control Visor, and its 48-year heritage of specialization in fine military headwear make it the established favorite of the men who make the news.

BANCROFT
Military Caps

At better stores everywhere. Bancroft Cap Company, Boston, Mass.
Write for the free booklet: "How to Care for Your Bancroft Cap."

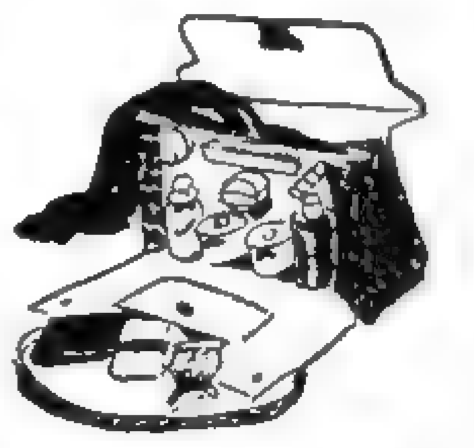
Talking Shop with Esquire

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 13TH. Why not send her a lovely fragrance such as a set of "Lilianelle" (lily of the valley) perfume, dusting powder, talcum and soap done up in forest-green and lily-white packages. Or for queenly type mothers, "White Lilac" perfume in a crystal bottle shaped like a chess queen. Subtle and dainty is a perfume powder called "Moonlight Mist," in a charming pale blue porcelain jar which can be used for gadgets when emptied.



FOR HER BATH. A pink and lacy double decker box of Chantilly effervescent bath tablets. Each little round tablet can be used as a sachet to perfume her bureau drawers, or to surround her with heavenly fragrance in her bath. And for an inexpensive bath gift . . . a box of 4 super cakes of bath soap in a new odor called "clover" . . . for fresh sweetness.

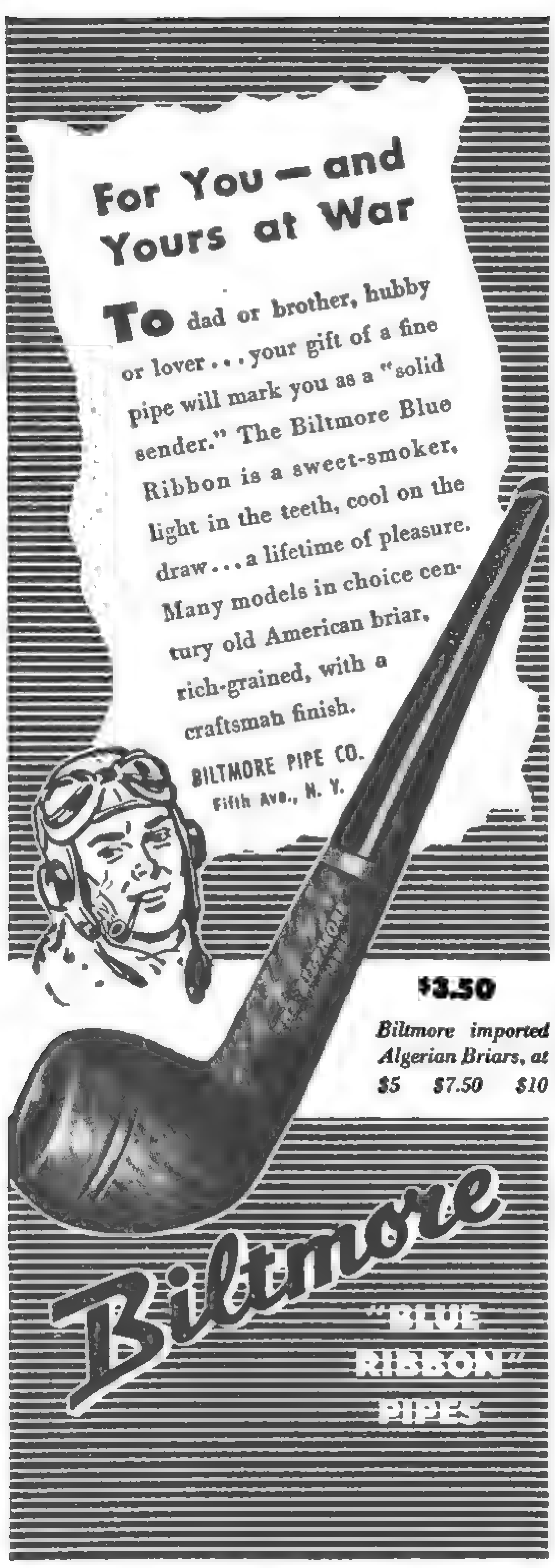
OVERNIGHT BEAUTY BAG. For brief jaunts, she'll be thrilled with one of these really handsome bags in black or brown alligator finish, lined with waterproof fabric, and fastened with lock and key. There's a large compartment for clothes, a large attached pouch with clasp for small items, and the front section is filled with handsome white and maroon crown-decorated jars filled with lotions, creams, powder, lipstick, comb, cleansing tissue and mirror.



PULLMAN SETS. For overnight trips when she's traveling light, a pair of soft-soled slippers folded into a matching case. Pink quilted satin slippers, in a blue satin case, or navy moire case with slippers in quilted red flowered chintz. This gift is a great favorite with mothers everywhere.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



For You—and Yours at War

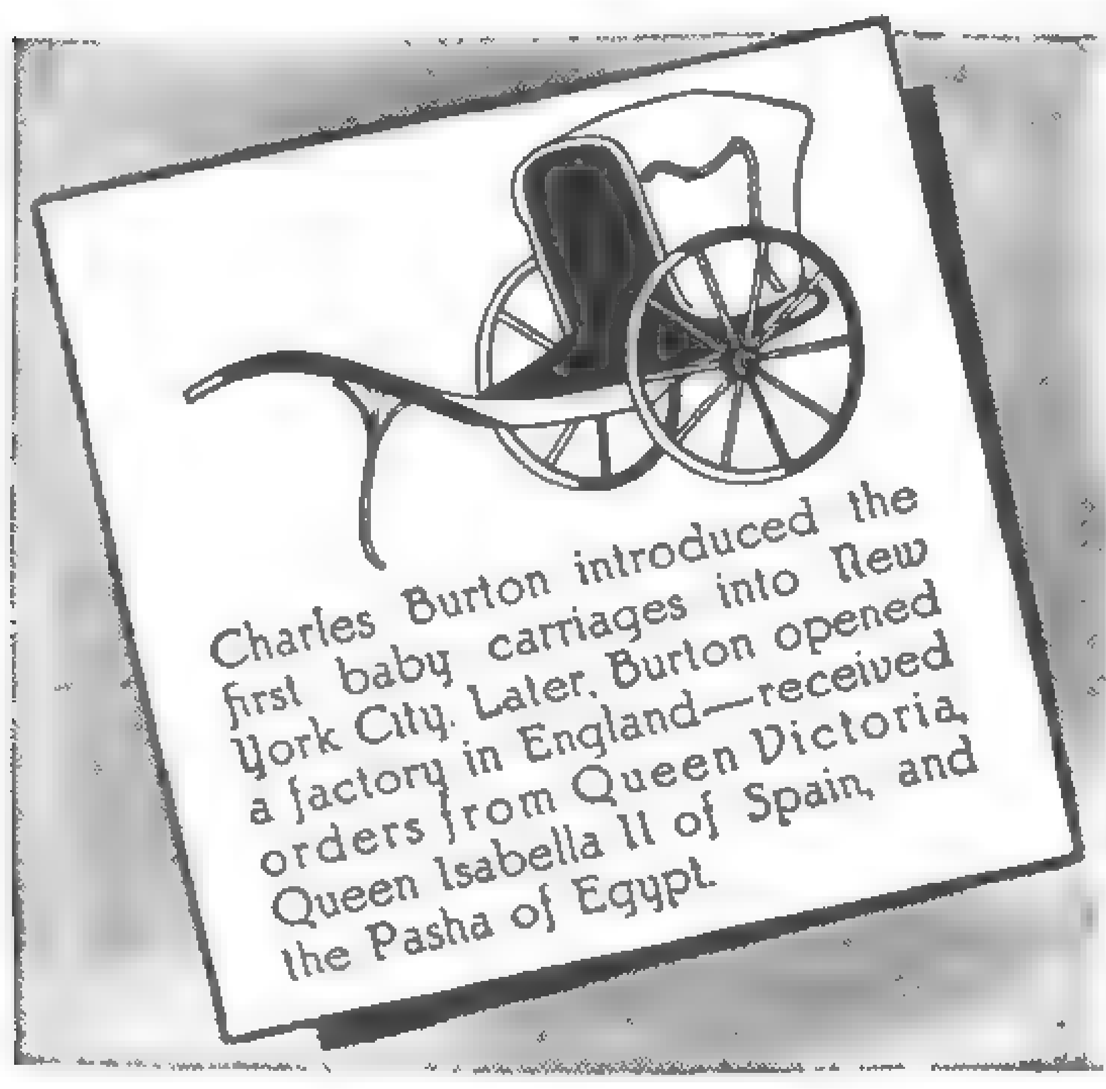
To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models in choice century old American briar, rich-grained, with a craftsman finish.

BILTMORE PIPE CO.
Fifth Ave., N. Y.

$3.50

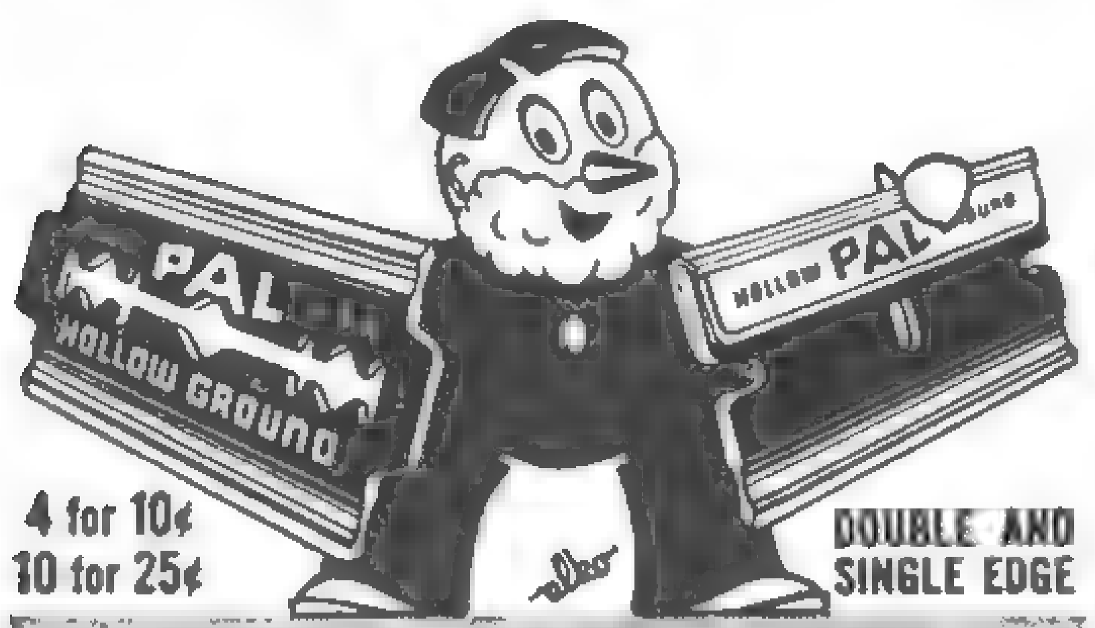
Biltmore imported Algerian Briars, at $5 $7.50 $10

Biltmore "BLUE RIBBON" PIPES



Charles Burton introduced the first baby carriages into New York City. Later, Burton opened a factory in England—received orders from Queen Victoria, Queen Isabella II of Spain, and the Pasha of Egypt.

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

DOUBLE AND SINGLE EDGE

PAL HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

Costume Jewelry of Distinction

Gold Leaf Pin $10.00

Earrings $7.50

Plus 20% Fed. Tax

Gold plated on sterling silver. Rhinestone studded. Illustration ⅔ actual size.

Mail orders promptly filled. Write for catalogue.

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City........................State........................

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It's a rule in the Services to mark everything with the owner's name. Positive identification is the best way to avoid losses at home, too. Mark clothing and all your belongings with genuine CASH'S Names. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us. And because military business comes first, please ORDER EARLY.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.*

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CASH'S NAMES	3 doz. $1.50 9 " 2.50	6 doz. $2. 12 " 3.	NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube

SOLID! "OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD" RODGERS & HART ALBUM BY

LEE WILEY

with

MAX KAMINSKY & JOE BUSHKIN

The "heppest" of the Rodgers & Hart tunes . . . from the matchless throat of LEE WILEY at her best . . . abetted by Kaminsky's horn and Bushkin's piano! Includes **"Here In My Arms", "You Took Advantage", "I've Got Five Dollars"**, etc. Four 10-in. double-faced records in album . . . only **$5.25**, includes packing and postage in U. S. A.

"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE

A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board. Exciting and absorbing . . . different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.50 includes packing and postage.

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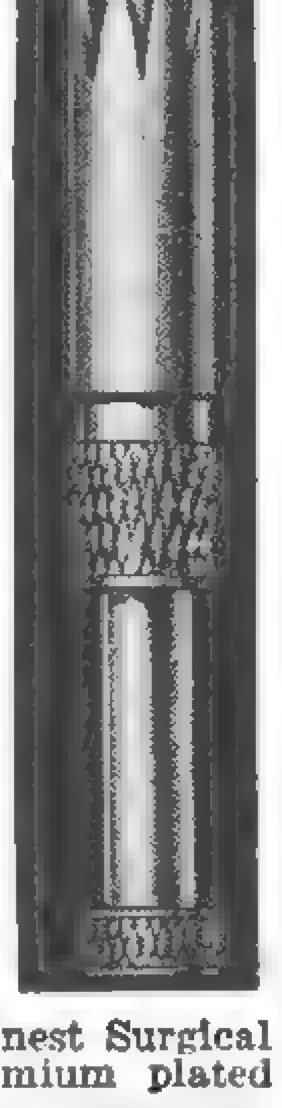
DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE

NEW INVENTION



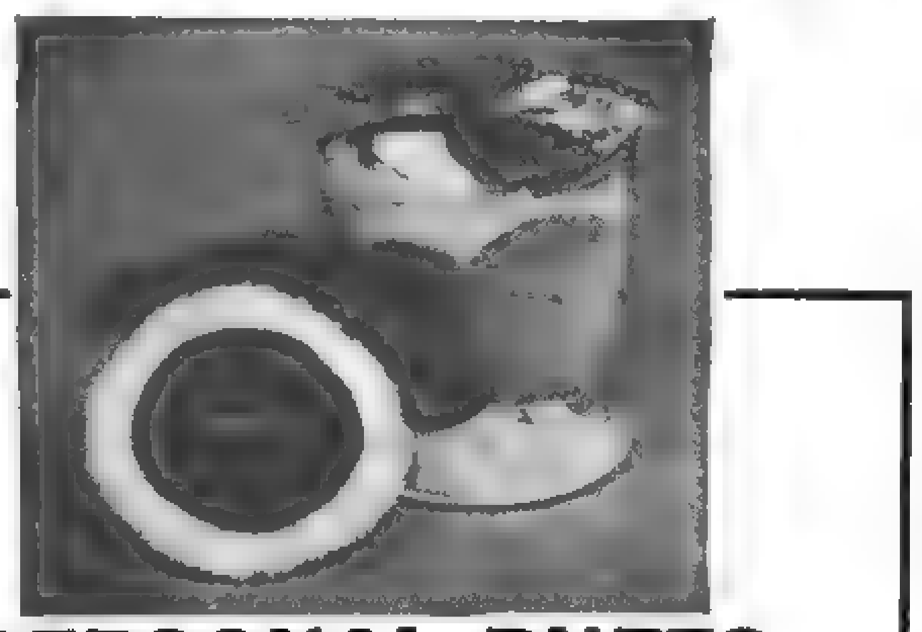
You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back **$1** Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 33A
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name____________________
Address____________________



PERSONAL PUFFS

Here's a splendid gift for your mother, wife, sweetheart or secretary that's truly personal. Its a set of 12 Powder Puffs (10 small and 2 large), made of soft lambskin, each personalized with first name in gold. Packed in a clear after-use plastic box.

$3.50 postpaid

PENTHOUSE GIFT SHOP Dept. E5
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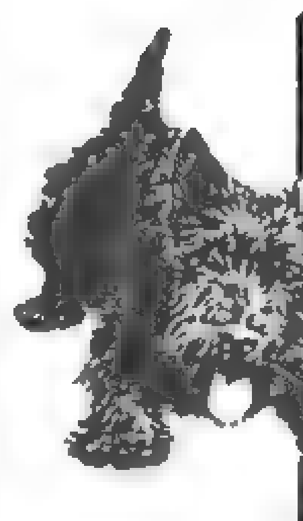
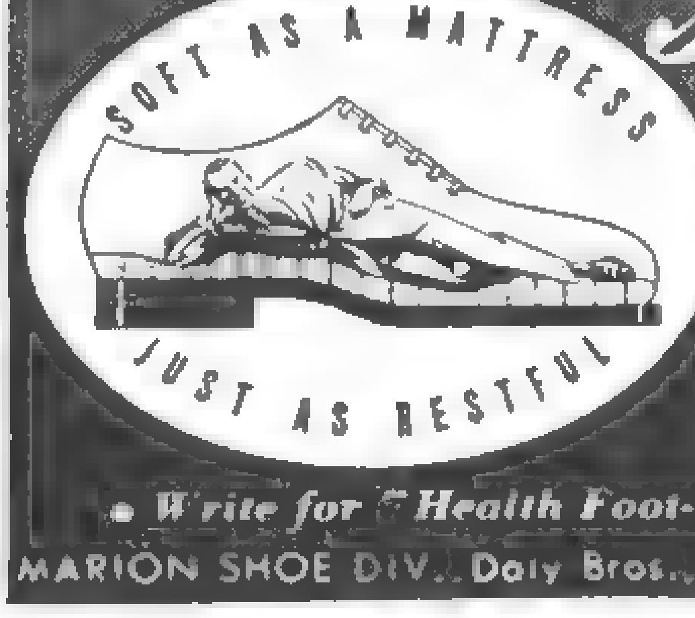


PULVEX FLEA POWDER *Kills fleas* 25¢ AND 50¢

100% SATISFACTION . . . OR MONEY BACK

What Shoes Give You PATENTED HAND-MOULDED INNERSOLES?

air-o-magic shoes



Most styles $6.00 to $7.50

• Write for "Health Foot-notes" booklet

MARION SHOE DIV., Daly Bros., Dept V, Marion, Ind.

Made From Imported Briar

Bulldog Saddle

For the Ladies Princess Pipes $2.50 to $5

SMOKE Weber NONE BETTER

Weber offers you genuine *imported* briars, with unmatched sweet smoking quality...outstanding fine grains...preferred by discriminating pipe smokers. Modern designs, $2.50 to $10. At leading tobacconists everywhere. *Write for free illustrated booklet.* . . . "Facts About Imported Briar Pipes".

C. B. WEBER & CO.
Manufacturers of Fine Imported Briars
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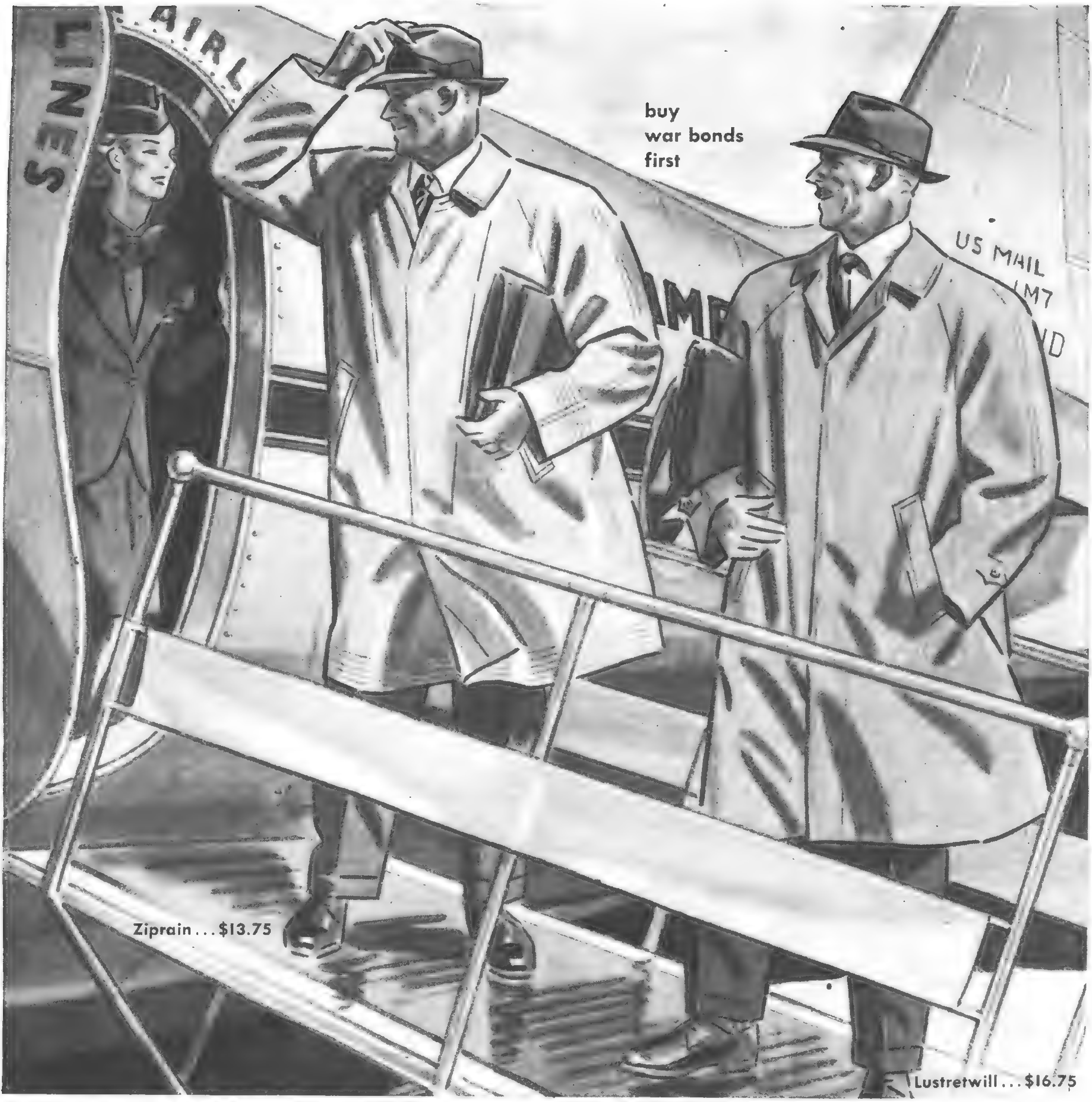

topcoat smartness plus showerproof protection

It's always your kind of weather when you wear a Rainfair raincoat. Every Rainfair is showerproofed to take the rain... and it's so well-tailored, so comfortable, so clean of line and sleek of fit that it doubles as a fine topcoat when the sun shines. You'll find the new spring Rainfairs at better stores everywhere.

Ziprain . . . $13.75 Casual English raglan style in fine quality showerproofed gabardine...easy-fitting, beautifully detailed. Trim balmacaan collar, slash pockets, deep yoke and sleeve lining. Button fly front. Colors: Bleached bone or light olive.

Lustretwill . . . $16.75 A comfortable raglan style. Deep yoke and sleeve lining. Made of an outstanding showerproofed fabric ...lustrous cotton and rayon twill. Notched lapel-type collar, button fly front, slash pockets. Color: Rich shade of grey.

Tackletwill . . . $16.75 Model, similar to Lustretwill, in a heavier weight lustrous twill. Colors: Eggshell or tan.

Free Booklet . . . How to make your raincoat last . . . our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the latest Rainfair styles. Write for it . . . and for the name of your nearest dealer . . . today!

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RAINFAIR, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

Also manufacturers of Rainfair Vulcanized Work-Wear and Smartair Sportswear

RAINFAIR
rainwear

smart as a topcoat . . . and ready for rain

Painting the Town with Esquire

GLAD LIQUIDATORS of hot seafood hors d'oeuvres, zoop of ze onion, casserole of squab chick in wine, etc., at Le Veau d'Or (Mrs. Bull's golden boy), 129 East 60th, have discovered that host Henri Adhemard of this snug table d'hôte is two-timing them. Directly in back at 132 East 61st he's opened up a spiffy à-la-cartery called Le Vouvray which keeps him bowing northward as well as southward . . . Boyd Raeburn, the U of Chi catcher who caught himself a band, has brought same into the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room, adding jump to the ice show thrills.

HOW MANY poems, plays novels, and paintings have been stoked on Barney Gallant fodder there's no computing, but there's something about his cuisine that seems to inflame the brain. Or maybe it's his conversation. At all events, this pint-sized fellow is a busy man, stationed just inside the entrance of his present establishment, 86 University Place, to receive the hearty handclasps, poundings on the back, and effusive bear hugs of erstwhile struggling bohemians grown great and famous . . . Superb homemade pies "R" in season at Billy the Oysterman's where clams clamor for attention. If you can't cop a table at the uptown place, 10 West 47th, the mellow-paneled original, 7 East 20th, will accommodate you and your hunger.

THE IVORIES of the Steinway in the One-Two-Three Club have the agile fingers of Roger Sterns back from his six months overseas tour with the Katharine Cornell company, giving East 54th an aura of Wimpole Street, plus tunes picked up in France, Holland, and Italy, to beguile your ear while your face gets fed . . . Hueful hooplah of a circusy sort, allez-ooped by two orchestras, is to be found in the big new Carnival Room, décored by Russell Patterson, at the Hotel Capitol, 8th Ave. and 51st. Performers are many, yet prices are easy on the budget of the visiting G.I.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

The world's most famous. *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
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DRY GIN
PARK & TILFORD

"Heap big crowd since me fill pipe with London Dock Tobacco!"

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package 40¢

3^{00} per lb.

Sample?

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Fine Tobaccos Since 1852
London Dock
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SMOKING MIXTURE

"My Family

has taken pride in producing rums of fine flavor and quality since more than a half century," Senor Oliver says. "Now I take pride in putting the name of my family on a brand of rum. That is how highly I esteem it. That is why I am sure you will enjoy Ron Oliver—and serve it with pride."

SERVE IT WITH PRIDE

There is no better

OLIVER
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Man—what a sauce
Shedd's
Old Style Sauce

Sensational—Different

EXCELLENT ON STEAK, CHICKEN, FISH, SHRIMP, HOT DOGS, HAMBURGERS

Shedd's Old Style Sauce

FISH AND MEAT DRESSING

SHEDD-BARTUSH FOODS, INC., DETROIT

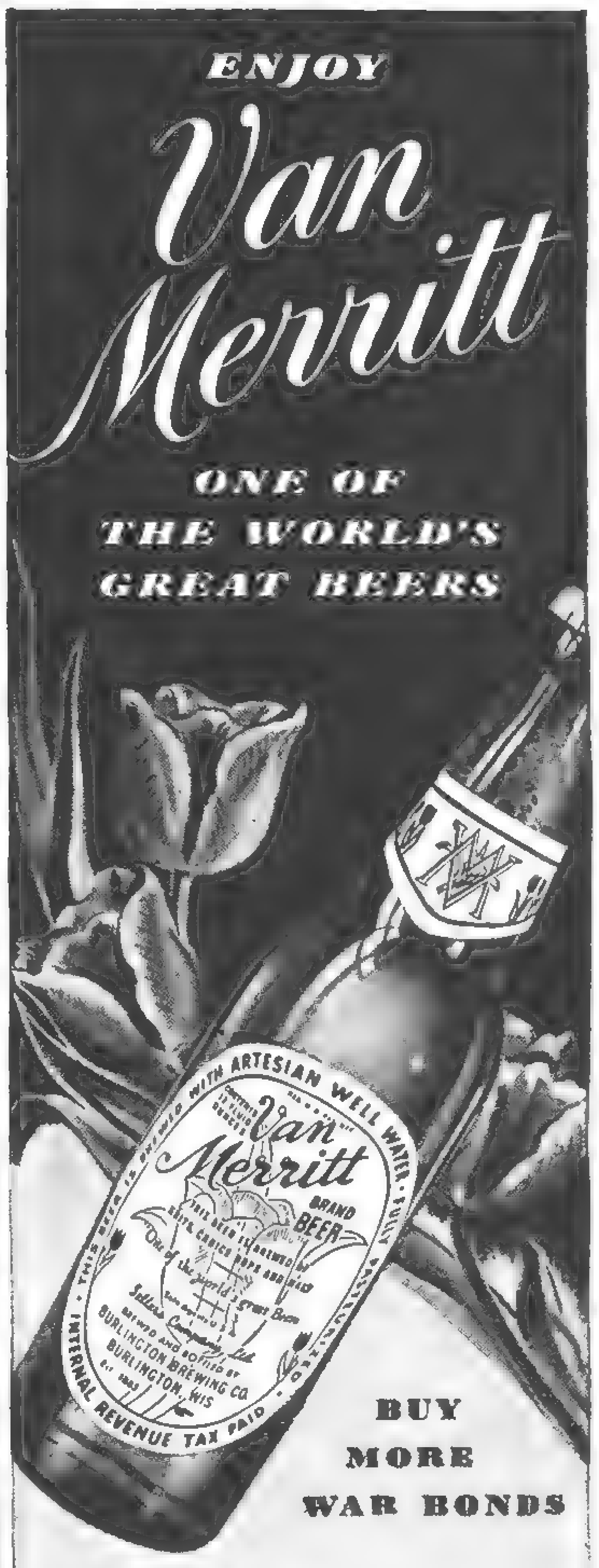
BOND STREET
Standard in Clothing

JAMAICA RUMS
are Better Too!

Try JAMAICA RUMS next time you're in your favorite bar or package store. You'll find them richer, more satisfying . . . and discover that all rums are not the same.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

GENUINE *Jamaica Rums*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Van Merritt

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REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1^{75}
The Montmartre of New York
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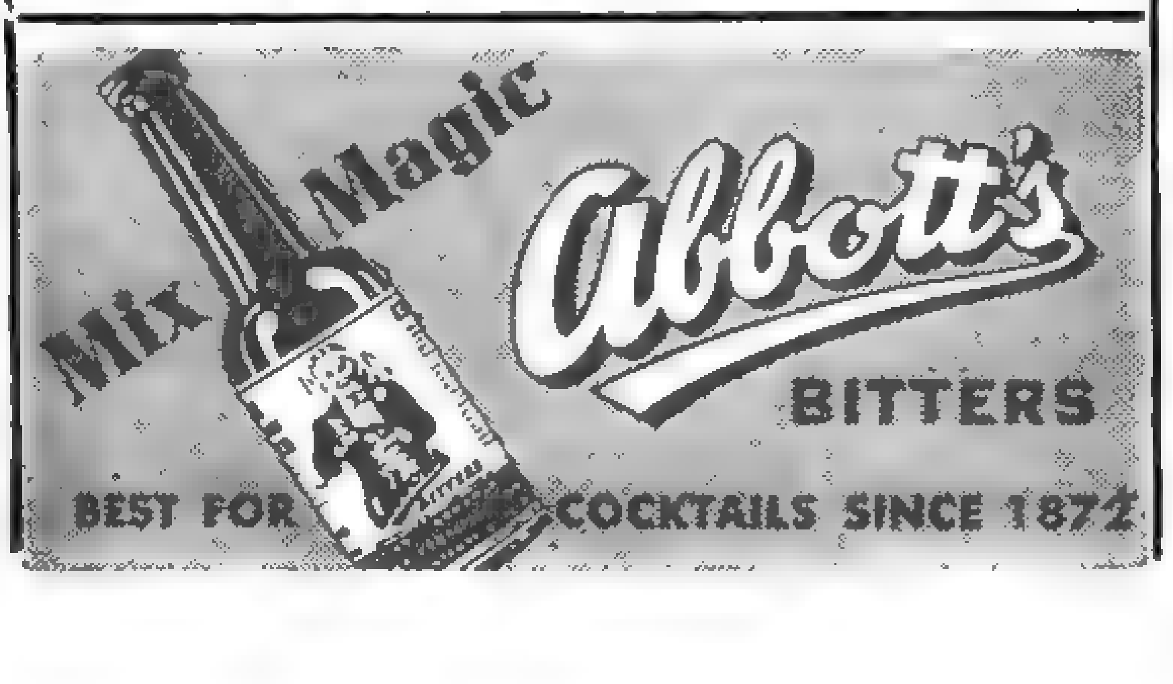

Mix Magic

Abbott's BITTERS

BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

"Born with the Republic"
BOTTLED IN BOND
JAMES E. PEPPER
ESTABLISHED 1780
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC

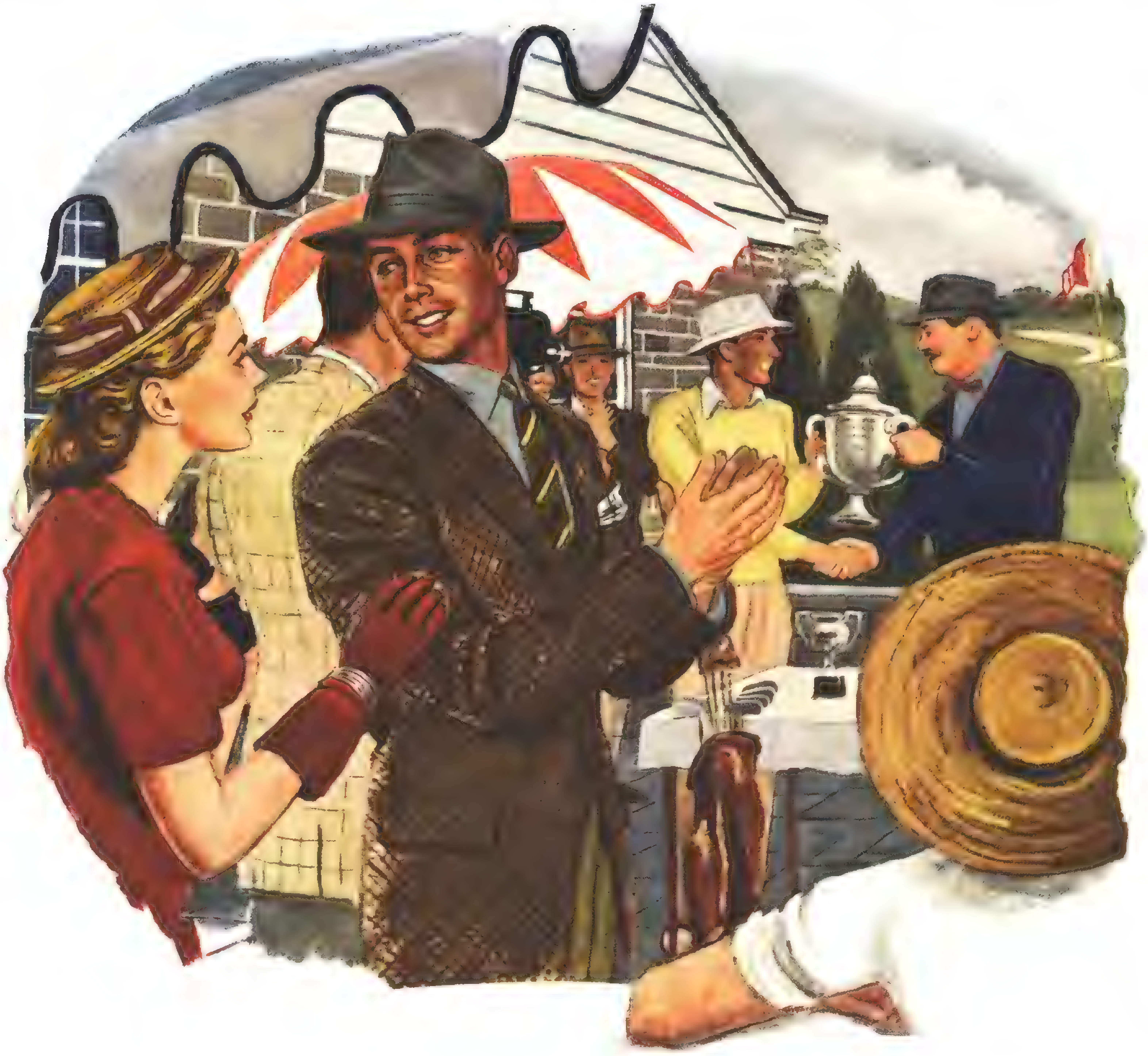
Bottled in Bond

under U.S. Government supervision, your assurance of *age, proof and quantity.* The signature of the maker is your assurance of the *finest quality.*

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

James E. PEPPER
BOTTLED IN BOND
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

THIS WHISKEY IS 5½ YEARS OLD, 100 PROOF, JAMES E. PEPPER & CO., LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



"Bet he'd rather get a new Stetson, like yours"

The Stetson she goes for is the Premier Turf Club

BEFORE the presentation ceremony is over, we'd like to point out a few interesting facts about the clothes the fellow in the foreground is wearing.

From the crown of his Stetson on down, he's correct for the occasion.

The homespun tweed jacket and the plain covert slacks are right as ham and eggs country-style; the green-yellow-and-brown tie set against the green oxford shirt tones in perfectly.

The Premier Stetson Turf Club, with its casual, rakish lines, supplies a bright contrasting touch. The jade green blends with the brown-and-green effect below; the softly creased crown and snap-brim carry out the easy, informal note.

Just change the background and you're correctly dressed for any informal weekend occasion.

And whatever the occasion or the clothing you're wearing, remember this: there's a style and color of Stetson perfectly suited to them.

The Premier Stetson Turf Club shown above is priced at $8.50. Other Stetson hats are priced to $40. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada...makers of hats for men and women.

• • •

P. S. Remember, loose talk still costs lives ...keep it under your Stetson.

You'll look your best in the right

STETSON

Just alike?...
not when you know them

...tires all alike today? There is more difference in mileage than before

TRUE, all tires are made from synthetic rubber today . . . but that doesn't mean they're any more the same than when they were made from crude rubber.

Actually, *long mileage* from synthetic tires demands *even more* careful control of quality, every step of the way . . . by *specialists* in quality.

Recognized leader for 30 years in getting *more miles out of rubber*, General Tire today makes synthetic rubber by its own extra-mileage process hailed as the greatest advance since America's synthetic program was launched.

General makes its own cooler-running, extra strong cords—in its own mills, as always—giving you the same kind of stronger yet easier riding tire body for which Generals always have been known.

And, General combines these, with its quick-stopping, slow-wearing Silent-Grip tread, into a tire up to General's famous *Top-Quality* standards—built by craftsmen who know only the best.

More than ever, General is "America's Long Mileage Tire."

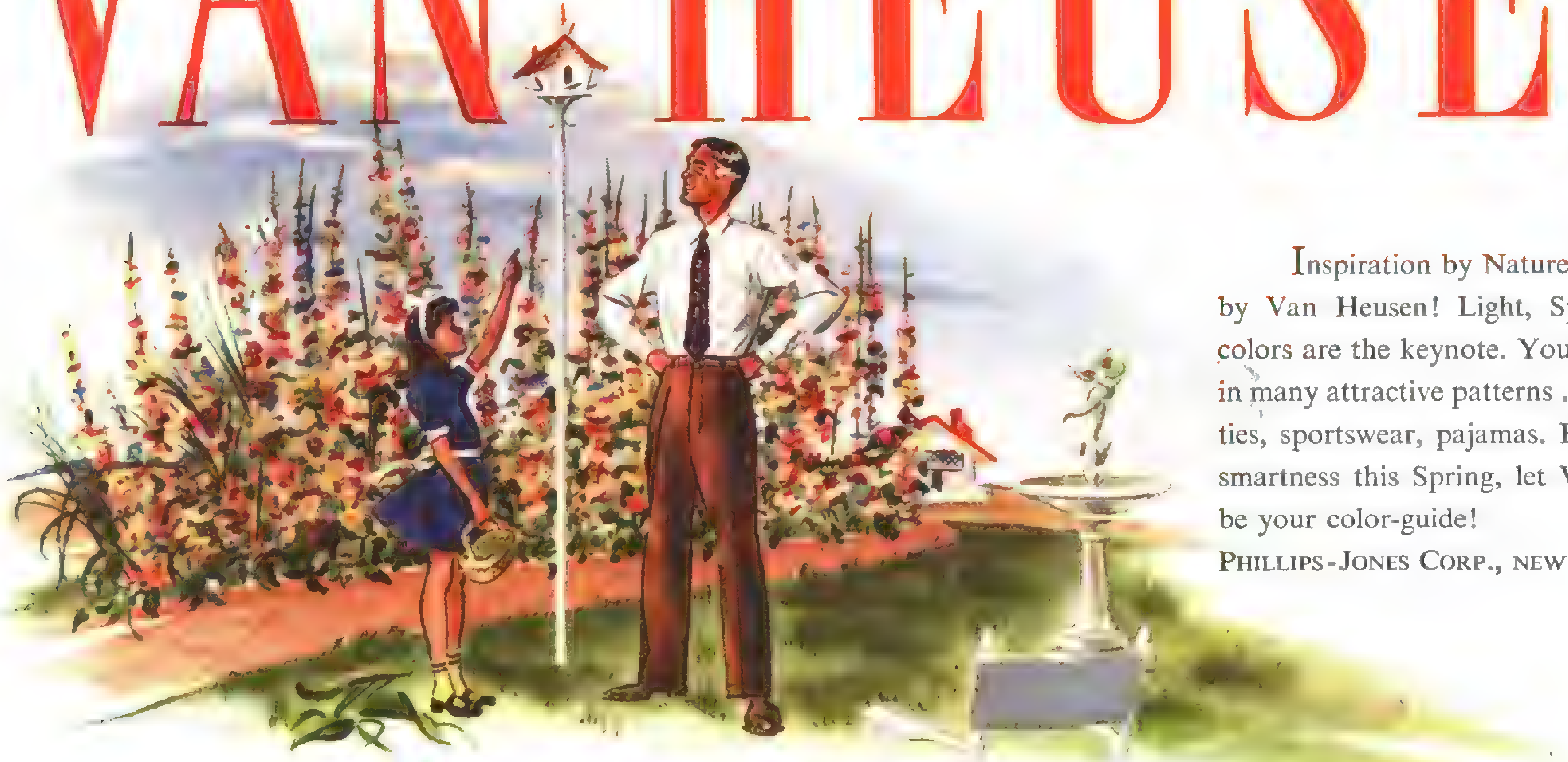
**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS**

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

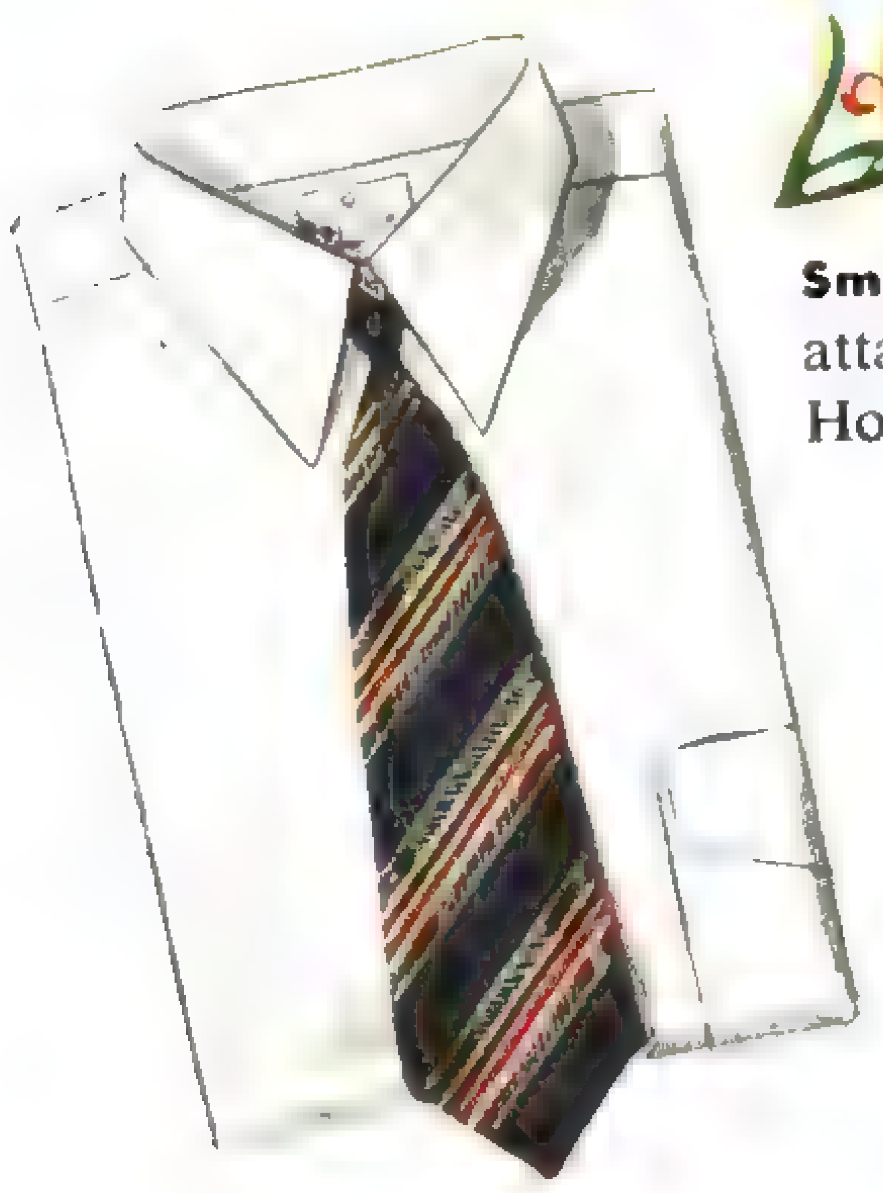
THIS SPRING . . . A RIOT OF COLOR . . . BY

VAN HEUSEN

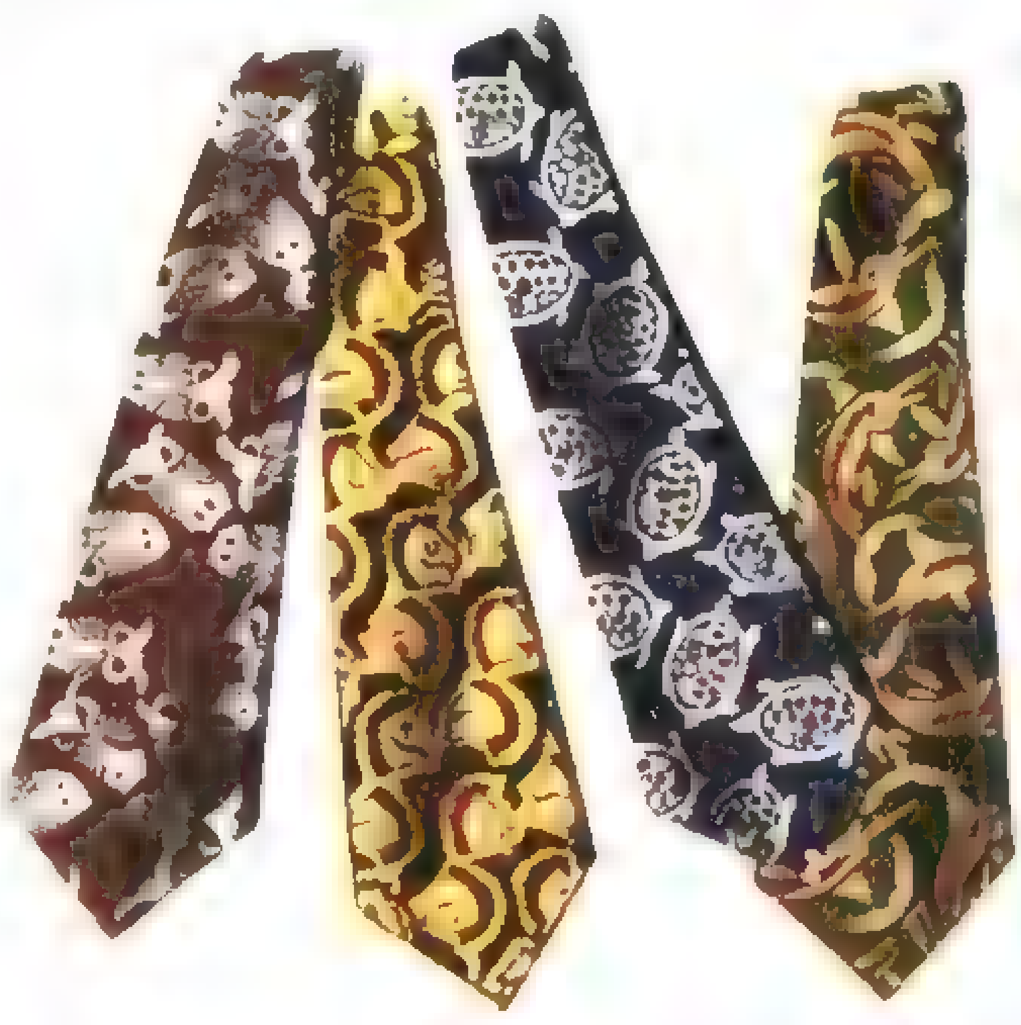


Inspiration by Nature . . . styling by Van Heusen! Light, Spring-bright colors are the keynote. You'll see them in many attractive patterns . . . in shirts, ties, sportswear, pajamas. For colorful smartness this Spring, let Van Heusen be your color-guide!

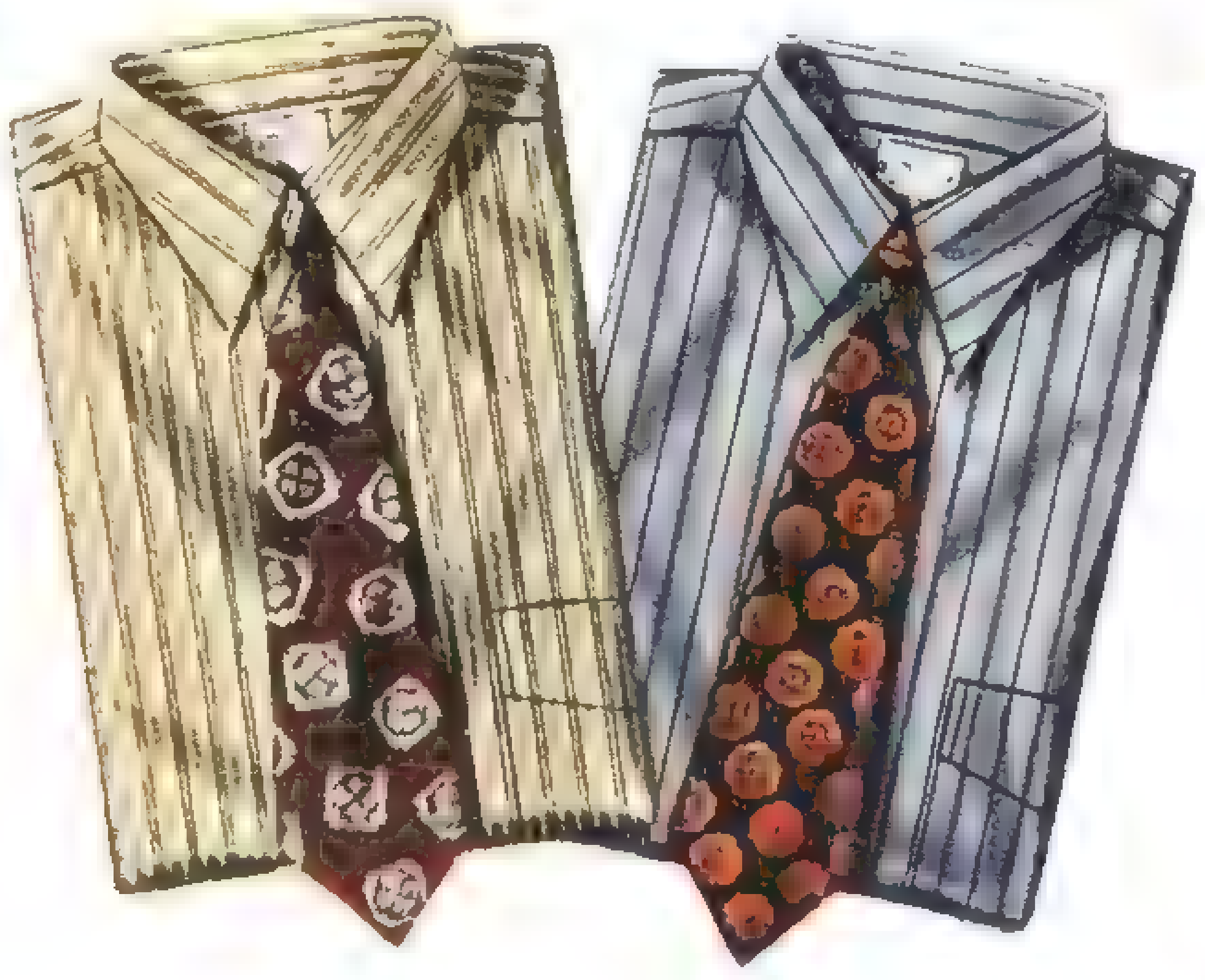
PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1



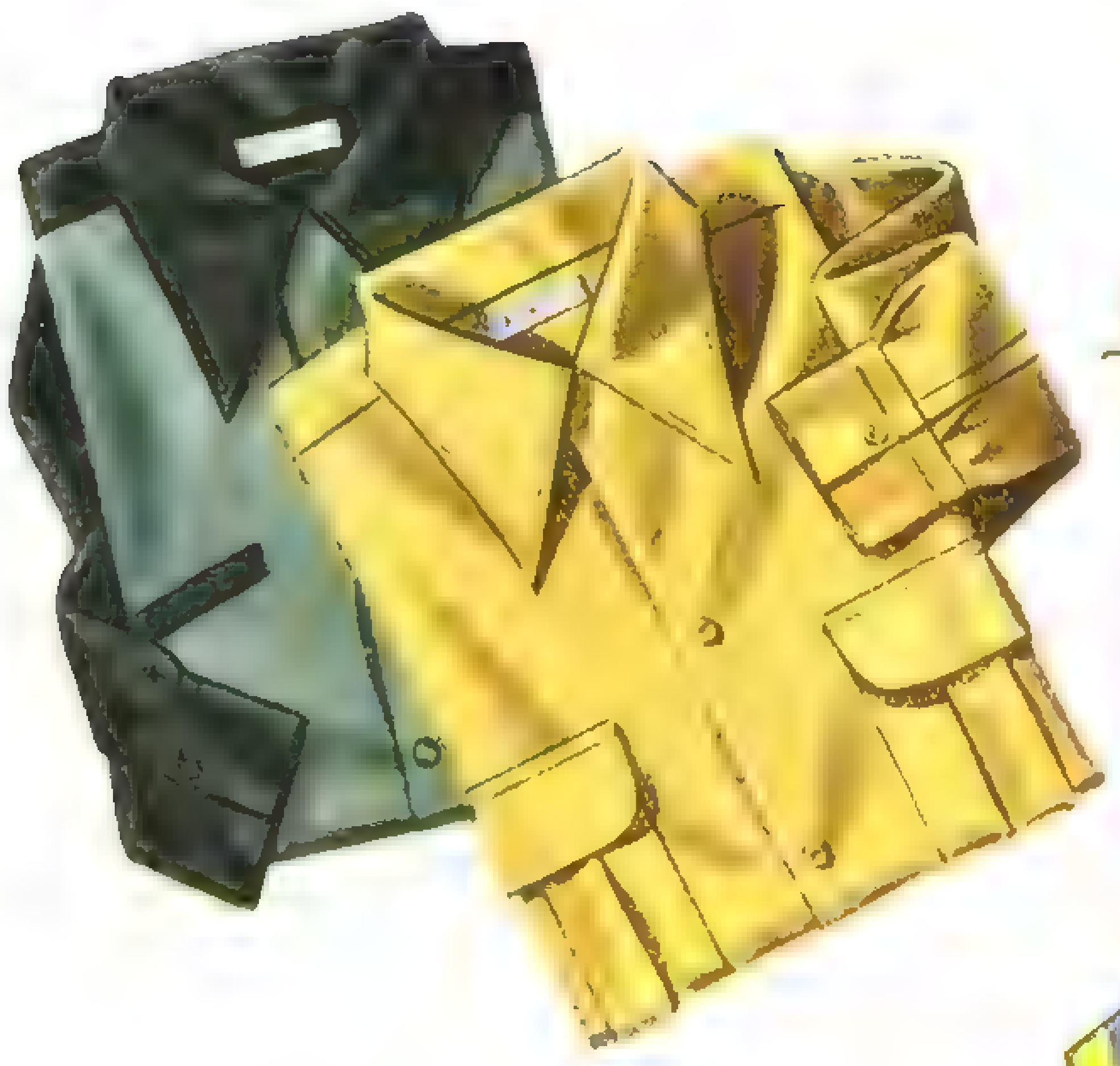
Smartest Color of All! Van Heusen white shirts with the Van Heusen collar attached. Sanforized, endorsed by American Laundry Institute, bear the Good Housekeeping seal. A new shirt free if a Van Heusen shrinks out of size! $2.25 and up



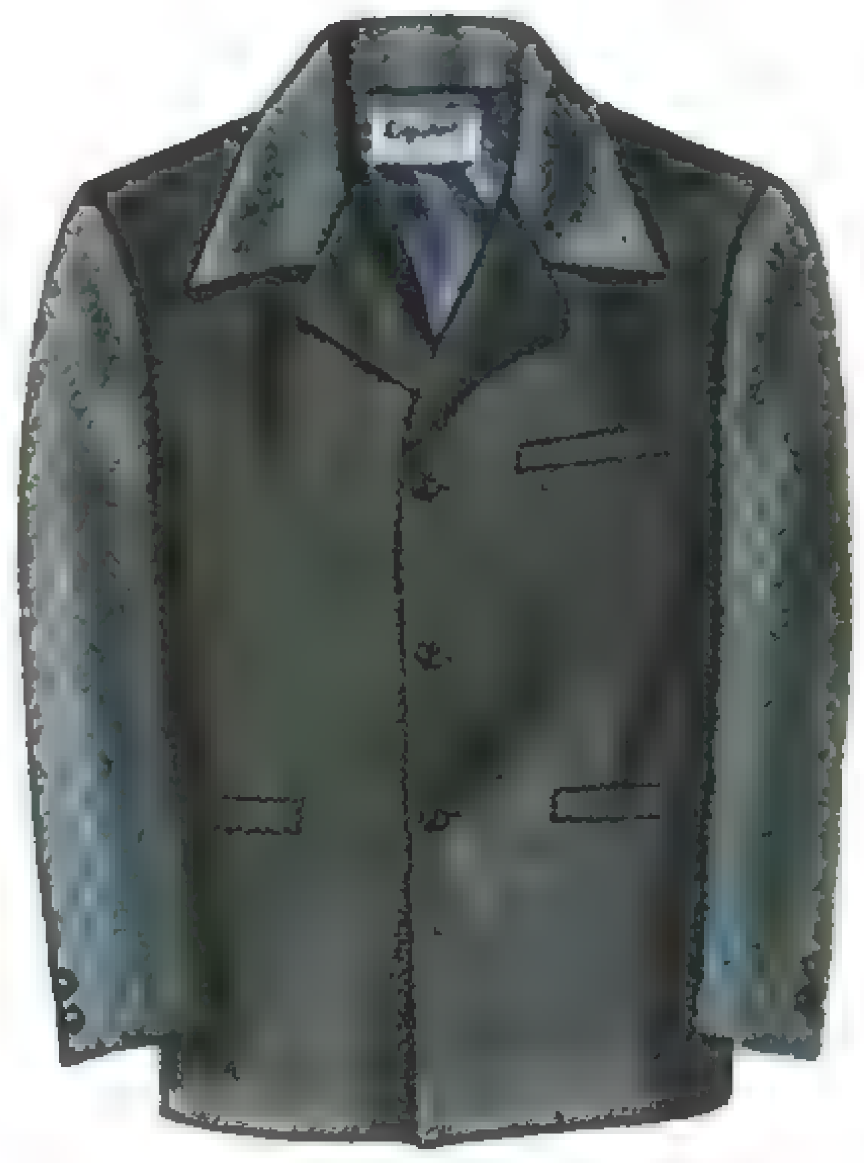
The Animal World has ideas that make Van Heusen Ties colorful, different and striking! Horses, turtles, dolphins, work into smart new patterns, to harmonize with Van Heusen Shirts. $1 and $1.50



Stripes Are Stars. And the best-looking striped shirts star the Van Heusen label! $2.25 and up



Tailored to a "Tee"! Handsome new Van Heusen sport shirts are tailored with typical Van Heusen skill. Solid colors and two-tone combinations in many different models. $2 to $10



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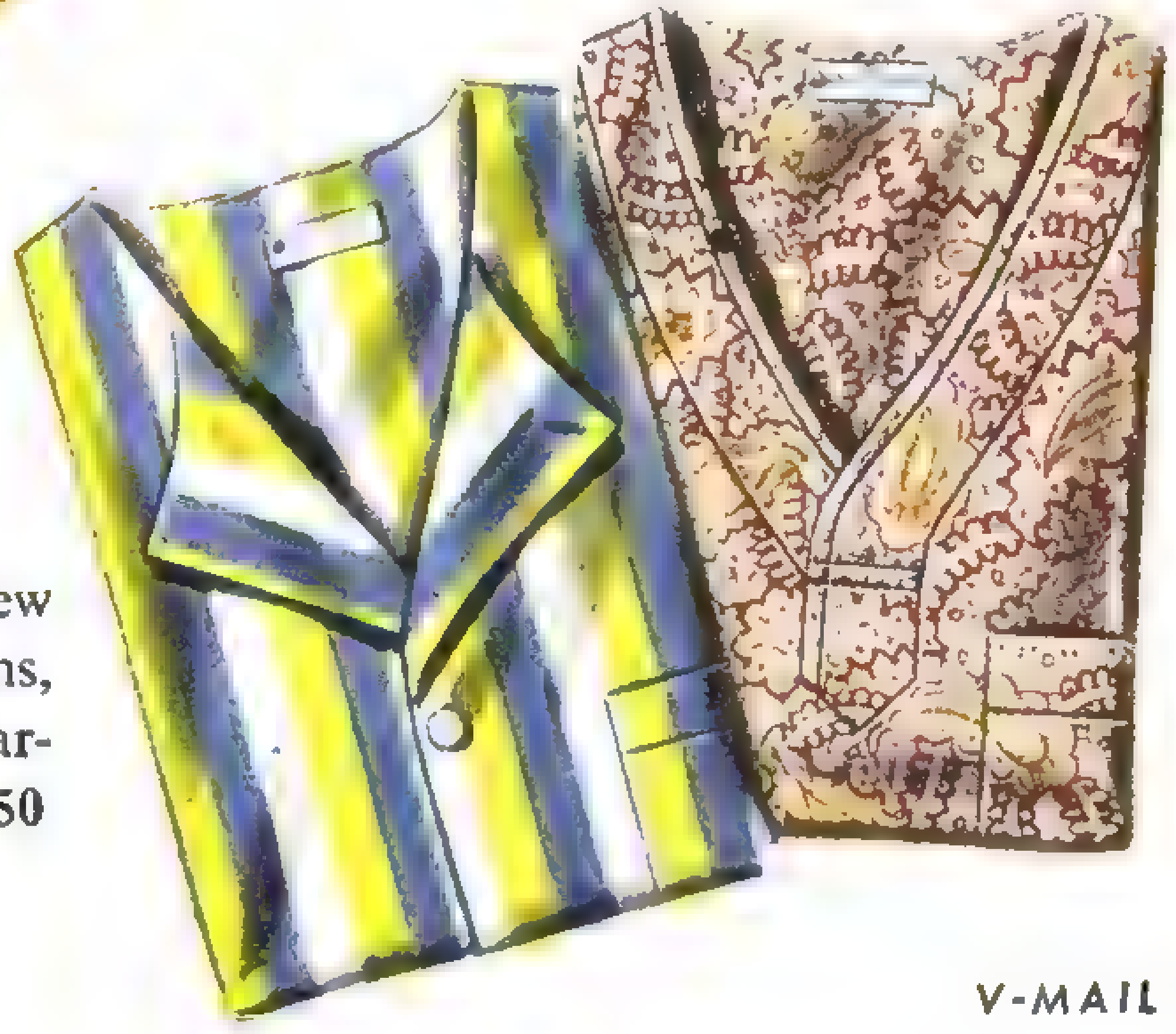

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Painting the Town with Esquire

DANCE tune lyrics are sweet and saucy pickings for Ann Warren, pert vocalulu with Eddy Roger's orchestra at the Hotel Biltmore's Bowman Room. The Singing Strings promote heart interests, and a gracile-girled ice show feasts the eye. For the mere stomach, headwaiter Paul wields quite a menu . . . Super-tall Glen Gray and his tune assemblers are bleachered beside the dance floor in the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania . . . The sumptuous Versailles, where eats are opulent and partners Nick and Arnold don't spare their bankroll on entertainment, now has Perry Como voicing romance, with the beauteous Ver-Sighs queening as exhibits thereof.

DEEP-LORED Marcel Perret of the Café St. Denis, 11 East 53rd, learned his flavor abracadabra in the kitchen of his grandma in the French Alps, where napkins were tucked into the neck in complete confidence. Anything he suggests is gullet-guaranteed . . . Messrs. Bergen, McCarthy, and Snerd are in executive session at the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room, with large laughs leaking out . . . Much-missed La Vie Parisienne, 3 East 52nd, is with us again, its stunning LaMotte murals happily retained by the new host, jovial General Lode, a Russian with cosmopolitan gourmet experience. Game and special dishes of sundry nations are featured, and the array of French hors d'oeuvres is de luxe.

STEPPING in from the jostle of Broadway, it's pleasant to encounter the graciousness of the Havana-Madrid, Broadway at 50th, geared to idea that ye guest shall be pleased and not pressured. During the eight years this atmospheric haunt has flourished, décor and entertainment have varied but never were they so colorful as now, with the Hermanos Williams Trio headlining the bill, the Duanos dancing entrancingly, and six shapelies on parade. Two able orchestras cater to hoof and hip, and the chef can cook Spanish, Cuban, Mexican, or American at your command. Theme drink is Cuban Delight, a 12-ouncer of pineapple juice and rum.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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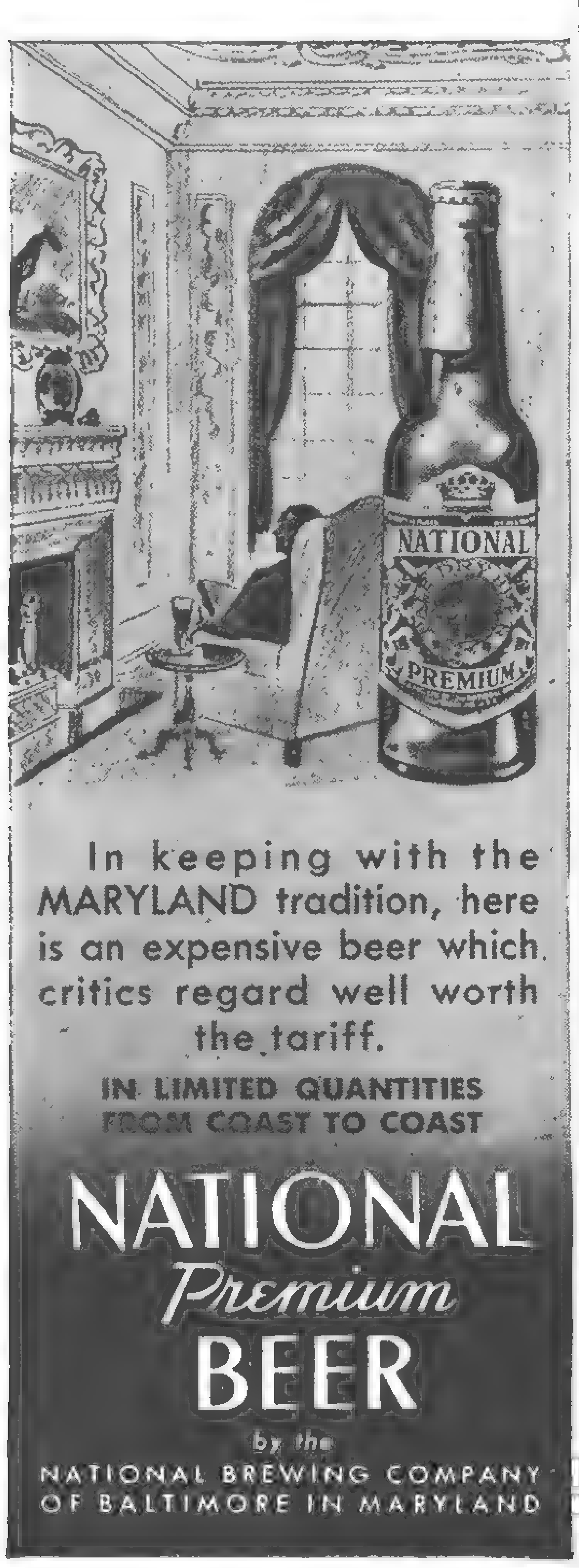

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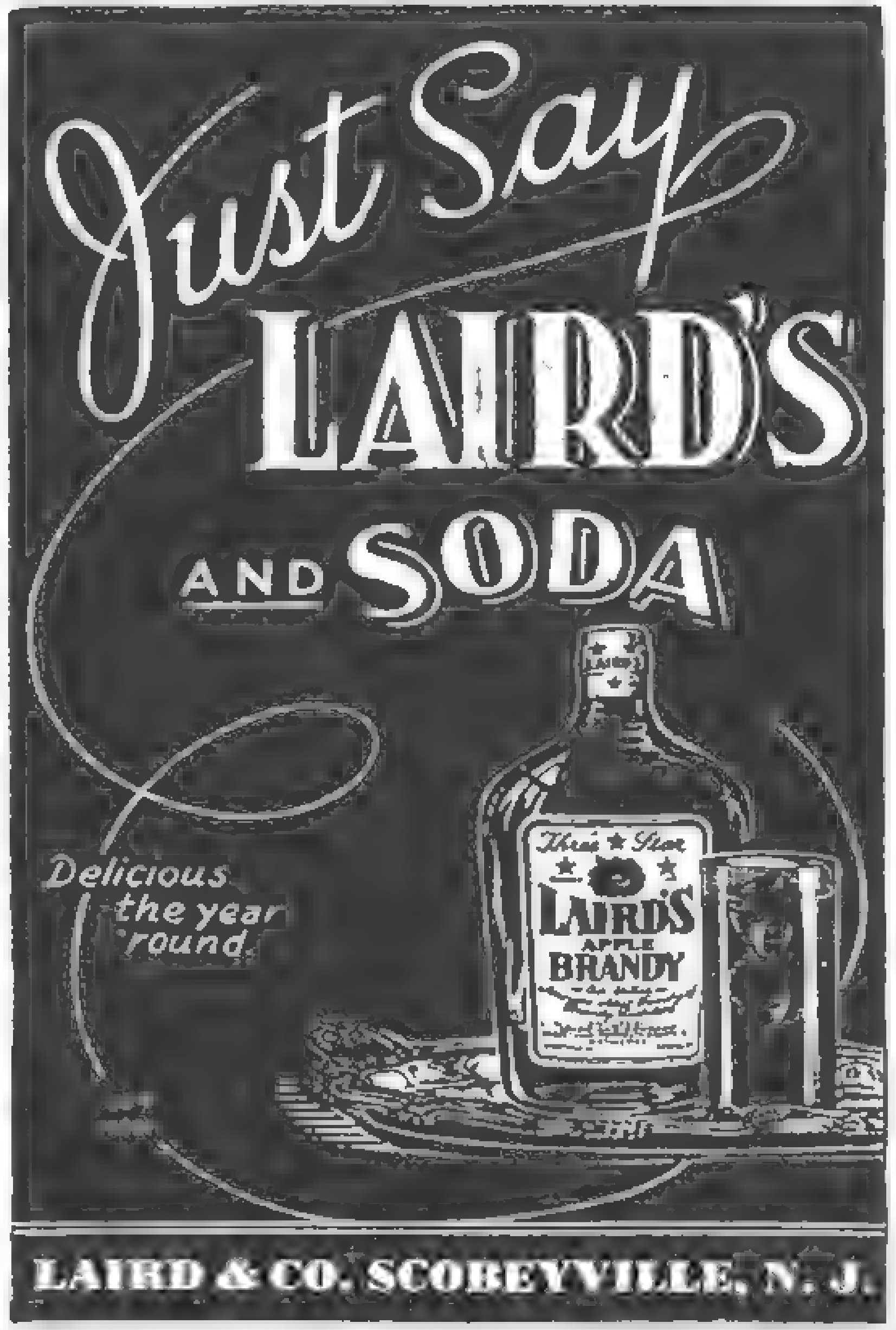

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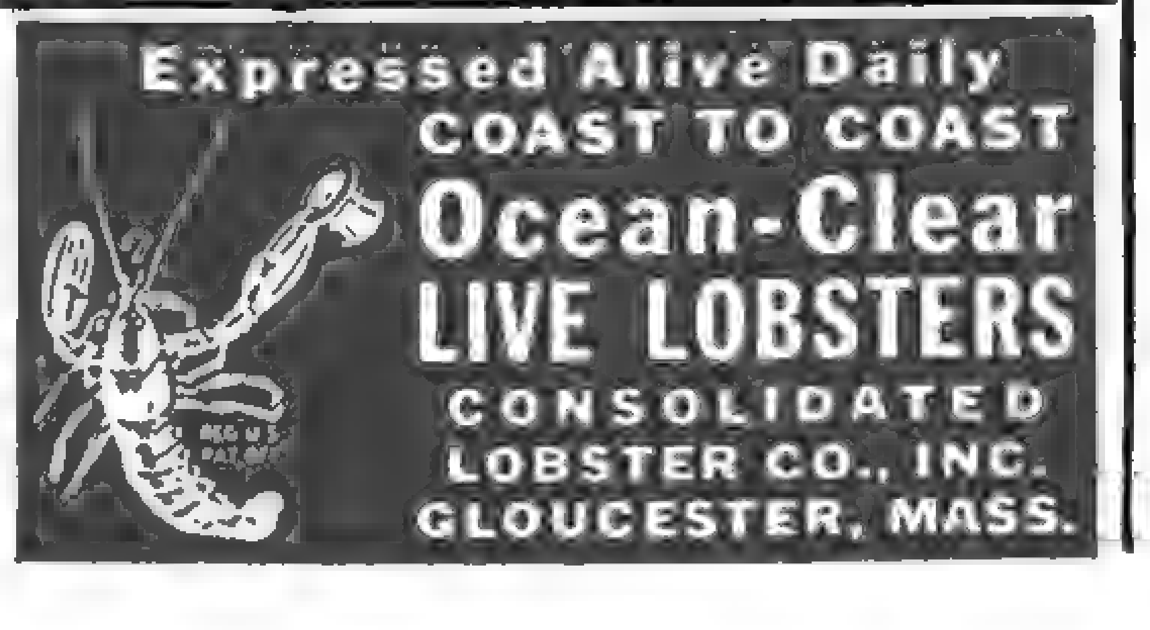

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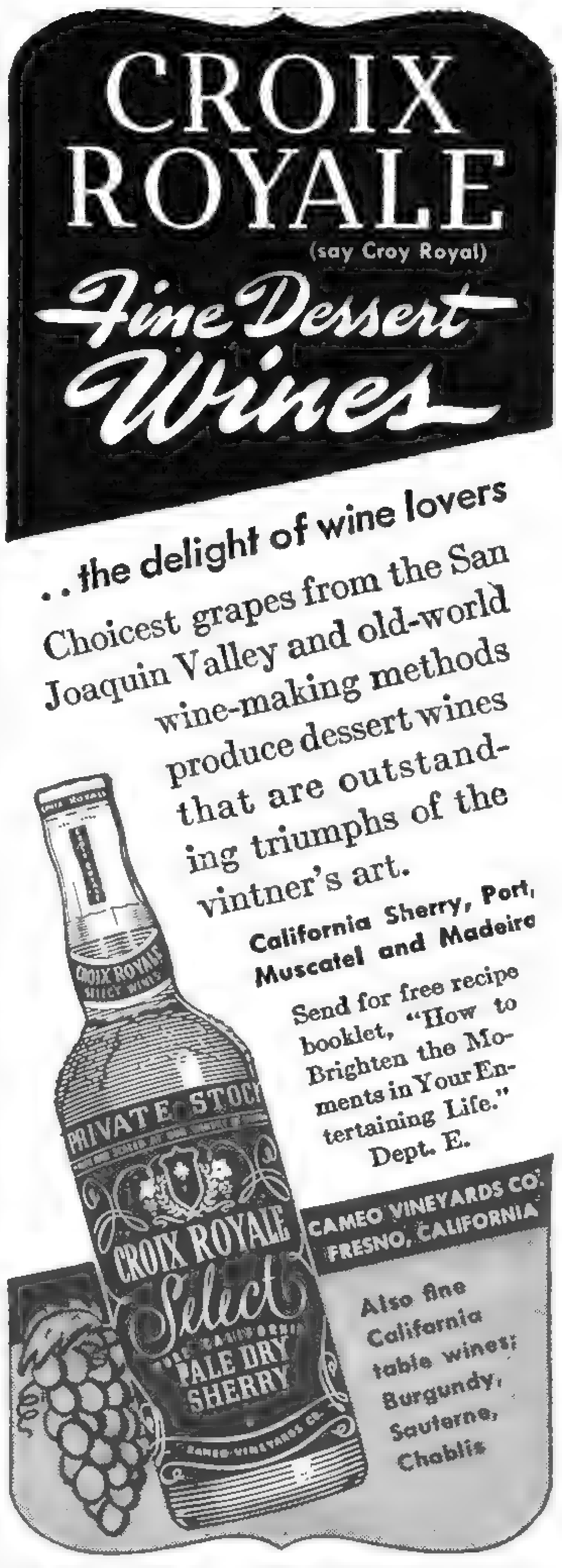

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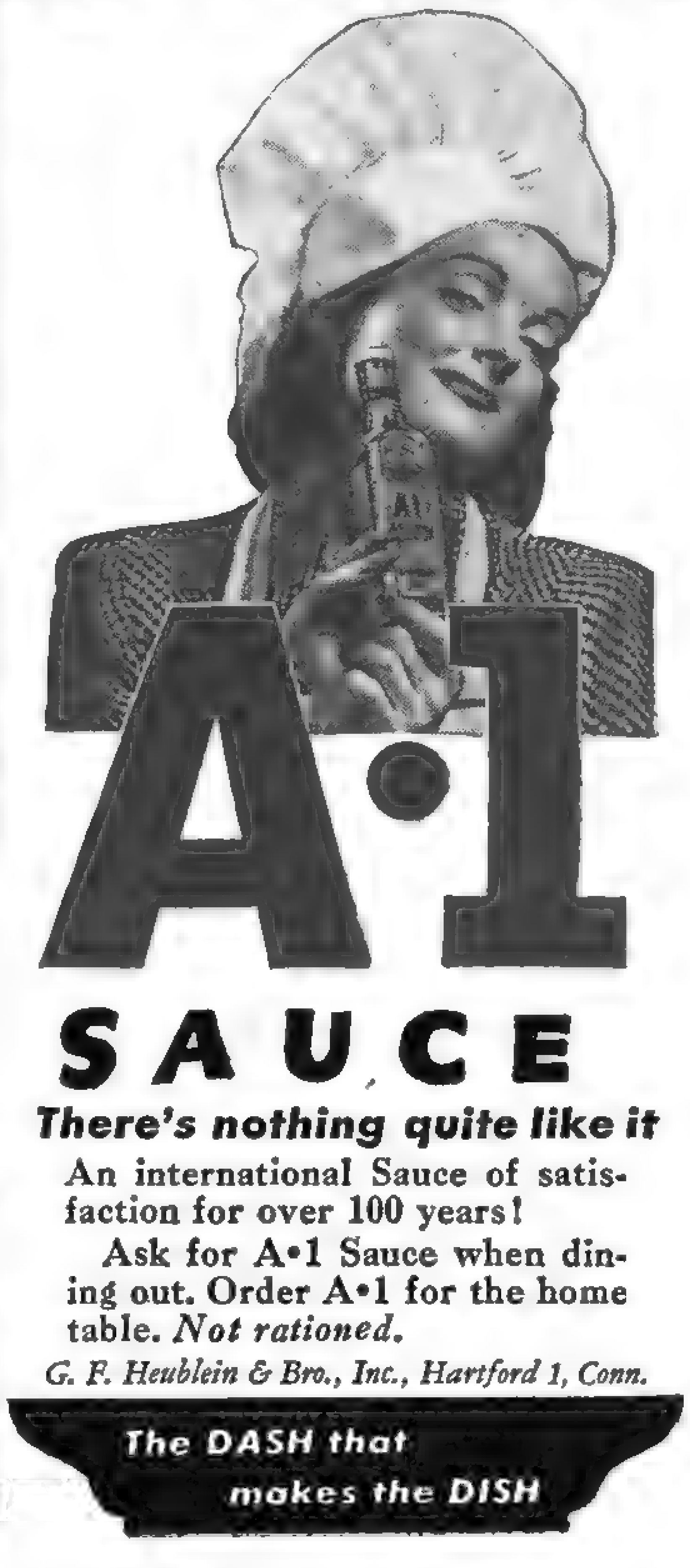

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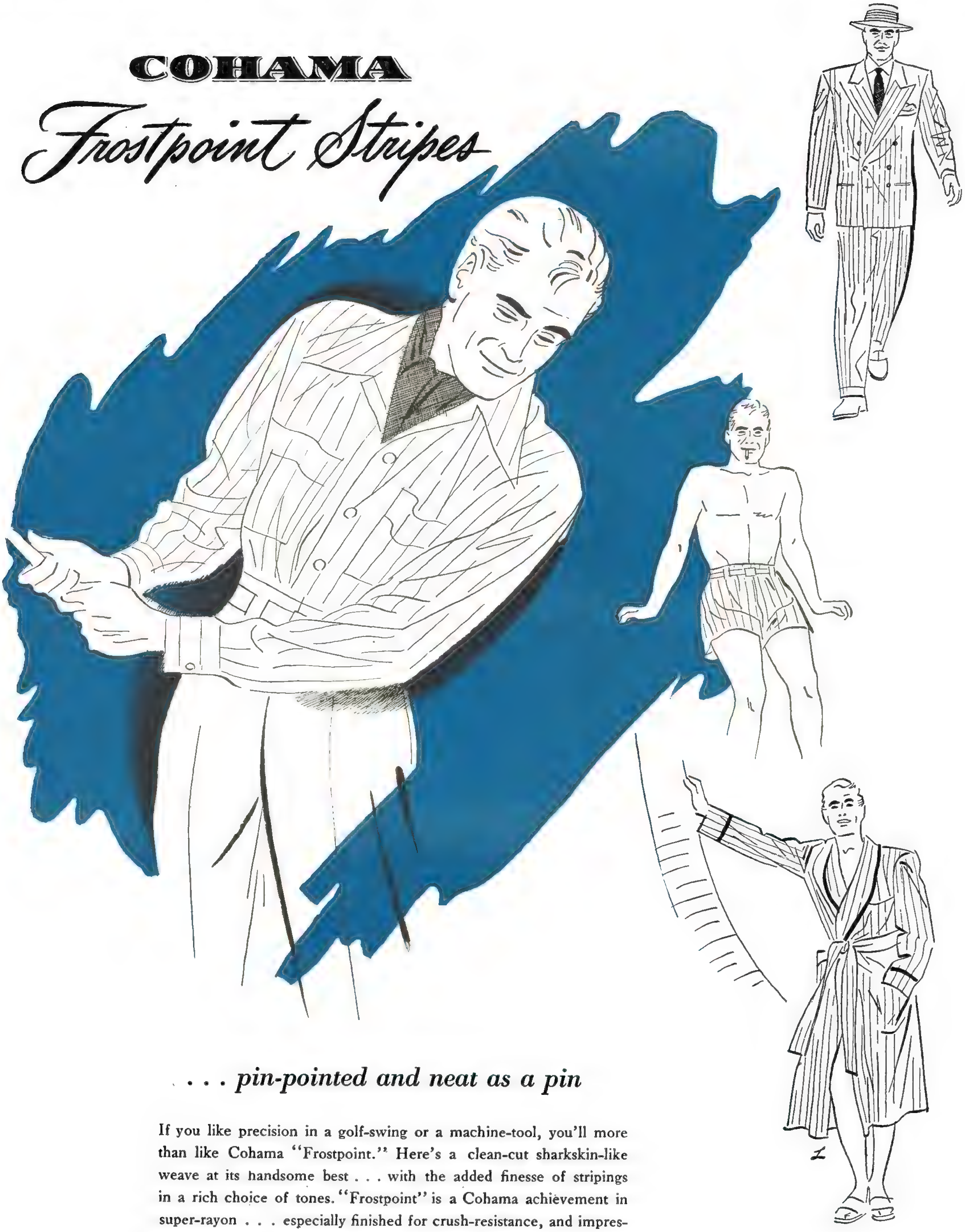

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Paul Gardner

PAUL GARDNER, whose *Cousin Willie Is a Card* is on page 96, writes, "I early learned not to cross a bridge until I came to it because, as you see, I was born in Brooklyn. I am just past the age when you begin to use Serutan. My newspaper career ran about eighteen years, most of them on the New York *American* and New York *Journal-American* as a sports writer. My biggest kick as a sports reporter occurred in 1943 when my story on the Army-Colgate game was forwarded by Colonel Blaik to Generals MacArthur and Eichelberger. Since last June I have been magazine contact man for the Blue Network. During the last year I have sold about thirty articles to national magazines, but this is the first time I have made the fiction-writing varsity. I am married, have one boy just turned three, and I live—gosh, you guessed it—in Brooklyn."

•

The idea for an article on Earl Wilson came to **PAUL GREENE** when he was manager of the Latin Quarter in New York. "Earl used to interview me," he said, "and I would feed him tidbits of happenings around the club. His somber appearance and almost humorless conversation impressed me, and I decided to reverse the conditions." The result is *The Midnight Earl* (page 76), which he wrote in collaboration with William Burton. Greene has written professionally for a little over a year, and has made about ten magazines. He usually writes about theatrical personalities, having worked on *The Stem* for six years and for Billy Rose for four years. Before we got into the war, Greene went overseas for a firm which built Arctic air bases for Uncle Sammy. For six years until 1936 he was a yeoman in the Merchant Marine. "Now," he says, "I am married, with a redheaded six-year-old son who looks like his mother. No more roaming, I'm afraid."

Paul Greene

•

PETER STIRLING, like his remarkable *Mule Who Didn't Want Fame* (page 40), wanted to be a regular G. I., and at the beginning of his Army career lived in blissful anonymity, hoping for combat duty. But someone found out Stirling was fairly well known as drama critic for the Philadelphia *Record*, and right away he was clapped into Officers' Training School. When he started thinking up *Frances* stories, Stirling was a second looie, but now he's a first lieutenant and editor of an Army newspaper in Honolulu. Stirling left a wife and small son for his present career. This isn't his debut as a writer of fiction. He has been published in *Argosy*, although not *Frances* stories. The next episode in the life of the talking flying mule will appear in a future issue of *Esquire*.

Peter Stirling

•

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH (*Water Over The Saddle*, page 60), knows his cow country. He was born in a tent on a West Texas cattle ranch and nearly finished high school in his native Ozona. Like many another Texan, Bosworth got an itch for the Navy, joined in 1922, and after being discharged obtained a commission in the Naval Reserve. On dry land, Bosworth did stretches in the editorial offices of various newspapers and had several hundred short stories published in the pulps. Then, he says, he retreated to a hundred and sixty acre mirage near Gilroy, California, where he settled down to full-time writing. A year before Pearl Harbor, Bosworth came back to the Navy and was doing a stint in the North Atlantic when hell broke loose on the other side. Now Bosworth's landlocked again—when last we heard from him he was a lieutenant commander, stationed on the West Coast.

•

PARKE CUMMINGS who hits the editorial bull's-eye on page 41, says he's working on a brochure to be titled *My Correspondence with the Editor of Esquire*, wherein he writes rings around that gentleman at the ratio of a hundred words to one. His system is this: when he gets an idea for a piece, he sits down and writes the editor: "Here is a knockout idea for a two thousand word piece." Then, in three or four thousand words, he outlines briefly its main points and sends in the outline. He then waits sixty days, writes his piece and mails it. This works one hundred per cent, he says. He either sells the piece or gets it back.

•

JOSÉ MANZANARES (*The Rumba Is Not Alone*, page 73), grew up and was educated in Lima, Peru, and learned the songs of Latin America in the best *cantinas* (barrooms) of the town. "Like every other immigrant," he writes, "I came to New York with my basic English. I made my debut in a restaurant managed by Spaniards. There I became the most efficient dishwasher who ever came out of Peru. My first break was through the kindness of Luis Firpo—the Bull of the Pampas—who thought I was the best 'yell-er' of songs of his country. I am married to a lovely American girl. Outside of my wife, I love the lady who carries the torch in New York Harbor."

•

BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF, who made the painting of Doolittle's *Gee Bee* on page 47, has in less than half a century lived the old success story. Arriving in New York from Russia with fourteen cents and no knowledge of the language, he got a job for 15 dollars a week. He was fired after a few months and finally managed to establish himself here as an artist after shipping on a tanker to South America. He has designed women's clothes, a Russian restaurant, stage sets, illustrated many books and written and illustrated two children's books of his own.

•

King of the Keester Bugs isn't **DEAN JENNINGS**' only contact with the underworld. A reporter and specialist in crime writing, he's had more than three hundred crime stories and articles published, and in the course of his work has come to know more than one yegg fairly intimately. One of the most colorful is the Reverend Wilson, hero of his article on page 68. Jennings has written two books: *Leg Man* and *The Man Who Killed Hitler*, and also a couple of movies. He was Pacific Coast Director for the Office of War Information, and is currently on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Dean Jennings

•

DR. MARTIN GUMPERT, of *Years for the Asking*, page 44, is an author and practicing physician in New York. A citizen since 1942, Dr. Gumpert came to this country in 1936 from Germany. His various books published in this country include *You Are Younger Than You Think*, which explains in detail the facts he sets forth in this issue.

•

RICHARD L. FREY, who tells about Pif-Paf, the South American card game, on page 54, is a card expert from away back. Among other activities, he is currently conducting a bridge column with Howard Schenken for a newspaper syndicate. #

Richard L. Frey

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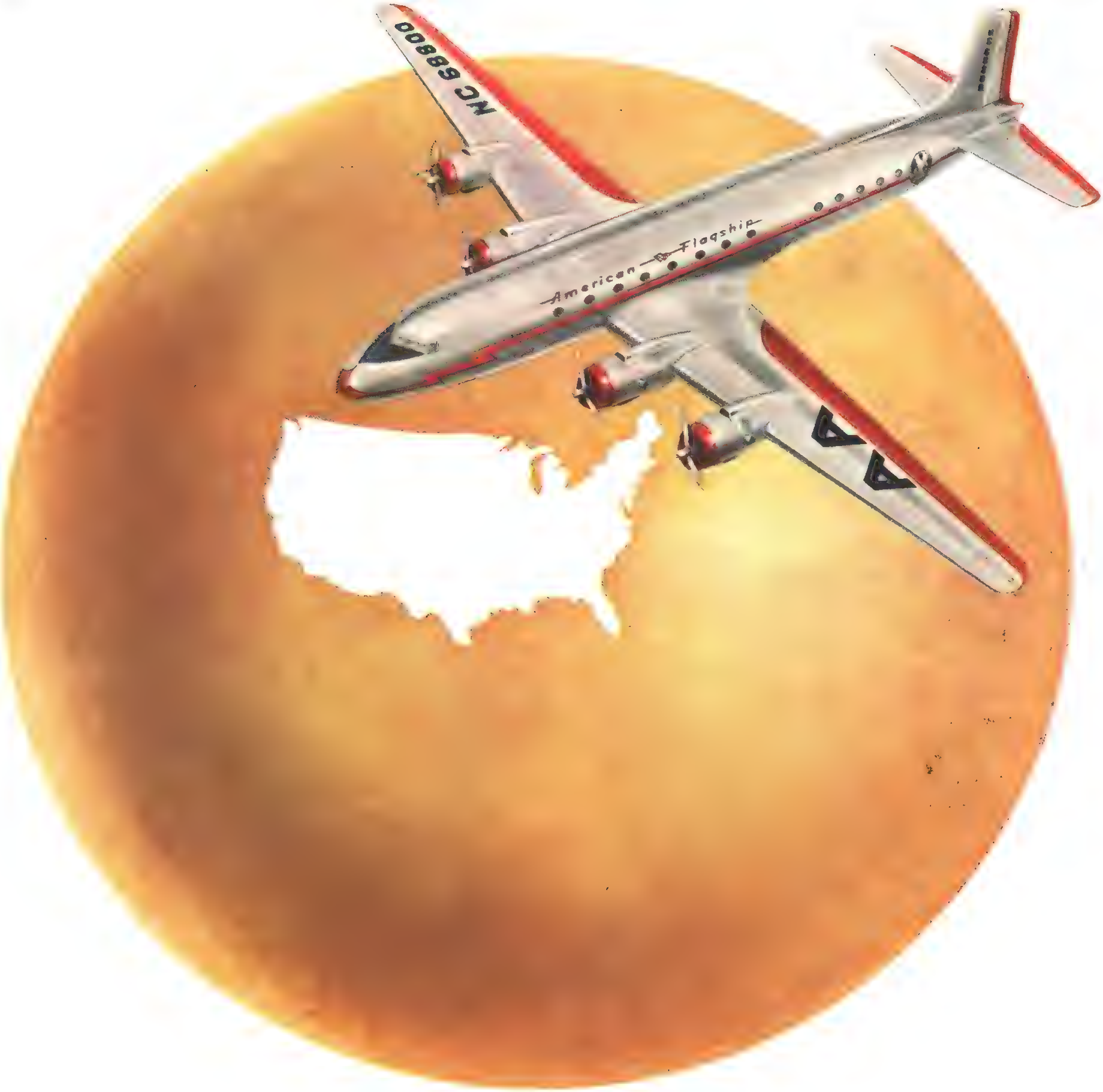

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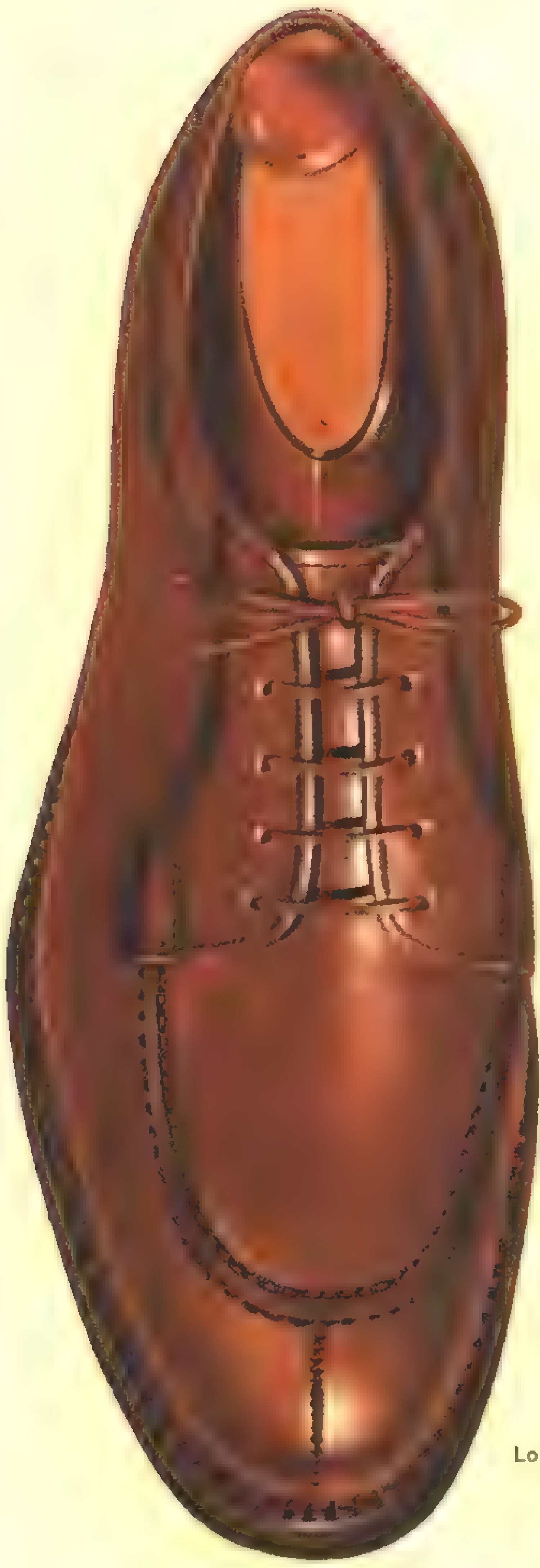

The Parade
Style 2329
Brown Highland
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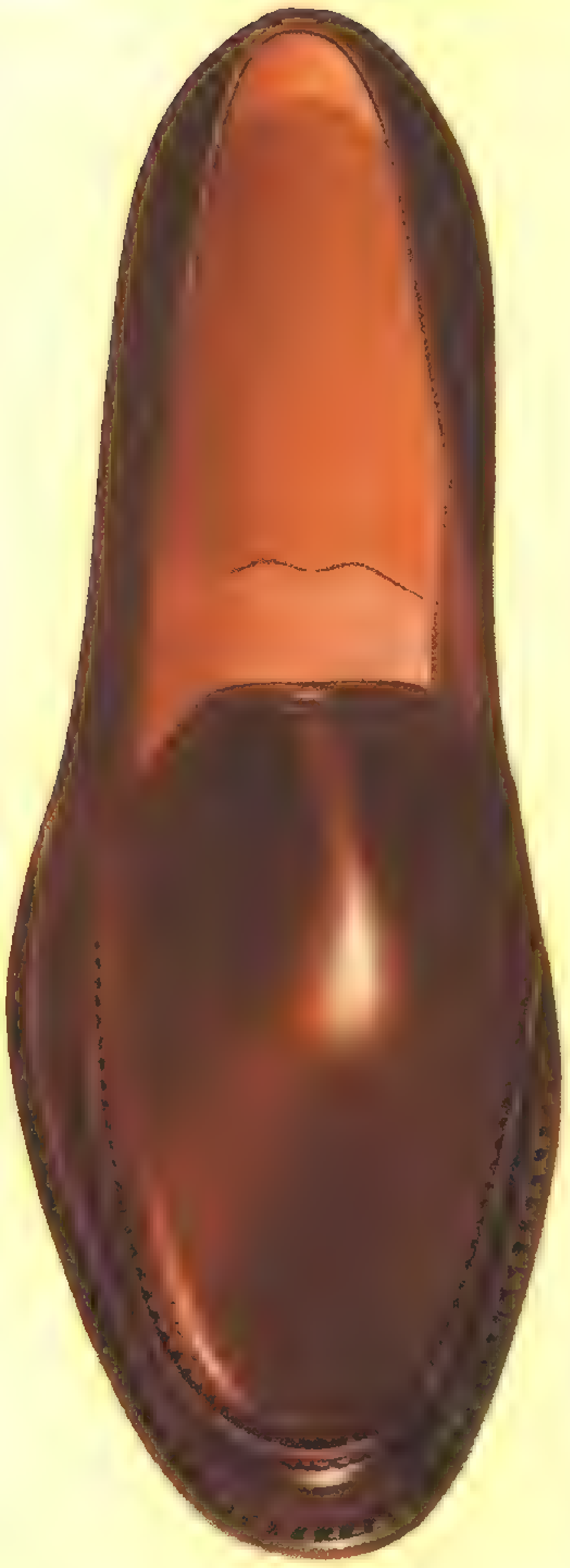
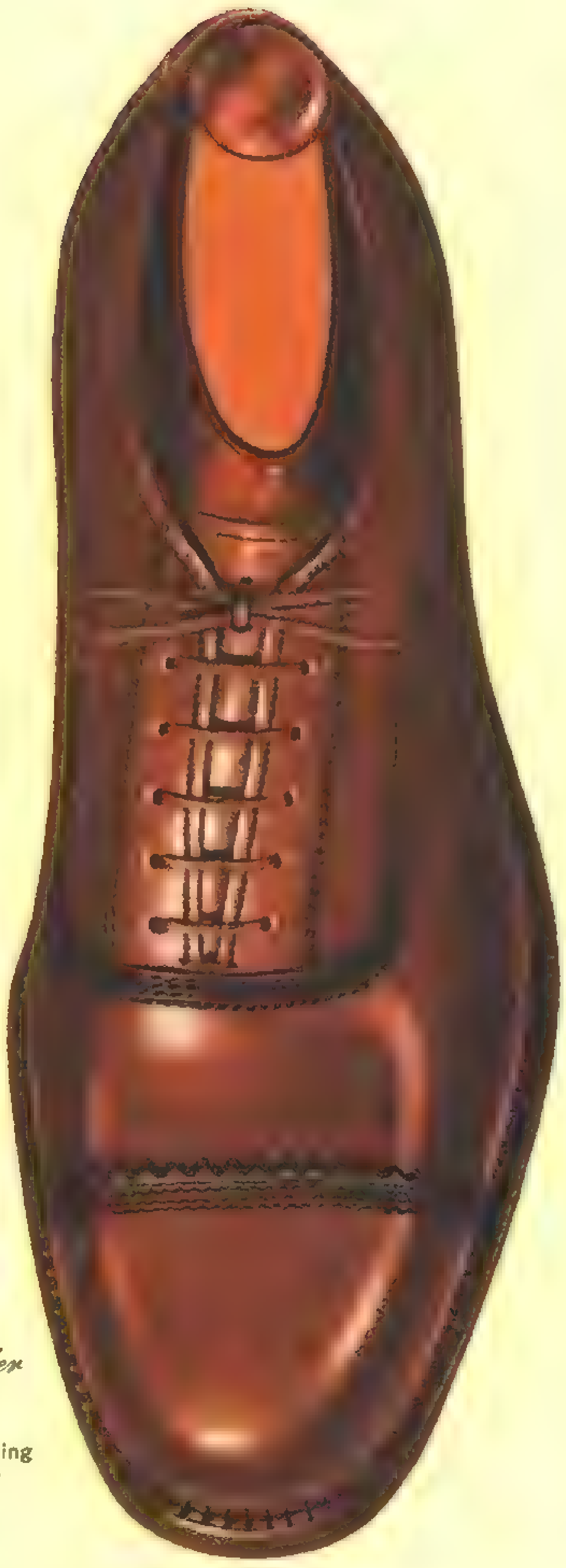
Long Wearing Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel



The Lazee
Slip on Casual
Style 414
Army Russet Veal
Long Wearing Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel



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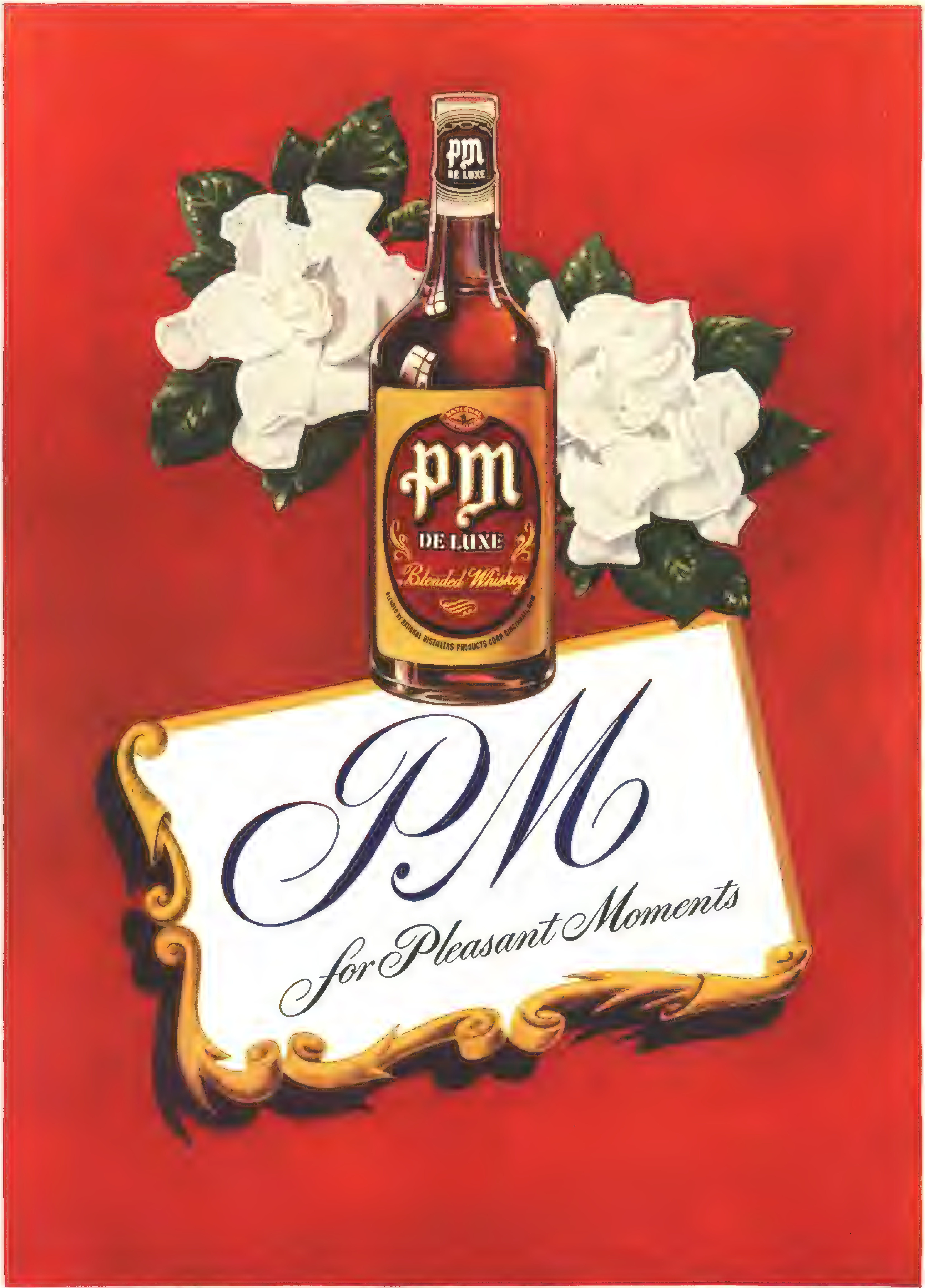
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Some Private Postwar Planning

Revealing specific dreams of men in the South Pacific currently engaged in the business of saving our world

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

MR. GALLUP says that if you want the right answer to a question you have to make sure that your question is phrased right. I have been asking one question all over the Pacific. I may not be putting it exactly the way the experts would put it. I say to a man, "What are you going to do when you get home?"

I have many answers, all neatly and conscientiously recorded in my notebook. I have selected a few of the answers from my notes, and I feel impelled to print them here because I read in the papers where my own Congressman says that we can't do any planning for the peace until we know just what it is the man in the armed forces wants when he gets home. It can readily be seen from that statement that my Congressman is no dope. So I am offering him some sample pages from my notes for what they are worth. Naturally, I am also offering them to all politicians, statesmen, experts, statisticians and poll-takers who are busy making plans for a postwar world.

On Guadalcanal a Marine said to me, "When I get home first thing I do is walk into a restaurant. I order four eggs. They must be fresh and they must be fried in plenty of butter. I order a vegetable salad. I'm gonna look at that salad for a long time. It's gotta have lettuce, an onion, couple of slices of tomato. Oil all over the top of it. Salt."

A Red Cross worker told me, "I'm going into the dehydrated foods business in China. Big opportunities for a young guy."

The ship's carpenter on a transport said, "When I get home I'll stay with the wife and kid. I figure ten months is just about right before they begin to get tired of me. Then I'm gonna get a mule, some fishing tackle, some beer. I saw a lake in Colorado when I was a kid. I'm gonna take my mule and my fishing tackle and my beer up there and I'm gonna sit for two months. Then I go back to the family."

A co-pilot on a PB2Y, a tall, thin boy from New Mexico, said, "I figure on getting married. When I get home there'll be plenty of women around with 10,000 dollars from insurance policies. Good women, because other guys picked 'em before I did. I figure I'll find me one of them 10,000 dollar widows and marry her."

A steward on an Army transport plane told me, "I'm going right into the haberdashery business. Boy—! Can you imagine what happens when all these guys start buying shirts and ties? I'll be in on the ground floor."

A Marine sergeant said, "I'll start a military school. There's lots of people caught on to the idea that maybe it's best for a kid to have some military training when the next war starts."

A major in Ordnance said, "I haven't thought about how I'll make a living. All I know is that I'm going to spend the rest of my life on soap boxes. I'll yell my guts out, telling the truth about war. If another one comes, my kid will be just ripe for it. I don't want that."

An enlisted man who had been serving hamburgers in an Officers' Club for two years, said, "I'm going into the soft drink business. I've got an idea: a coconut milk drink. Figure these millions of guys on these islands—they've got to like it. Some of 'em is what you call addicts. I'll buy one of these atolls, plant a couple thousand trees. In a few years they start shootin' coconuts. I open a bottling works in California. I shoot the coconuts back to the States, open 'em up, bottle 'em right there. I can't miss. I got a million ready-made customers."

There was an Army doctor (a young man who had never had a chance to practice in civilian life because he had enlisted the day he finished his internship in Boston) whom I met on a tiny island in the South Pacific. He said, "I'm never going home. I stay right here. I've discovered something about malaria, and this is where I'm going to work it out. It may take a lifetime, but this is for me."

The skipper of an LCT, a lieutenant (j.g.) who had participated in three amphibious operations, said, "I figure on gettin' moderately into politics. I been reading about how impressed the folks back home are with us veterans. I aim to settle down in a small but thrivin' town in Texas. I'll be a veteran and I got medals, and folks'll come around asking for my advice. So before you know it everybody in town is asking me to be chairman of the board of this and that. That's how I get the inside track on everything. I'll be tellin' folks where they should build, and which way to vote in the elections, and I'll be buying up the land where I tell 'em to build. You get the idea? If that doesn't work out, I'm going to be a basketball coach."

A pilot on an Army transport plane said, "I've traveled 100,000 miles in this war. I've been on I don't know how many islands. I've seen Micronesians, Melanesians, Polynesians, Javanese, Tonkinese, cannibals—all kinds of people. I've been on atolls, volcanic islands, coral islands, and rocks in the middle of the sea. I've crossed the Equator sixty times. I've seen the goddam Pacific from hell to breakfast and you know what I'm going to do when I get home? I'm going to buy a jalopy and pack all my belongings and for the next twelve months See America First!"

A twenty-four-year old major in the Marines, an enormous blond boy from Alabama, told me, "The first thing I do when I get home is take a *hot* shower. Then I take my kid for a walk. I take him down Main Street right into the biggest department store in town. And I know just what I'm going to buy. You know those stars and moons for a kid's room, the kind you paste on the ceiling and they're made of some kind of stuff that lights up at night? We're going to buy a flock of those stars and moons in the department store and then we're going to walk home and spend the rest of the day pasting those stars and moons on the ceiling. That's for my kid, the first day I get home."

So these, the foregoing, are a few of the answers. I have asked the question hundreds of times, and these are just a few of the answers. Naturally, there were times when I didn't have to ask—the subject almost always comes up by itself. The subject of Home is one that needs no prodding around the dinner table or in the bull session; it will arise, sooner or later. But there are always moments when there is no time to let the conversation run a casual course to the inevitable end. At such times I reach for the end by asking, "What are you going to do when you get home?"

This sample batch of answers collected by an amateur in the field of public opinion may possibly be of some small use to the men who want to know what sort of a world to build around the men who saved the world. ⌗

SGT Ned HIL-TON

"Please, ladies, I'm just taking it to a repair shop for my wife"

The Mule Who Didn't Want Fame

Army psychologists and the commanding general were stumped by a lieutenant's story of a talking mule named Frances

by PETER STIRLING

• FICTION •

I HAD told the story of my friend, Frances, the Army mule who can talk and fly, exactly seventeen times. I had heard that I needed absolute quiet, violent stimulation, complete isolation, constant companionship, a light diet, three steaks a day, no liquor, "a damn good drunk," isolation from the nurses, feminine companionship and an appendectomy.

Three psychologists, after listening to my stories of Frances, said I was crazy as a Burma bedbug. Three learned mental doctors said I was as sane as they were. One medic of the mind, after questioning me for hours, had a violent attack of shakes, said the walls of the hospital were caving in, had to be led away.

In a sad state, I lay in my private room in the neuropsychiatric ward of the Burma Headquarters Base Hospital.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

A bald head shoved through the quarter-opened door. Lightning green eyes, half hidden by a pince-nez, surveyed me.

"Yes," I said in an annoyed tone.

A gnome-like figure slipped into the room.

"What the hell do you . . ." I stopped short. On the right lapel of the gremlin's collar was an eagle.

I scrambled to my feet.

"Yes, Colonel," I said.

"At ease, Lieutenant," said the colonel in a voice that must have come from a cave under the hospital.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Colonel Carlson Carmichael, the Chief Medical Officer."

"Yes, sir."

The colonel gave me a look he must have reserved for rare cases of idiocy. He closed one eye and looked at my feet. Then he closed the other eye and looked at my face. Suddenly he stuck a finger into my midriff and gave a shove.

I went, "Oof."

"Are you crazy, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir."

"You sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Lieutenant, what the hell's the matter with you?" He paused, drawing down his eyebrows.

I looked around to see how much room I had for backing. My rear was against the bed.

"Come on, Lieutenant. What the hell's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! Damn fine attitude for a military man! Drive my doctors crazy. Drive my psychologists crazy. Drive my entire staff crazy!"

He paused for breath, then poked me in the middle again.

"Have any friends, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir." I tried to lean over backwards.

"Many friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"One of 'em a mule?"

"Yes, sir."

"Talks?"

"Yes, sir."

" 'Yes, sir' what?"

"Yes, sir. The mule talks."

I got another poke in the midriff.

"Talks?" The green eyes glared.

"Yes, sir." I began to tremble.

The colonel pivoted and walked to the far corner of the room, pivoted and came back. He poked.

"You sane, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

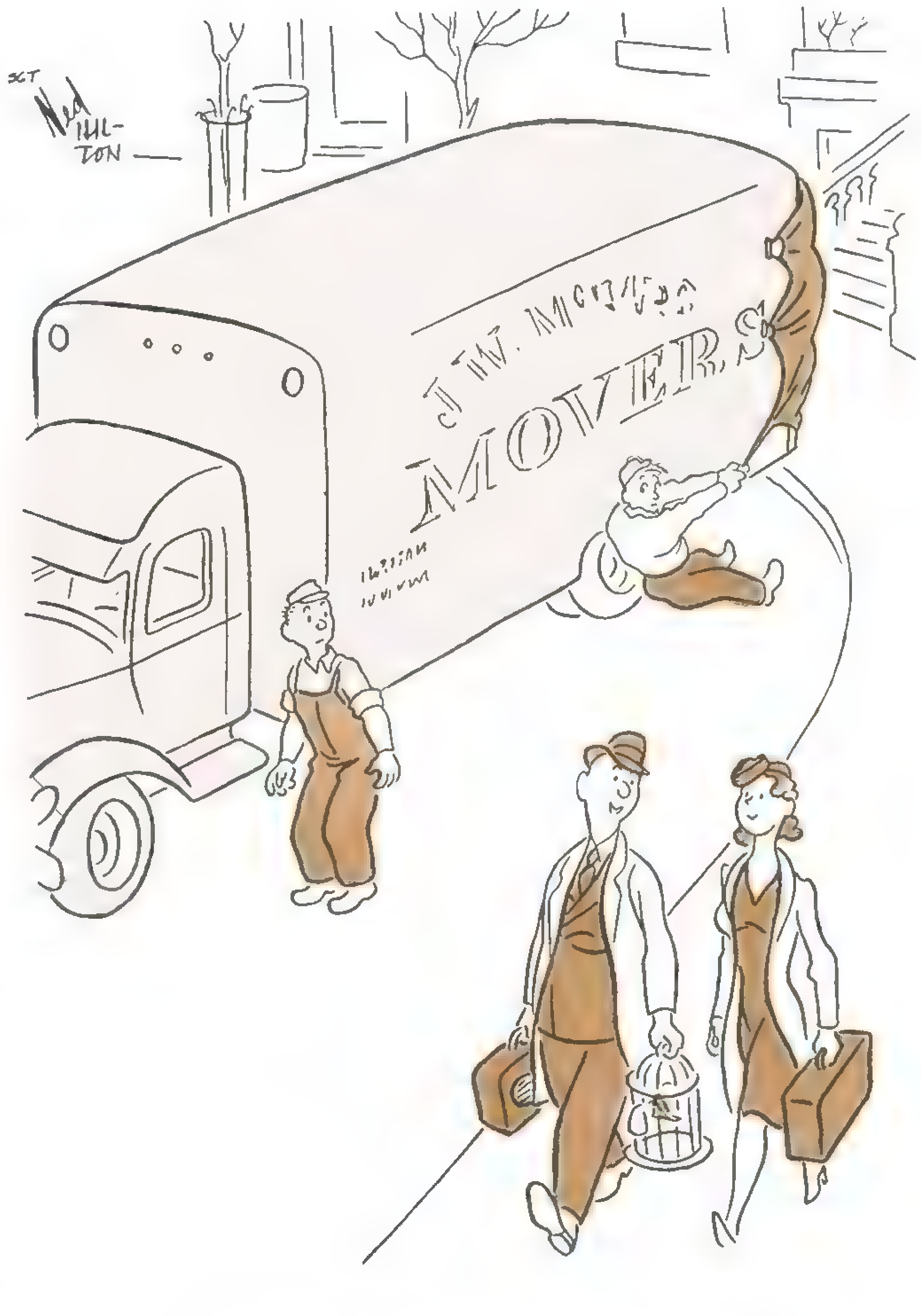
The colonel swung round again, took two steps, turned and assumed a Napoleonic posture.

"Half my psychologists say you're loco. Other half say you aren't. Me, I'm the head doctor. I think they're all loco. No man in his right mind would be a psychologist. 'Neuro' this and 'neuro' that. Damned poppycock. Give a man a dose of castor oil and a hot bath. Either he's crazy or he isn't. Doesn't make much difference, anyway."

"Yes, sir."

"How'd you get a commission, Lieutenant?"

"O.C.S., sir," I said proudly.



"Now to look for an apartment"

"Pass all your exams?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doesn't prove a thing. Imbecile could pass 'em."

"Yes, sir."

"Father and mother living?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doesn't prove a thing." He unfolded his arms, placed his hands on his hips.

"Have to clear this up, Lieutenant. You're probably loco. Have to be sure. Disturbing."

I waited.

"Visitor coming to see you, Lieutenant. The Commanding General."

"Who, sir?"

"The Commanding General."

"The C.G. himself!" I felt my hands begin to shake.

"Be here in a few minutes. Think you can talk to him?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know! Why don't you know? Anything the matter with you? Nonsense. Won't have my hospital disgraced. Positively won't stand for it. Clear, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sane as I am. Talking mules be damned."

The colonel did an about-face and marched from the room

The C.G. coming to see me, a three star general. Seated on the edge of my bed, I tried to stop shaking. One second I had visions of the Congressional Medal of Honor being pinned on my chest. The next, I saw myself standing with my back to a wall while a firing squad filed into position.

First, only my hands were shaking. But the more I thought about the C.G. visiting a second lieutenant, the more I trembled. My teeth chattered. Cold shivers raced in relays up and down my spine. Star shells burst before my eyes.

The C.G. was coming to see me. I must be nutty as a fruit cake.

There was a knock on the door.

"C—C—C-o-m-e i-n." I stood at attention.

The Commanding General entered, closed the door behind him and faced me. He was a tall, weathered man with friendly blue eyes. A pale scar on his left temple added an air of distinction, and the three stars on his collar shone brightly.

"At ease, Lieutenant." The general spoke in a friendly way.

I stumbled backward to the bed

and came down heavily upon it.

The general lifted a white chair as though it were a toy, swung it around, sat straddle-legged across it, hands resting on top of its back.

"Well, young fellow, you've had quite a time of it," he said.

"Y-y-y-e-s, sir."

The general's eyes were searching me. "Just take it easy, my boy. Nothing to be upset about. You and I had better have a little talk."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, Lieutenant, you have my whole command in a turmoil? Reading a complete dossier on you, Lieutenant. Fabulous."

"Yes, sir."

"I read about your capture of that Japanese patrol, your wiping out of the Japanese listening post, apprehension of the Axis agent. There was a full account of your warning to G-2 of the air raid on headquarters, and this last escapade, the smashing of a Japanese medium tank with a rock. Was this all true, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fabulous. You realize, Lieutenant, you have performed great service both to your country and to my command."

I said nothing.

"After each of these feats you were questioned by various ranking officers?"

"Yes, sir."

"At every interview you described an Army mule, which can both talk and fly. Is *that* right, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir."

"My boy, I want you to understand the position in which you place both me and my command." The general was bobbing his head for fatherly emphasis. "You have performed services of the highest value to our forces in this theater. You have been able to do so by obtaining information from sources known only to yourself."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"When you were asked about these sources you kept repeating a cock-and-bull story about this mule that talks and flies." The general paused.

"Lieutenant, your actions deserve the highest commendation. But your explanation of those actions is an affront to the dignity of this command."

The general looked at me through his bushy eyebrows. "How do you suppose this tale of a talking, flying mule would sound in a citation?"

"But it's true, sir," I said.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to talk, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir. I want to talk. It's just that nobody will believe me."

The general sighed. "I'm stumped, young fellow. You really believe a mule talked to you?"

"I know it, sir."

"But mules can't talk, Lieutenant."

"That's what I thought, sir. But Frances can."

"Frances. Is that the animal's name?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"The mule told me, sir."

"You mean, the mule simply said to you, 'My name is Frances'?"

"Yes, sir."

"You certainly stick to your story, Lieutenant. Positively the damndest story I ever heard. Thirty-five years in the Army. West Point. Nine campaigns. Seven children, four of 'em in the

Continued on page 181

You'll Bust Your Sides Laughing

Noting that the heretofore unoriginal Japs have started a new art in unconscious humor

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

BELLES-LETTRES

I SEE that certain American radio stations are now rebroadcasting Japanese propaganda broadcasts as straight comedy shows. Some of the Jap claims about the beauties of life in Japan and the hard lot of existence in the poor Benighted States are so fantastic that American listeners nearly die laughing, and can you blame them? Another form of Jap humor that never fails to put our audience in stitches is the naval communiqués in which the Nips consistently sink all forty-three vessels of a fourteen-vessel American task force. Mark Twain would have probably turned green with envy at that one—even though the Japs tend to use the gag too often. However, it must be admitted that there is a lot in this rebroadcast idea. And if this trend toward getting amusement out of what the other guy claims becomes a habit, it may put the professional radio comedians out of business:

Los Angeles: Radio listeners from one end of this great state to the other were thrown into paroxysms of laughter last night by an excruciatingly funny speech by one A. B. Eastcoast, a Florida real-estate agent. Employing a dead-pan method of delivering his gag lines, Eastcoast claimed that Florida weather is the best in the country, that the Florida orange is far superior to the California variety and that bathing beauties on Miami Beach have it all over the sirens from the Golden State. In the words of one California radio critic, Eastcoast's broadcast was "Funnier that anything that Bob Hope or Jack Benny has ever put on. What a vivid imagination that guy has!"

New York: Officials and employees of the Doodab Cigarette Company are still holding their sides over the uproarious smoker and get-together they recently held at the Hotel Behemoth. Vice-president Tom Fennely put on the entertainment, which consisted of quoted excerpts from, and Technicolor movies of, the advertisements currently put out by the makers of Nosegay Cigarettes. Nosegays made the claim that after smoking Nosegay cigarettes for two weeks one hundred test subjects reported raises in salary averaging twenty-five per cent. Six Doodab executives laughed so hard at this one that they had to have medical attention.

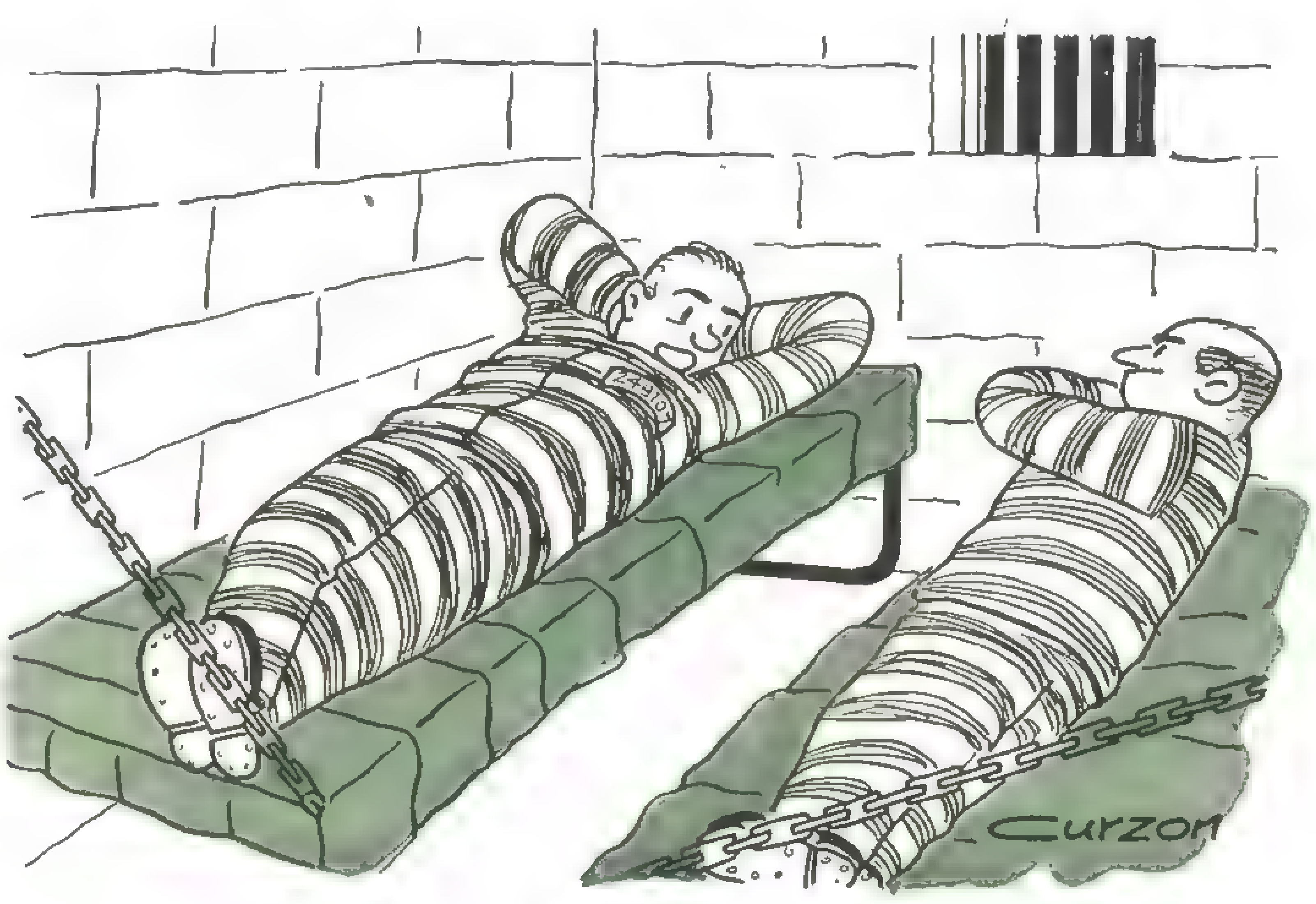
New Haven, Connecticut: Classes at Yale University are at a standstill, traffic on Elm Street is disorganized, professors and instructors are unable to concentrate on serious work, and it may be another fortnight or more before things return to normal. All this uproar was occasioned by a visiting speaker, ostensibly serious, who, addressing a large group of undergraduates, began with the straight-faced declaration: "Of course I happen to be very fond of Harvard myself———" Some reports, which are being checked, claim that the laughter reached as far as Cambridge.

Brooklyn: Members of the Dodgers enjoyed any number of grins and chuckles today when they viewed newsreels of the Giants indulging in pre-season training practice. "Every one of those guys are born comedians," stated a Dodger infielder. "They can make even the simplest play look ludicrous." A Giant pitcher, when interviewed, retorted: "I'll pitch against all other clubs in the league this year except the Dodgers. When I see those Brooklyn batters swinging at my curves and missing by a foot, I get to laughing so hard I lose all control. Personally I don't think those low-comedy tactics should be tolerated in a dignified profession like organized baseball."

New York: Folks naturally assumed that Frank Sinatra was singing last night when shrill squeals, emanating from the Frolic Movie Theatre, could be heard three blocks away. They were wrong. The audience, composed entirely of bobby-soxers, was not squealing in ecstasy. In fact Frankie was not even present. What people heard was hysterical laughter—prompted by the statement of the emcee of the stage show that his personal crooning favorite was Bing Crosby. Inasmuch as at least twenty cases of hysteria resulted from too much laughing, the emcee has been replaced by another one. Members of numerous Crosby Clubs countered with the general sentiment: "Just watching the expression on the face of the average bobby-soxer when she listens to the Voice—that's all the humor we need in our lives."

Chicago: Kid Roonigan, after being floored for the count of nine twice and then being knocked through the ropes in 1.06 of the first round in his fight with Slugger Petrella, stated: "In my opinion Petrella has nothing at all. Those punches he landed were just lucky. The next time out I'll murder him." It is doubtful,

Continued at top of page 136



"I wish I could fall asleep for 20 years —just like Rip Van Winkle"

The Return of Hagen's Ghost

Of those happy days when Britons and Yanks battled amiably on golf links and Walter Hagen won a final victory

by ROBERT E. HARLOW

• SPORTS •

CUNARD line dock workers were ready to pull down the last gangplank from the *Aquitania* as it rode at its pier in the Hudson River at New York on Thursday, April 19, 1928. At the last minute Walter Hagen, American golfer, stepped on board the liner, bound for England and the greatest adventure of his golfing career.

Hagen joined the passenger list of the *Aquitania* through the freight entrance in order to avoid meeting at least two gentlemen who had papers they wished to serve on him before he went away. One of these documents called for a considerable payment of back alimony, and the process server had authority to take possession of Hagen's torso unless he put the cash on the barrelhead before sailing.

Walter had been spending the winter and early spring months of 1928 in Hollywood and, as usual, did not have any considerable sum of money put away to meet the situation which might have developed had he come face to face with the law. So he arrived in New York State a few hours before sailing time and was the last passenger to board the *Aquitania*.

Hagen had important golfing business in England, and he did not wish to have his date with golfing destiny interrupted. So he joined the stokers below decks and hid out until the *Aquitania* backed into the Hudson River, turned its prow toward Europe, and was steaming past the Statue of Liberty.

Then Hagen came upstairs, just in time to wink at the great lady who holds the torch of Liberty on the famous statue in New York harbor. He settled down in one of the *Aquitania's* most luxurious staterooms and ordered champagne for his friends who had gathered there.

Hagen had not played a round of golf for a number of weeks before he boarded the *Aquitania*. He had been maneuvering with unknown Hollywood promoters who wanted to make a picture in which he was to be starred. A few sequences were made, but the picture never was completed. The promoters ran out of funds, a situation which Hagen was thoroughly able to understand. But he had enjoyed every minute of his Hollywood frolic.

While Hagen was cavorting in California, an international golf singles had been arranged in London, in which Hagen, "the great American golfer," was to play a 72 hole match against Archie Compston, the current big shot of British golf, at Moor Park, for a purse of 500 guineas. The purse of 500 guineas (2,500 dollars) had been pledged, as a matter-of-fact, to Hagen, win, lose or draw. The dates had been set weeks before Hagen sailed, for Friday and Saturday, April 27th and 28th. If the *Aquitania* made its usual good speed crossing the Atlantic, it was scheduled to reach Southampton early enough for Hagen to catch a boat train which would put him in London in time to get in one practice round at Moor Park before the big match started Friday morning.

The *Aquitania* did her part. Hagen was in London Wednesday night, April 25th in time to settle in a suite at the Savoy Hotel, renew friendships with a mixed throng of maids and men, both British and American. As manager for Hagen, I signed the first dinner tab. It was for seventeen pounds, three and six pence, including wine. Hagen was off to another flying start in the art of living and European travel. On Thursday, Hagen played a practice round at Moor Park.

Upon arrival in London I called up Scotland Yard and inquired the whereabouts of the biggest detective in the city. I stated that I wished to employ him for the purpose of rousing Walter Hagen, the American golfer, so that he would keep his golfing appointments in England on time. In 1926 Hagen had kept Abe Mitchell waiting on the first tee at Wentworth for twenty-two minutes. Mitchell and Hagen were engaged in a 72-hole match and Hagen was trailing Abe by a number of holes after the first day's play. The final 36 holes were scheduled at Wentworth, and Hagen had elected to ride out to the match with a trumpet player in an American jazz band which was making whoopee at the Savoy. This American musician owned a car which was decidedly out of tune, and it skipped so many notes on the way to Wentworth that Hagen was late for his appointment. A crowd of some 3000 waited with Mitchell, for Hagen to reach the first tee.

Once the game started, Hagen won a number of the early holes and eventually the match. The British press then upbraided Walter severely for being tardy, and stated that Mitchell, who possessed a nervous temperament, had been so disturbed by the long wait that he was not himself when the players got down to the business of making golf strokes with precision.

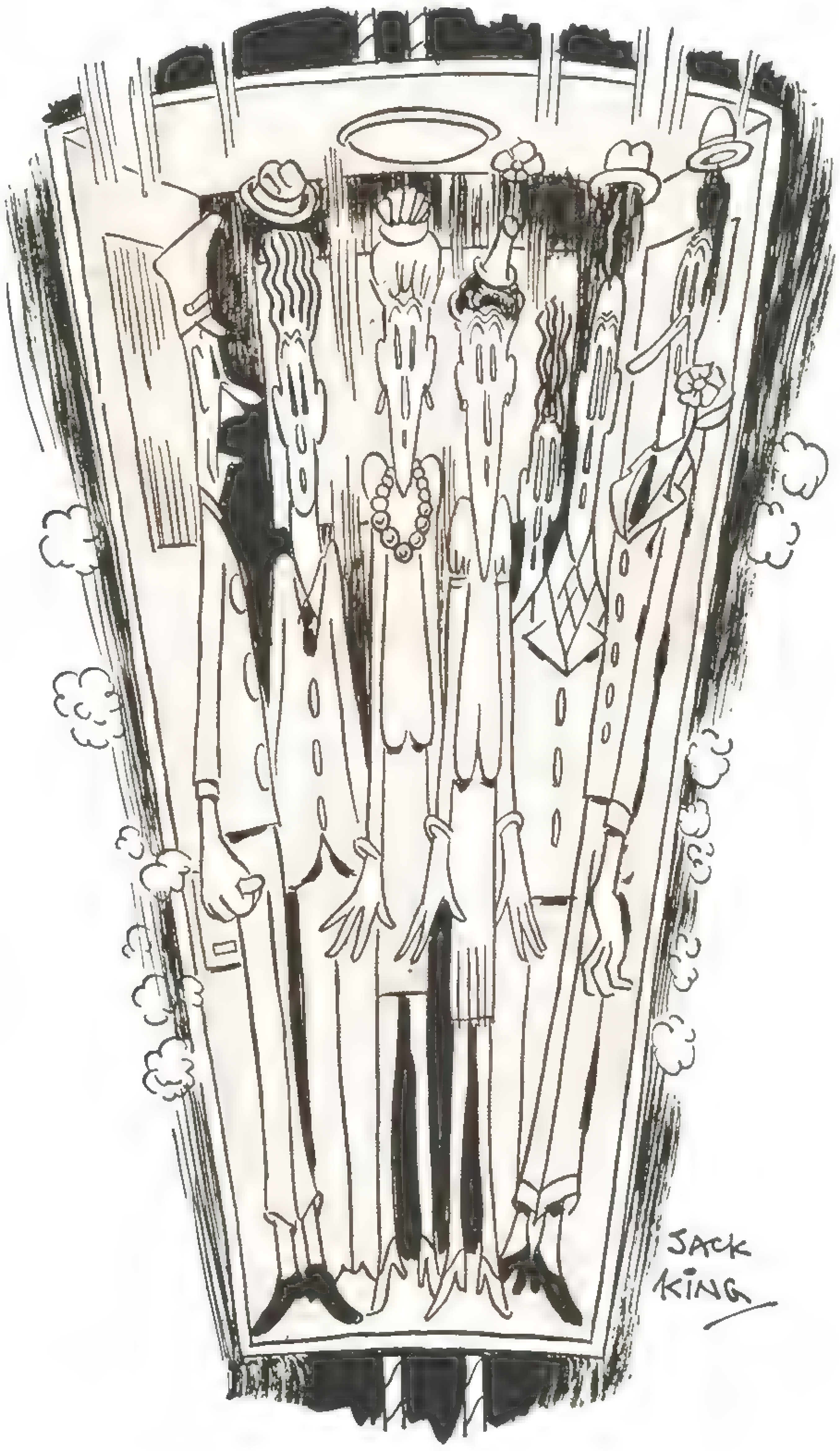
Upon arrival in England in 1928 I felt that something should be done to appease the English golfers for Hagen's error in keeping Mitchell waiting in 1926, and to divert attention from his last-hour arrival in London for the match with Compston.

Scotland Yard provided just the sort of detective I had dreamed about while crossing the ocean. The man was enormous, about six feet three and built in proportion to his height. He had threatening whiskers, but he balked when asked to procure a Sherlock Holmes hat. Our detective was photogenic for the press cameramen and cartoonists.

Tom Webster, Europe's foremost sports cartoonist of the London *Daily Mail*, did a cartoon of Hagen, deep in the folds of a Savoy hotel bed, with his head wrapped in a towel and an alarm clock on top of it. The detective was depicted sitting outside Hagen's bedroom door. The late editions of the Thursday afternoon London newspapers gave front-page space to Hagen and the detective. American wire services cabled the item to America. The *Evening Express* featured the story with a black headline reading:

"Hagen's Human Alarm Clock. A Detective to Get Him Out of Bed Tomorrow. One Day's Practice."

Then followed a half column in



"We hit an air pocket"

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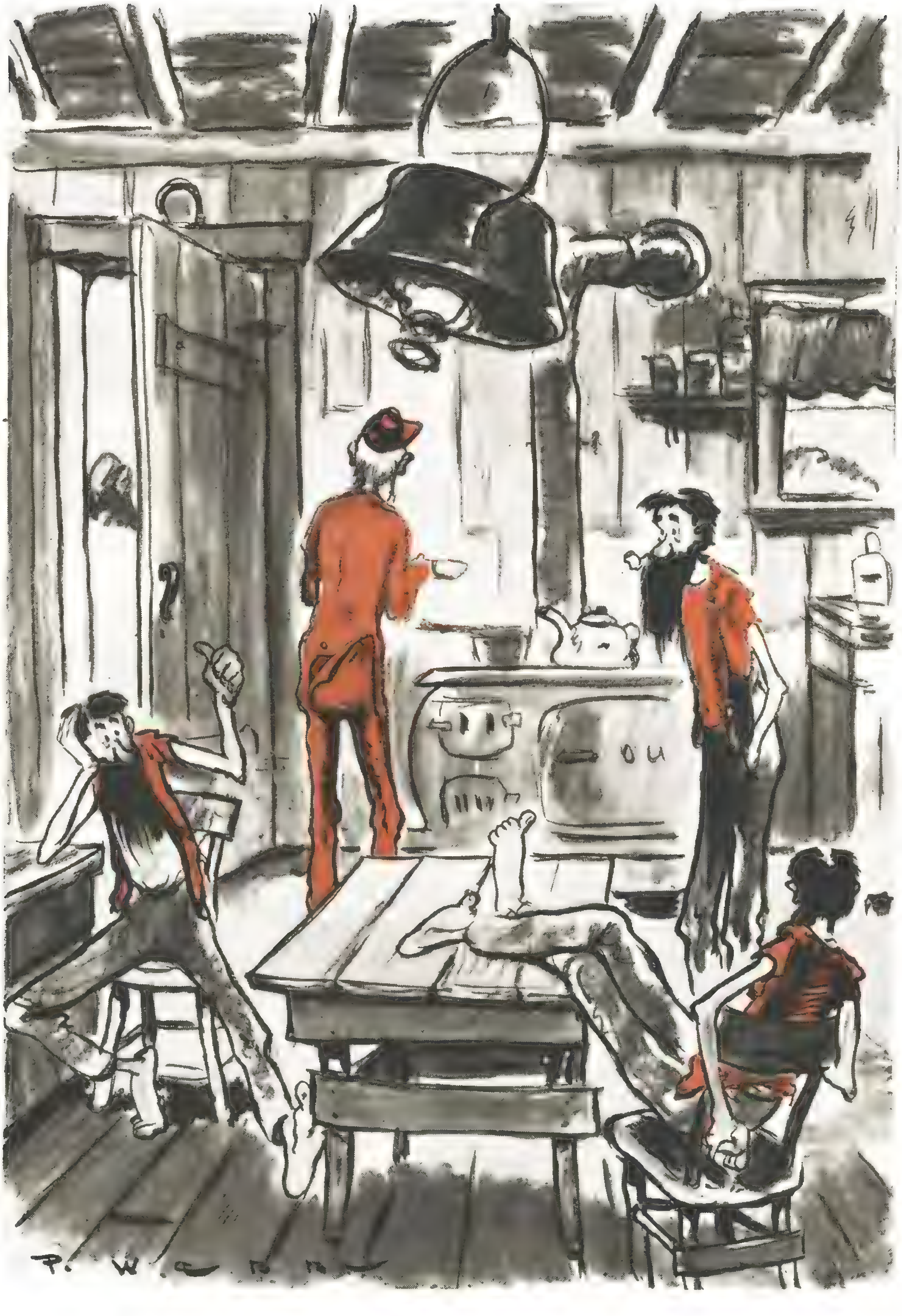


"Gran'pappy's stew can't be very good or by now the cabin would be full of dawgs"

Years for the Asking

Showing that your real age may be very different from your chronological age, and presenting a test for measuring it

by MARTIN GUMPERT, M. D.

▪ARTICLE▪

If the paper record of your life—from birth certificate through school diplomas, marriage license and so on—should be destroyed, as has happened to millions of persons in this war-swept world, it would be less of a misfortune than you might think. On the contrary, the loss of your personal record might prove a great boon to you.

Most of us are falsely bound by the documentary evidence of the passing of years. As the birthdays slip by, our minds rigidly accept our mounting scores of age. Few of us challenge the tyranny of the date on our birth certificates. We think of ourselves as middle-aged because we have reached the years we have learned to catalogue as Middle Age. We grow old because we think it is time we should be old.

Or we may err in the other direction. We may stubbornly think of ourselves as young because our birthdays have not carried us past the so-called Prime of Life, when in reality we are aging physically more rapidly than the average.

Thus, if your personal record were lost and you were released from this inflexible concept, you might ask yourself, "What is my *real* age?"

Every physician today knows that our chronological age, as measured by years, and our physiological age, as indicated by the functions of our bodies, are not the same. The tempo of the aging process is different not merely for each individual, with one biological clock striking twelve at an age when others—equal in years—are still at an earlier hour. Our emotional, mental and physical capacities also may differ greatly from our legal age. A physician may meet a patient aged 40, who has the emotional status of a 15 year-old, the mental maturity of a 50 year-old and the physical age of a 30 year-old.

To make the problem more complicated, even the separate organs of a single body age differently. The eyes may be sixty, the skin only forty—when their physiological condition is compared with what we call "the norm." Where age strikes first often depends on fate. It may be in a vital organ, such as the heart or brain, where failing function will have serious consequences. It may be in the hair or skin, where we can bear the symptoms of aging without impairment of well-being.

This complexity of the process of aging makes it extremely difficult to find a satisfactory age test. A good horse dealer or cattleman can determine almost exactly how old an animal is by examining the condition of its teeth. But with people, it is unfortunately not so easy. We are told that in past times, slave traders carefully examined the teeth of their human victims or felt their muscles before purchase. Probably these shrewd buyers acquired a good deal of practical knowledge to help in estimating the potential exploitation of human vitality. The doctor of today, however, must apply more accurate methods if consulted as to the physiological age of a patient. Apparent health and unimpaired physical strength are not enough to permit judgment about a man's life expectancy.

Health is more than the absence of actual disease. It is the absence of potential disease under varying conditions of life. It is our store of reserve energies and our resistance to damaging influences.

The term "hidden hunger" has recently become current, indicating a nutritional deficiency before the outbreak of deficiency symptoms. The search for "hidden age" is even more important, because it is just at this point—before the outbreak of old-age symptoms—that the deteriorations and disturbances of age can most effectively be prevented or uprooted.

This is what makes the development of a good age test so important, and why the relation between chronological age and physiological age has for some time been one of the most urgent problems of medical research. Only an exact test can give a reliable answer as to the degree to which the aging organism may be safely burdened with occupational or other mental or physical activities.

Medical science, of course, is well enough equipped to undertake a serious investigation of aging, based on thorough clinical methods, though none of them seems to be perfect as yet. The problem of testing has been approached from many different directions. It is possible to recognize age symptoms of the heart and other organs, or of the glandular system. The water content of the skin has been measured, because the process of aging is connected with a decreasing retention of water in the body cells. Differences in the effect of drugs at different ages has also led to some results. Changes in the nervous functions and tests applied to the faculty of memory have been tried. Quite promising is a method to determine the *real* age of a person from the speed with which superficial, circumscribed wounds heal.

The quiz on the opposite page, devised by Esquire, is based on sound principles, but does not pretend to be accurate in helping you determine your *real* age. This question, which has engaged the minds of serious scientists through years of work with complex laboratory equipment, cannot be solved in the form of a parlor game. However, Esquire's test can serve an important purpose if it arouses your interest in the question, "Am I younger than I think, or am I older than I think?"

This is, indeed, a matter to think about. As a group, we and our contemporaries are younger than we think. Our life expectancy is rapidly increasing in an unprecedented manner. These added years which so many of us may expect, can be filled with health and happiness—or with sickness and sorrow. It depends on us.

Others—indeed, all too many of us—as individuals are today older than we think. Our life expectancy has been diminished prematurely by wrong habits and inadequate medical care, matters which could and should be changed.

Chronic diseases are the number one enemy of the second part of our life span. A thorough and accurate analysis of "real" age for each of us would be most helpful in the early discovery of chronic diseases, in their prevention and in the treatment that can be most efficient at an early stage.

Medical observation and control by periodic physical checkups, a well-adjusted nutritive diet, an harmonious balance of work and rest, a strengthening of our resistance to disease, a healthy mental attitude, an adaptation of our body to the changing needs of advanced years, can accomplish miracles. Failing functions can be stimulated or can be helped by supplying the deficient substances as, for instance, by hormone therapy for disturbances of our glandular system.

In the near future if we attack chronic diseases as we have attacked, and largely overcome, acute infectious diseases, the life span and the health—and therefore the happiness—of future generations will be increased as never before. To achieve this task the physician will need understanding co-operation of his patients.

Nobody need be alarmed if he discovers some symptom of age before its time. On the other hand, he should give some thought to it and consult his physician about it. He should adjust himself to the idea that our life span should be wisely planned. It is inevitable that we grow old; but science has made it possible for us to regulate to a great extent how quickly we grow old, and in what condition.

If the Esquire test aids in spreading these thoughts, it will have served a good purpose. #

"Man, you better watch yourself or you're going to be civilized!"

Here's the Answer to "*What's Your* REAL *Age?*"

"YOU'RE only as old as you feel" isn't idle pep-talk-to-yourself. . . . Scientists agree that the physiological age of a man (his *real* age) may be very different from his age measured by birthdays. . . . There are clinical tests by which a physician can gauge quite accurately how you stack up against the so-called Normal. . . . The test on this page is by no means accurate, but it can give you a sketchy notion of whether you're "young" or "old" for your years . . . You'll need a tape measure, two mirrors and, if possible, a photograph of yourself when you were 21 . . . You'll also need a capacity for ruthless self-judgment.

Beside each question you'll find a figure. . . . If you answer "yes" to a question, check it. If you answer "no," don't check it.

Example: Is your hair grey................5√

In some cases, questions will have a choice of answers. Check the figure by the answer which most closely fits you.

Example: Is your hair:
a Not at all grey....0
b Slightly grey......2√
c Grey.............3
d White............5

When you've finished the test, add the figures you've checked to find your total score. Then turn to page 148 and compare your score with the scale shown there.

1. Before you read any further, take your pulse.
a Is it between 65 and 80 beats a minute...........0
b Closer to 60 or below...2

2. Take off your shoes and stand against the wall. Ask a friend to measure your height.
a Is it ½″ less than you always thought it was......2
b 1″ less.................3
c 2 or more inches.......5

3. If you are under 40, have you gained 10 lbs. or more in the last five years........3
If you are over 40, have you lost 10 lbs. or more (without dieting) in the last five years 3

4. Is your weight concentrating toward your middle, building an "executive's balcony"..................5

5. Are you wearing a larger size collar than you used to 3

6. If you wear glasses for nearsightedness, has the strength of the lens been increased since your first prescription................3

7. Do you wear bifocal glasses..................3

8. As you read this page, ask a friend to measure the distance from your eye to the paper.
a Is it 20″..............0
b Is it 30″..............2
c Is it 36″ or more.......5

9. Are your wisdom teeth in......................2
Have you more than one "bridge" in your mouth...3
Are your teeth longer than they used to be (because the gums have receded)......3
Have you a false upper plate 3
Have you a false lower plate 3

10. Do you occasionally fail to hear the telephone when it rings.................5

11. Look at your face in a mirror under a strong light. Do you see:
a Fine horizontal lines under eyes and on eyelids......2
b Fan-like lines radiating from corners of eyes......3
c Deep lines from nose to corners of the mouth.....3
d Well-defined horizontal lines on the forehead.....3
e Vertical lines between the eyes...................3
f Deep lines on the neck from the ears to the collarbone..................5
g A crisscross network of lines on the back of the neck (you'll need two mirrors for this)...................5

12. Still before the mirror, and with your collar open:
a Are there two folds of skin from your chin to your collarbone................5
b Are your cheekbones more prominent and the skin loose on the chinbones at the side? In other words, have you jowls..................5
c Have you a double chin 3

13. Turning your head sideways:
a Are there hollows at your temples................5
b Are the arteries at the temples prominent.......5

14. Look at your eyes in the mirror.
a Does the eye seem deeper in the socket than formerly 3
b Are there fat folds under the eye, i.e., "bags"......5
c Can you detect loss of color at the edge of the iris (the colored part around the pupil) and does this faded arc extend half-way around...3
d Does it extend all the way around.................5

15. Spread out your hands and look at them. Do you find:
a A network of tiny lines on the backs...............1
b Protruding and prominent veins on the backs.......5
c Bones thickened at the finger joints...............5

16. Pinch the skin on the back of your hand and pull it up like a little tent. When you let go:
a Does it snap back into place like a rubber band...0
b Does it take a second to return to place and slowly regain color.............5

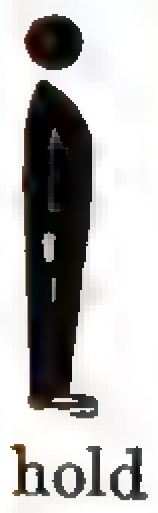
17. Regardless of how your barber reassures you,
a Is your hairline receding at the temples...........2
b Have you a bald spot at the back as big or bigger than a quarter...........3
c Does the top of your head resemble a billiard ball....5

18. No matter what quantity of thatchwork you still have,
a Can you find grey flecks at your temples or other grey threads in your hair—silver-fox effect..........2
b Is the grey pretty well distributed with the natural color of your hair—*à la pepper and salt*..............3
c Is your hair completely white...................5

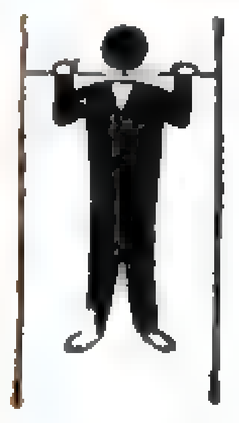
19. Hold one arm out straight before you, with fingers spread.
a Can you hold your hand perfectly firm............0
b Is there a tremor in the fingers..................3

20. Stand straight, with your eyes closed and your heels together. Arms at side.
a Can you stand one minute without swaying.........0
b Do you sway or wobble if you try to stand a minute.3

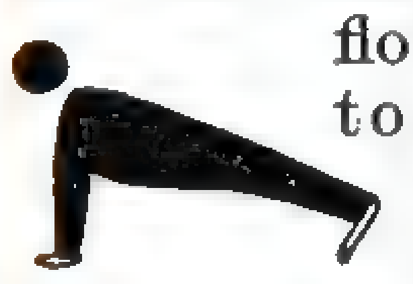
21. Stand on one foot and hop briskly ten times. Check your pulse and see how long it takes to return to the figure you counted in question No. 1.
a Does it take 2 minutes or less....................0
b Does it take 4 minutes or more...................3
c Does it take 10 minutes or more...................5



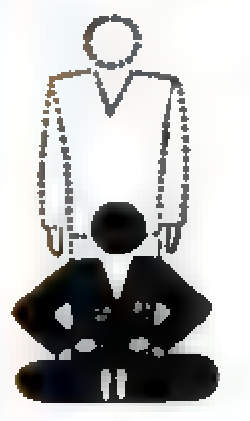
22. Standing, relax, exhale your breath and ask a friend to measure the number of inches around your body at the chest. Then breathe deeply and while you hold the breath, ask your friend to measure again.
a Was the difference between the first and second measure more than 3″............3
b Was the difference 3″ or less......................5



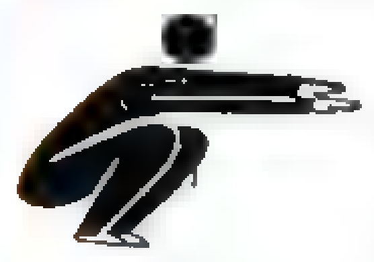
23. Stand in doorway, reach up and get a good grip on the top of the door frame, palms toward you. (Stand on a chair if necessary.) Now chin yourself as many consecutive times as you can.
a Were you able to do more than 8......... 0
b Between 5 and 8.......1
c 4 or less..............2
d Would you rather not try it.......................5



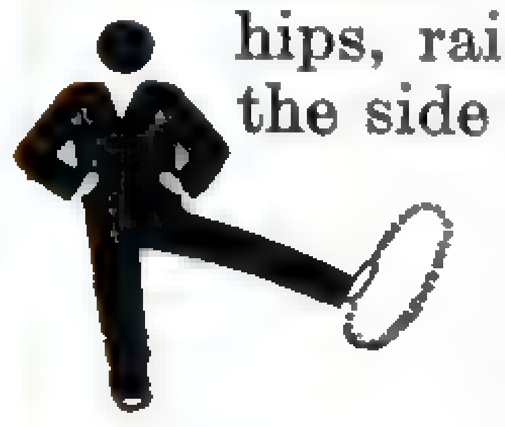
24. Lie face down on the floor. Tuck your toes under and place your hands alongside your chest. Keeping your body stiff, raise yourself to full extension of arms as many consecutive times as possible.
a Did you do ten or more "push-ups"..............0
b Did you do between 6 and 10......................1
c 5 or less..............3
d Would you rather not try it.......................5



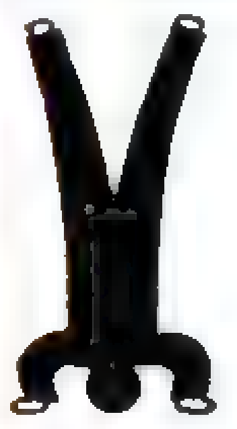
25. Sit on the floor cross-legged, tailor fashion. Now rise to a standing position without help from your hands.
a Can you do it..0
b Did you fail to do it....3



26. Standing straight, heels together and arms extended forward, squat in a deep knee-bend to your haunches and back to standing as many consecutive times as possible.
a Did you do 25 or more..0
b Did you do 10 or more..2
c Did you do less than 10.5



27. Standing with hands on hips, raise one leg to the side and swing it several times in a circle as high from the floor as you can manage, without losing your balance.
a Was leg at hip level....0
b Was leg at knee level....2
c Did you lose your balance 5



28. Kneel on the floor and place your head and hands (or elbows) in a tripod position. Now do a head-stand.
a Were you able to balance yourself 30 seconds or more.................0
b Were you able to raise your feet well off the ground but not hold it...........2
c Would you rather not try it.......................3

Jimmy Doolittle: American Eagle

In the golden days of flying for fun, that hot pilot, Major Doolittle, won the trophy with his wacky Bumble Bee

by PAUL GALLICO

COMMENTARY

THE afternoon of September 5, 1932, fifty thousand race-wacky flying enthusiasts packed the stands at Cleveland's Municipal Airport for the Thompson Trophy Race, the climax of the National Air Races. As many more were distributed around the course to watch the fastest airmen in America fight it out over the 100-mile course.

Popeyed, they watched a stubby little red and white, Wasp-powered Gee Bee racing monoplane buzz down the straightaway past the grandstands at five and sometimes six miles a minute.

It flew one hundred feet off the ground at full throttle, turned on its side at three hundred miles an hour to round the pylons marking the closed course, to take the lead from the other seven racing ships fighting it out for the great speed trophy.

The people in the stands snapped their necks to keep the ship in vision as she flashed by, and many a one said: "What the hell's keeping her in the air?"

For she had the stubby wings of a kiwi, and a stumpy tail that was about no tail at all. The Bumble Bee, as she was called, was nothing but a flying engine, a powered bullet with vestigial wings. Without the beating of the super-powered Wasp motor, she had the gliding angle of a brick, and the flying stability of a flatiron.

What the hell *was* holding her up? What was keeping her out front in the desperate, nerve-shattering race? Well, there was a man inside her, a little, thirty-six-year-old semi-bald pilot who was flying half blinded, because his eyes were running with the tears of chronic hay fever that was not improved by the fumes of oil and gasoline.

He was flying a hot-shot airplane which might at any moment turn into a flaming coffin because, while he was warming his engine on the ground before taxiing to the line for the take-off, the ship caught fire from a flooded carburetor.

The pilot and a couple of mechanics had grabbed extinguishers and smothered the blaze. Then they examined the ship and decided that not much damage had been done and, anyway, there wasn't time to do anything about it. And so the pilot crawled in, closed the hood over his head, revved her up and entered the race.

Twenty-three minutes and forty-four point sixty-nine seconds later he set his flying bullet to the ground, having flown the hundred miles at full throttle, doing defeat to such racing giants as James Wedell, Jimmy Haizlip, Col. Roscoe Turner and Lee Gehlbach.

The stubby ship rolled to a stop, the crowd in the stands stood roaring and waving their handkerchiefs in the time-honored salute of the air races, the hood popped back and Major Jimmy Doolittle crawled out of the cockpit. He was wearing business pants and a plain white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and open at the neck.

Into a microphone the winner of the Thompson trophy said: "Hello, everybody. It was just a lot of good, clean fun."

Then his two kids, Johnny, aged ten, and Jimmy, Jr., aged eleven, got through the crowd to him and grabbed his hand. He winked at them and grinned, knowing that to them he was the greatest flyer in the whole world.

Those were the days when we flew for sport, for the thrill of being the kingpins of speed, to win a medal or a trophy for the greater glory of the industry, when you staked your nerve and your life against the other fellow for the sheer hell of the competition.

That was one of the great moments in American sport of the Golden Days, when Jimmy took that big Trophy in his daffy red-and-white buzz-fly. And these are the days of the payoff, twelve years later, with little Jimmy Doolittle, the flying fool, a three star general in the Air Forces, with American speed and savvy, guts and ships ruling the skies.

Somewhere in Germany there must be a Kraut who remembers the day when he was selling German airplanes in South America and ran up against some competition from an American demonstrator named Doolittle. The Kraut challenged Doolittle to a dog-fight, because the setup was perfect from the Master Race point of view. The American salesman had both his ankles in plaster casts from an accident, so how could he possibly accept the challenge, much less win?

And wherever flying men foregather, they tell the story of how little Jimmy had himself hoisted into the cockpit of his plane and took off, how he dog-fought that Kraut right out of the skies, scaring him grey. That Heinie had either to get out of the air or die, because Doolittle was willing to crash him and kill them both, and the German knew it.

After the superman left his plane on the field and ran screaming into the hangar, yelling that the crazy American was trying to murder him, Jimmy zoomed the field and cut the German's ship to ribbons with his tail skid.

Over on the opposite page you see a painting of a great American —playing his game for fun, so that some day he would better know how to play it for keeps. ♯

The Future of Television

A discussion of the F.C.C. controversy on television, and the lowdown on the kind of entertainment television will bring

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ARTICLE▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This report on the present status of television was written by the Director of Television Programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System in advance of the Federal Communications Commission decision recently announced. The decision has been made public and is discussed briefly elsewhere in this article. The report below gives the background and the significance of this decision.*

TOWARD the end of last year the Federal Communications Commission heard testimony on certain technical problems of television. To the average layman, the brief newspaper reports seemed to bristle with frequencies, megacycles, band widths, ghosts and other technicalities; he felt that these things were matters for scientific experts and would have no bearing on the essential questions: when is it coming? how much of the country will it cover? how good will it be? what kind of programs will I see? The fact is that a decision by the F.C.C. will influence the answer to all of these questions.

At about the same time, several series of advertisements began to appear, most of them announcing the almost instant arrival of television, often with hints that to postpone this arrival by even a day after victory (presumably in Germany) would be silly, useless and unpatriotic.

In the midst of this unclear situation came an advertisement from the Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation, that they were preparing to erect a television transmitter of a totally new type, capable of delivering pictures of high quality in *black and white or in color*—for the Columbia Broadcasting System. It has been said before that regular transmission of color is not yet possible; the statement that color television is still to be perfected, and that black and white television will satisfy the public, is still made.

The editor of Esquire has asked me to give "the lowdown" on the future of television, and the word he used interested me; for in spite of all the spectacular publicity and promotion, there is an area of doubt. Every blueprint of the home of the future has its television room; every ad for a good cigar shows you smoking while you watch a football game playing a thousand miles away; but the public begins to be aware of a basic difference of opinion about the essential nature of television; and the public will more and more want to know whether television is being deliberately held back or is being prematurely foisted on the customers—or is following a logical and orderly development.

Here the fundamental issue is "what kind of television should be offered to the public?"; and that, in turn, brings up the question "when should television be offered to the public?"; and after that you are back in those technicalities I mentioned with which the F.C.C. has been wrestling. (Its decision should be announced about the time you are reading this.)

As I am no engineer, but work with them, I will try to convert the problem into simple terms. On these technical points there is no dispute; and my private opinions, which I will label later, do not count. The radio signal (which turns into Jimmie Durante's voice, or Jack Benny's) is not sent haphazard into the air; it travels within a lane, as definitely marked as the lane of traffic on a highway. You tune in at 880 on your dial; the next clear station is at 870; so the width of the traffic lane is 10—not feet, but kilocycles. Look at your dial and you'll find that it runs from around 550 to around 1600; below and above these limits (called "the standard band") you don't get ordinary radio reception; below, you have a variety of special services like Marine and Aviation beacons, in an area not fitted for ordinary broadcasting; above lie short wave, frequency modulation, present-day television, lanes reserved for war purposes, for inter-plane communications, and so on. And there is one peculiarity about television which affects the whole industrial and financial setup. Your television receiver and transmitter operate as a lock and key; change one, the other becomes useless. Your 1932 radio set can still pick up a program, but it suffers obsolescence; your television set doesn't age; it becomes utterly useless if any basic improvement occurs.

Somewhere there is a band within which television will be happiest; there it can deliver the clearest, brightest, steadiest picture; there television in color becomes a certainty; there it can accommodate many stations within one area, each delivering a good picture, none overlapping another.

And the whole controversy about television right now is whether television shall move into that happy band directly after the war, or shall resume operations in the admittedly less fortunate area where it worked in 1941. That's the whole controversy—but there are many ramifications.

The point of view energetically set forth by the Columbia Broadcasting System is that the tree of television has grown as strong as it ever will in its present soil; it must be transplanted or the tree will die; the change can be made now, and the new soil has been prepared by the electronic researchers who have been working for the Army and Navy; R.C.A. alone has built more than 200 *new* electronic tubes and 350 different types of apparatus never made before, since the war began. Moreover, the change *must* be made now, when the investment in prewar television is relatively small, and represents the risk of enterprises in business, chiefly in equipment, transmitters, research, tools, etc., whereas later the investment will be huge and will represent the total of public purchases of receivers. The relative figures are these: up to now the manufacturers have invested about 20 million, the public two million; by the time one million sets are sold, the broadcasters will have some 50 more million dollars invested, but the public will have put up *200 million for receivers.* This policy, moreover, holds that the television picture now deliverable to the home is inadequate for long-sustained programming, and that television, started off on a prewar basis, may go down for the third time—the two previous occasions being in 1939 and 1941. Destined to play a great part in the future, television must be equipped to compete with the smoothness of the moving picture product, it must be as easy to look at as radio is to hear; it must deliver a picture of the sponsor's product as bright and colorful as the color pages of a magazine.

This is, as I said, one side of the case; it has received support from the Blue network, the Cowles radio group, Zenith (manufacturing receivers) and others. It is a position with which I totally agree, and I have stated it as clearly as I could.

The contrary position is energetically stated by both the Radio

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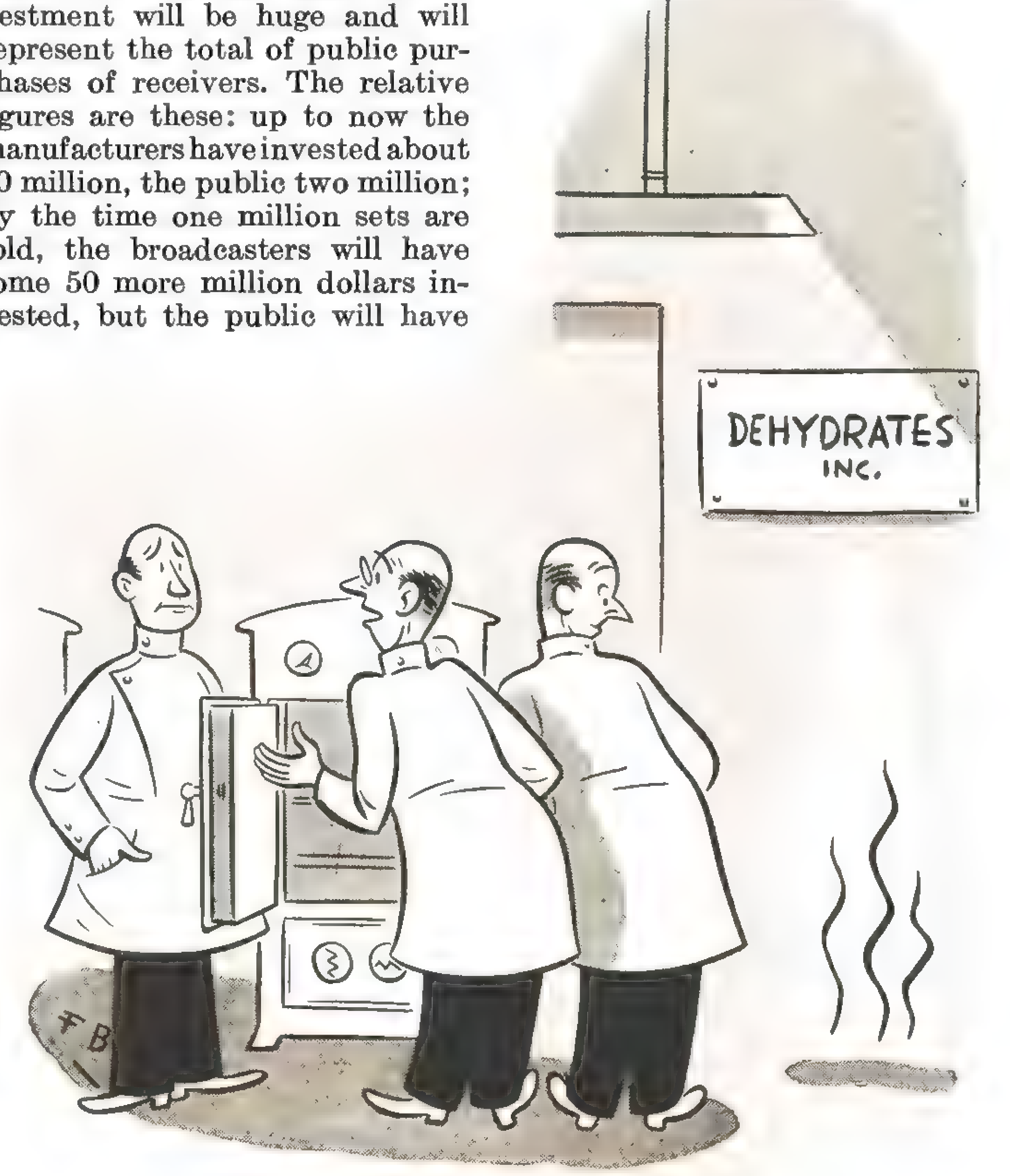

"Hmm! Crawford was here—just a moment ago!"

You Can Do It in a Mock-Up

The major told the script writer that a pressure chamber was not the sky and so he must make the high-altitude jump

by PETER J. PACKER

FICTION

THE major said: "I don't know a thing about movies, Lieutenant. That's *your* job. Simply stated, we want a training film which will tell the boys everything we know about parachute jumping. I have the information at my fingertips—" He smiled, "—most of it, anyway. There are a couple of things which still need verification, but we'll have the answer to those at the end of the week."

Lieutenant Gordon nodded, took a puff at his cigarette and blew the smoke quickly so that the cloud curtained his narrowing eyes. He did not want the major to see his dismay.

He had assumed that he would be required to spend two days at the field, familiarizing himself with the project, then a good old-fashioned English week end in New York so that he could take in at least three plays on Broadway before returning to the studio grind.

Well, the major had put the skids under that idea. He would be stuck at the field until Friday at the very earliest, and even if he took a chance and used his priority to get to New York, he'd be lucky if he managed to get a seat at the ballet.

Worse was the major's classic remark that he didn't know a thing about movies. They all used it—the colonels in Washington, the engineering officers, the meteorologists, the gunnery men. They didn't know a thing about movies, they said, and promptly proceeded to tell him how to write the script.

Lieutenant Gordon nursed a secret wish. Someday he would turn in a script incorporating all the suggestions, the brilliant flashes of imagination which the experts had furnished him. After it was produced, he would get them all into the projection room and let them see the devastating results.

He made one effort to escape. "If you have the fundamental material for me to work from, Major Morrissey," he said earnestly, "I could rush back and write a first draft of the script, leaving room in the right places for the bugs." He concentrated on crushing out his cigarette in the scooped-out fuselage of the chromium-plated model of a Flying Fortress. "Then, when you've got them licked, you can airmail them to me at the studio and I'll have a final script ready for your approval within a week at the outside."

The major leaned back in his chair. "Yes—I suppose it could be done that way," he said. "It might save a little time." Then he smiled attractively, looking much younger than his forty years. "There's only this, Lieutenant," he went on. "These points are fairly important and if you are actually here to see them resolved, I think the picture will benefit from your firsthand knowledge of the problem."

Lieutenant Gordon acknowledged defeat.

"You're probably right, major," he said briskly. "As a matter of fact, I'm a firm believer in writers going out and getting their material firsthand." Then he added hastily in order to gag the cliché. "Of course, parachute jumping isn't exactly a hobby of mine."

The major chuckled. "Nor, I don't suppose, is a roaring case of d.t.'s. But I don't think there'll be any need for you to do anything like that."

He rose. Lieutenant Gordon was surprised to see that the major was much taller than he had imagined.

He rose too. He always felt his physical shortcomings when he was around regular military personnel. He sometimes wished he had gone through Officers' Candidate School so that he could have acquired a decent angle to his shoulders and less of a curve to his stomach. But the Army had wanted experienced movie writers in a hurry.

"Why don't you come over for dinner tonight?" the major suggested. "Then we can talk about it, though I'm afraid I'll do most of the talking. Suppose I pick you up at the B.O.Q. at six-thirty?"

"That'll be fine, Major," Gordon said. "I certainly appreciate the invitation."

"I don't know of anything quite as depressing for a visiting officer," the major said, "as dining at the Bachelor Officers' Mess and spending the rest of the evening in the temporary barracks."

Lieutenant Gordon grinned.

"There's always the movies," he said.

"Stacy," Major Morrissey said. "I want you to meet Lieutenant Gordon. The lieutenant is going to write the script on parachute jumping for us. He used to write for the movies in Hollywood."

They were in the rather austere living room of the major's quarters on the post.

Mrs. Morrissey gave Gordon her hand. The firmness of her clasp forced him to stiffen his relaxed fingers.

She said pleasantly: "It's nice to have you here, Lieutenant."

She was a tiny thing, scarcely more than five feet tall. She wore her amber-blonde hair in short massed curls, reminding Gordon of the feather cut which Ingrid Bergman had worn in *For Whom The Bell Tolls.* Indeed, with a little height she could stand in for Bergman.

Bobby, who had been at work on a model of a Black Widow, came out of his corner behind the piano and stared curiously. He was a straw-headed boy—a ten-year-old, with blue eyes like his father's.

"Hello," said Bobby, thrusting out a grimy fist. "I'm Bobby Morrissey. And I already know your name. It's Lieutenant Gordon. Did you forget to put your wings on?"

"Bobby," Mrs. Morrissey said warningly. "I wish you'd go back and work on your model until dinner is ready."

"Can't I just ask him a few questions about Hollywood?"

"He probably knows more than I do," Gordon smiled. "It's amazing how much stuff they pick up from the fan magazines."

"Did you ever meet Spencer Tracy?" Bobby asked. "What does he look like? What did he say to you? Say, did you see him in *A Guy Named Joe?*"

Gordon grinned. "Yes, I've met Spencer, Bobby. He looks just

PLANT NO. 6
McKAY

"Well, another day, another 80 cents for me and 20 cents for Morgenthau"

the way he does in the movies, husky and full of fun. The last time I saw him he said, 'Hi-ya Phil. I didn't know you were in the Army.' I saw him in *A Guy Named Joe*. It was great. Does that answer all your questions, Bobby?"

"I guess so," said Bobby grudgingly, and trotted back to his lab.

Suddenly Gordon noticed that the major was sitting on the arm of his wife's chair, looking down at her. Their faces were close and their lips met in a lingering kiss. He looked away, embarrassed. But when they turned to him there was no suggestion that they had tried to sneak in the kiss while his attention was elsewhere.

"You know, Lieutenant," Mrs. Morrissey said, "when Roger told me they were planning a training film on parachute jumping, I didn't see how they could find enough material. I realize you can show pictures of men jumping or floating down, but what teaching value does that have?"

"Don't mind Stacy," the major said. "She used to be a biology teacher—she has a mania for analysis."

"I haven't given it much thought as yet," Gordon admitted. "But you can take my word for it," he added complacently, "anything which can be conveyed by lecture or the written word can be conveyed twice as effectively on the screen."

"But surely there must be some things which simply cannot be pictorialized, like—well, a high-altitude jump."

Her eyes sought her husband's, and she frowned as if half expecting him to interrupt. But Morrissey was busy with the highball glasses.

"I don't see why not," Gordon said. "At a pinch, you can do it in a mock-up. In fact, most aerial action photographs much better in a mock-up. We have some mock-ups at the studio which are practically goon-proof. No one but the director and the cameraman can tell the difference."

"I've often wondered about those mock-ups," she said slowly.

The major came back with the drinks.

"There's a wonderful sunset out there, just over the roof of the chapel. Why don't we go look?"

He pulled Stacy up out of the chair and put his arm around her shoulders. Her eyes were just on a level with the gold flight-surgeon's wings on his blouse.

"Come along, Lieutenant," he said, "you'll enjoy this too. It's much better than Technicolor."

It wasn't so bad living on an Army post if you had your family with you, Gordon thought, watching the major struggle with one of Bobby's parlor tricks after dinner. Bobby was doubled up with laughter as he watched his father balance a plastic glass full of water on the back of one hand while he tried to pick a penny off the top of the door with the other.

When the game was over, Stacy started to bundle Bobby off to bed.

"Well, I was glad to meet you, Lieutenant," he said. "You gonna be here when my dad makes the big jump?"

"I don't know," Gordon said, eyes swinging to Stacy. He began to understand her "mania for analysis," as the major put it.

"I think he'll be here," the major said. "Good night, Bob."

When Stacy and the boy had gone, Gordon said: "I didn't know you were a jumper, Major."

"I'm not. I've made a few jumps to test out a couple of wildcat theories."

"When are you planning to make the jump?"

"They're getting the plane in shape now," he said. He grinned. "The only thing then is to get *me* in shape. I think I'll be ready in about three days." He sank into the easy chair. "Let me tell you some of the things I think this film should teach. You may not know this, but a lot of men have died simply because they hadn't learned how to get out of their planes. That's one point we'll have to stress."

"That shouldn't be too difficult," Gordon said easily. "For instance, we'll start out at this combat base—South Pacific I suppose—and open with a shot of one of our planes spinning down in flames. The narrator says grimly: 'One of our planes has just crashed in flames. But the pilot! What of our pilot?' We dissolve to a close shot of the burning wreckage and we see the pilot sprawled half out of the cockpit. He's dead. His flying suit is still burning. The narrator goes on: 'There was no need for that man to die!' That gives us our lead. We've got the boys interested and we can throw the facts at them without having to wake 'em up."

The major wrinkled his brow. "I see your viewpoint," he said, "but I want to avoid that approach now. It seems to me—"

Gordon stopped listening. The major was going to tell him how to write the script—the way they all did. He had hoped that for

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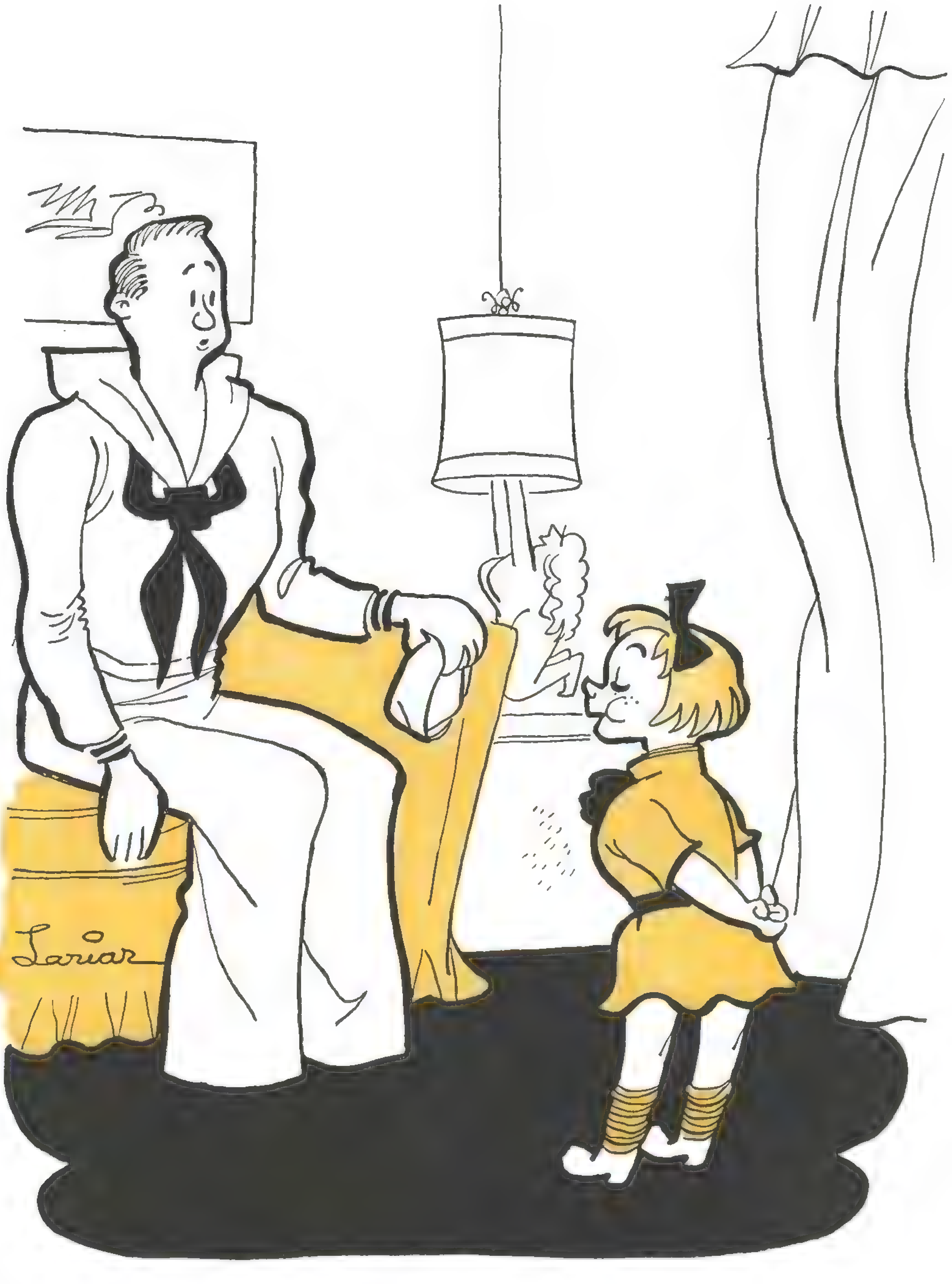


"If it turns out to be a long war, look me up when you get back!"

Rummy the South American Way

Pif-Paf is a fast, exciting gambling game, yet so easy that a rummy player could learn after just a few moments

by RICHARD L. FREY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Early in the war, while Dakar was very much in the news, just across the Atlantic the people of Rio de Janeiro considered themselves very much in the danger zone. They were prepared for the bombs to strike at any hour.

That attack never came. The Americans landed at Casablanca, the Allies swept Africa clean. And then, just when Rio had relaxed, the bombshell struck after all. But it wasn't Nazi buzz-bombs that hit Rio—it was Pif-Paf!

Pif-Paf (it's pronounced Peef-Paff) is a card game. It hasn't disrupted communications or water supply as a bomb might have, but its effect upon Rio's social life is almost as great. The magazine *Time*, reporting on this cataclysm, said, "In war-prosperous Rio de Janeiro well-to-do wives had caught the gin-rummy fever." Actually, Pif-Paf bears about the same relation to gin rummy that the rumba, the samba or the conga bears to an American waltz. But there's a mighty good chance that Pif-Paf will star at this country's card tables just as those other South American importations have won the spotlight on our dance floors.

Because Pif-Paf is a terrific game; fast, exciting, gambling, yet so easy that anyone who knows rummy can play after a few moments' explanation—and rummy is probably the easiest of all popular card games to learn.

The other night at Rio's famous and exclusive Jockey Club, the big loser in a Pif-Paf game dropped twenty thousand dollars. Then, when he got home he found that his wife had played that afternoon and won two hundred dollars. It was difficult for him to be properly enthusiastic but he managed it. The point is this: right now everybody in Brazil—men, women, and in some cases children—everybody plays Pif-Paf. And whether they play for penny chips or dollar chips or something in between, you'll break up a Pif-Paf game at your peril. So why not sit in?

The game is a simple combination of rummy (not gin rummy) with some of the exciting features of poker. Perhaps that's why it is an equal favorite of both men and women.

Pif-Paf is best with four to eight players. It is played with two decks of cards combined. Nine cards are dealt to each player; the remainder of the pack is placed face down in a center pile.

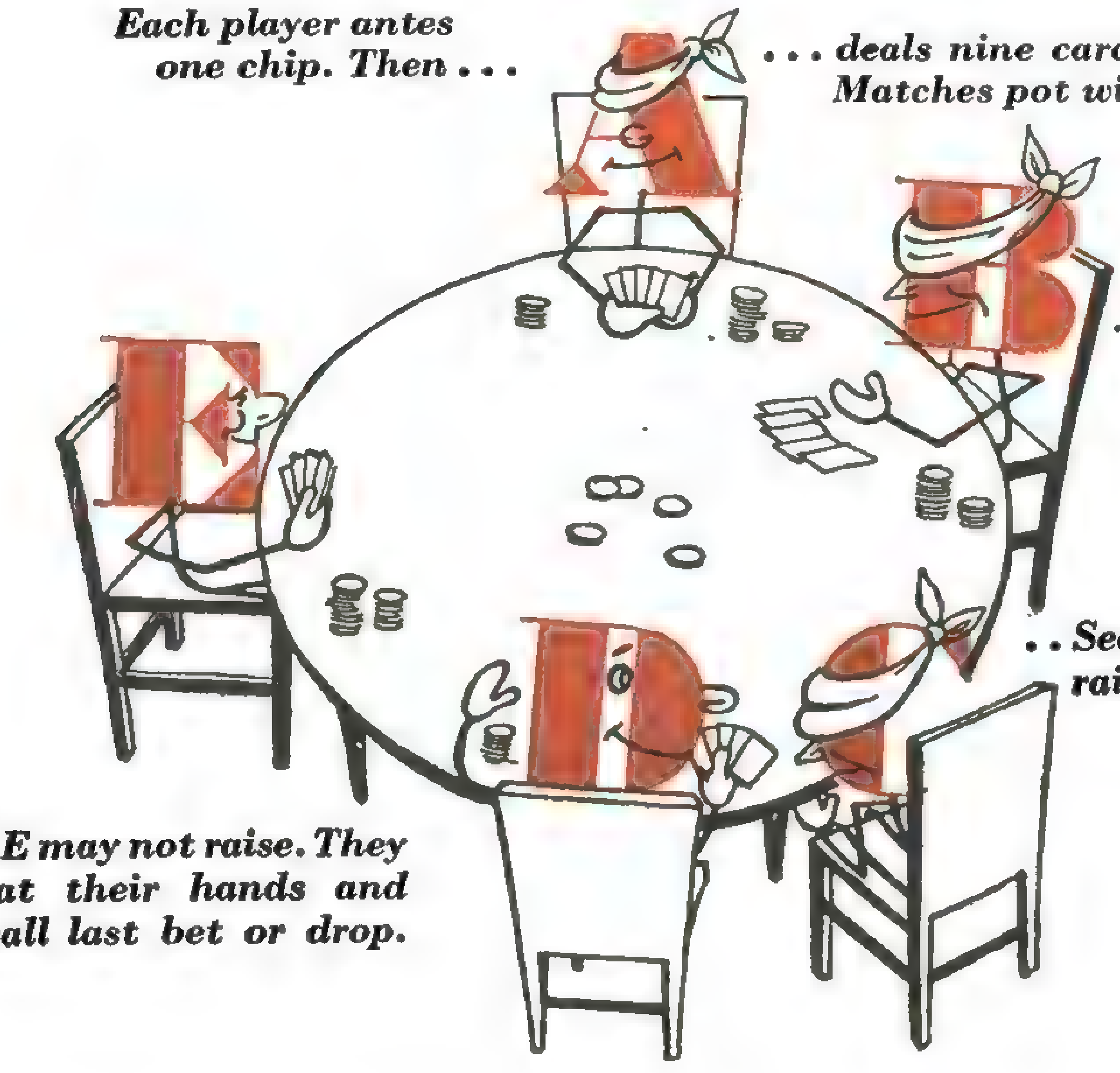
The object of the game is to match up the entire hand as in rummy—in sequences of three or more cards of the same suit (seven, eight, nine of hearts; nine, ten, jack, queen of clubs, etc.), or in sets of three or more of the same denomination (three sevens, four queens, etc.).

Sets of three or more of a kind, however, must always be of three different suits; two sevens of hearts and a seven of spades will not do. Four of a kind must have one pair of the same suit; five of a kind, two pairs. Six of a kind offers no difficulty; it can always be made into two sets of three.

The first card of the center pile is not turned up as in rummy. It is drawn by the player at dealer's left, but he may reject it. If he discards it, it may be claimed only by a player who needs it to complete his entire hand; otherwise, the first man picks again, then discards any card. The next player may either take up the last discard or draw from the center pile. Each discard may be taken only by the player next in turn, but one which will complete another player's hand may be claimed no matter who throws it. If the same discard puts more than one player out, it goes to the player nearest in turn.

Before the play begins, however, there is a little matter of betting to be done—and that's where poker comes in.

Let's assume five players in the game—A (the dealer), B, C, D and E. At the beginning of the deal each player puts one counter in the pot. Then the dealer must match the pot, so A puts in five more. The cards having been dealt, the next player, B, may, if he wishes, raise "blind" (that is, without looking at his hand). If so, he puts in ten—or double what A has to put in. C may also double in the blind by putting in twenty. Only the first two players have this right, but either or both of them may decide to look before anteing. If he looks, however, he may not raise; he may only match the last player's ante or drop out. Follow chart below:



Each player antes one chip. Then . . .

. . . deals nine cards to each player. Matches pot with first blind bet.

. . is first blind raiser and may double A's bet if he has not looked at his hand.

. . Second blind raiser. If B has raised he may double B's bet.

D and E may not raise. They look at their hands and may call last bet or drop.

In this hand both B and C decide to raise. D and E, of course, have looked at their hands. D has a poor hand and drops; E puts in the necessary twenty counters and plays along. As dealer, A has already put in five so he needs to put up only fifteen more; B adds another ten and stays in; and now comes the big thrill. C, the last blind raiser, has the option of re-raising. (Only the last blind raiser has this right. B would have it if C had not raised in the blind; A would have it if neither B nor C had raised.)

If C decides *not* to re-raise—the betting is over and the play begins. But if C likes his hand and puts in forty—the betting is wide open; thereafter any of the players may raise in turn, each raise doubling the last ante. Obviously, you need plenty of counters when the game gets hot.

Once the betting is over the play is rapid. Each player tries to match up his entire hand; nothing else counts but "going out." The first player to go out takes the pot and deals the next hand. That's all there is to it.

So much for the rules; now for the matter of skillful play. This is an important matter, because Pif-Paf is usually played for stakes of some sort and few people would want to emulate our South American friend by dropping twenty G's.

Skillful play at Pif-Paf is a matter of knowing a few simple principles, and then of figuring out the right thing to do at the right time. There are two distinct phases of Pif-Paf science, the betting and the play. The betting comes first.

The first thing to realize is the tremendous advantage to betting blind. Don't refrain from using this privilege on the argument that it makes the game too steep. Reduce the stakes if necessary, but bet blind whenever you have the opportunity.

If you are the dealer, you have no choice; you must make your blind bet.

When you are third man, and second man has doubled dealer's blind bet, you have an enormous advantage if you double again in the blind. At worst you have an even bet, because at the start your chance to win is as good as anyone else's. If you should happen to have a good hand, which gives you a better-than-even chance, you alone have the priv-

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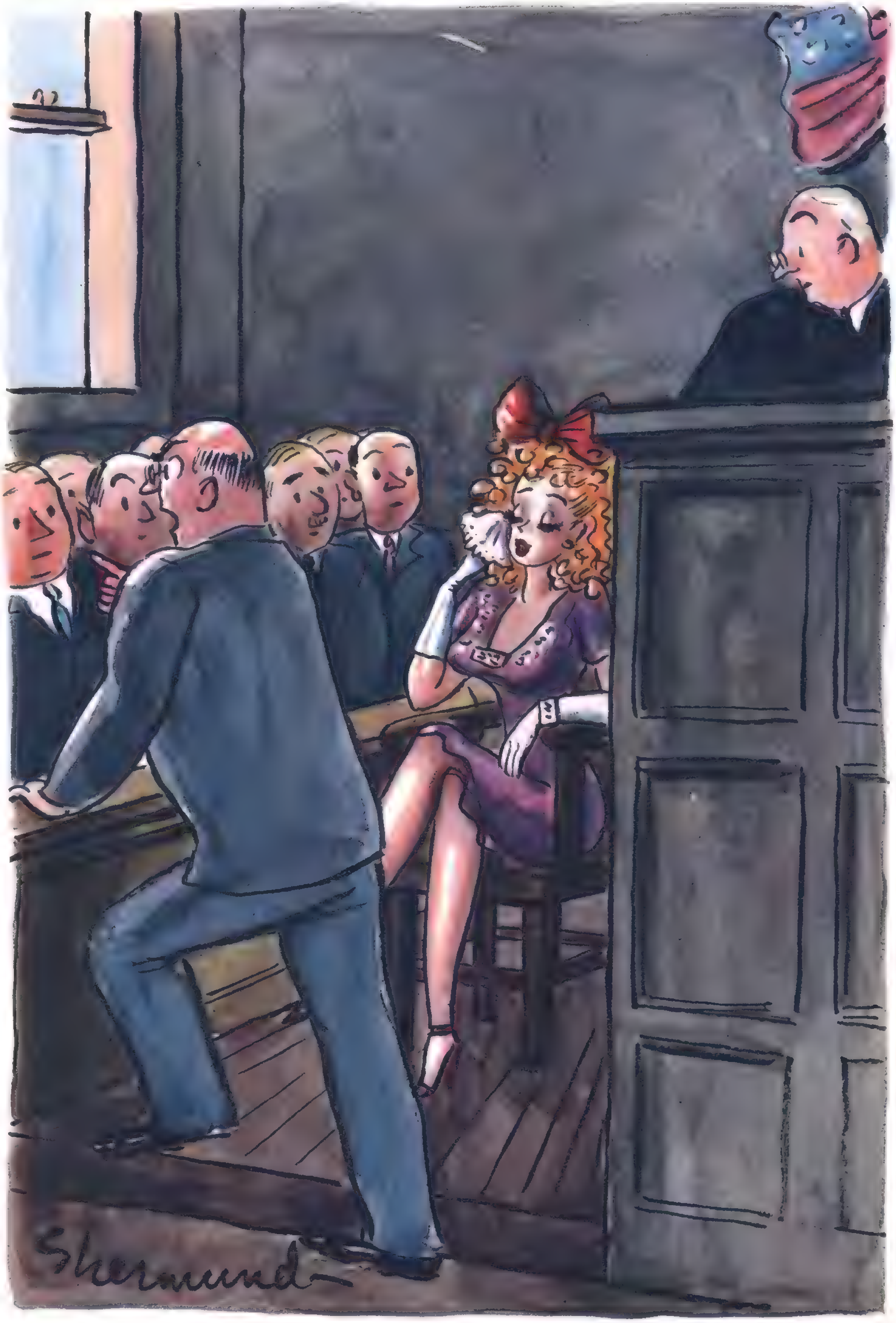
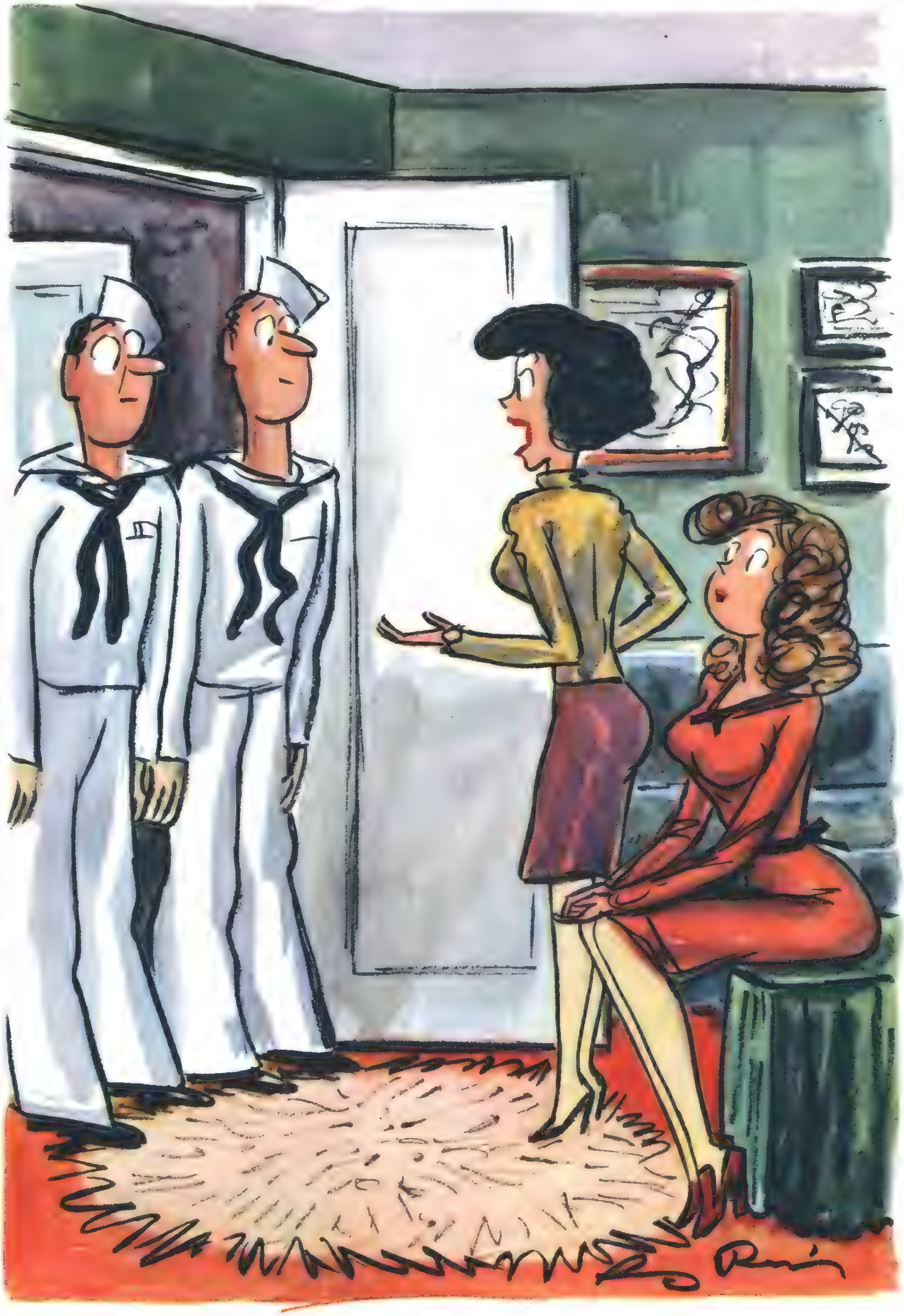
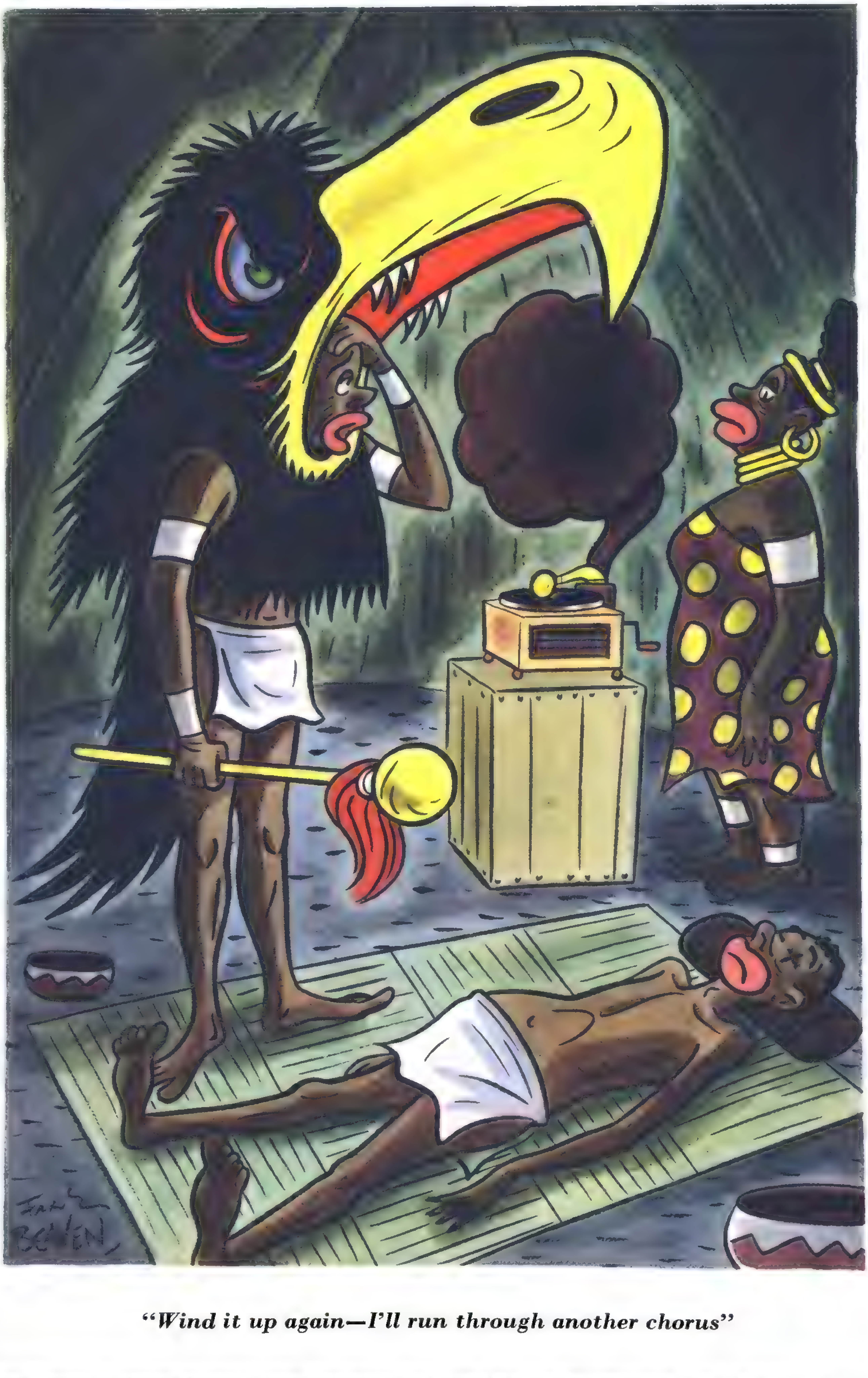


*"Her husband came home with a pair of black market nylons—
black market, do you hear—so she shot him!"*



"I hope you don't mind, but we just couldn't get a chaperon"



"Wind it up again—I'll run through another chorus"

They'd Rather Hit Triples

Baseball's perfectionist, Billy Southworth, cures his Cards of the inevitable slumps by reminding them how they play at their best

by STAN BAUMGARTNER

SPORTS

"Pops" long-strided briskly back from the routine conference with the umpires around home plate. His spikes moving in rapid rhythm raised little puffs of dust along the path, his right hand pensively brushed the lipstick-red seam running down his trousers. He was completely oblivious to the gala excitement around him. Nearing the bench he glanced quickly along the row of sharp-eyed, chamois-faced players. There was a little space between Ted Wilks, he noticed, and big Deb Garms; so he slipped in there. No preference, you understand; that just happened to be the handiest spot for him.

"How's it look, Pops?" asked Pepper Martin from the second row.

"Everything's all set," Pops announced in a businesslike way, settling down among his boys. "We're back on our feet now, Kurowski and Musial are hitting after their lay-offs. I don't think these fellows like lefties—especially their power—big McQuinn and Moore."

It was the beginning of the fourth game. Young Wilks had failed to pace himself just right the day before, as the Browns knocked him out with a four-run rally in the third to take a 2-to-1 lead in the series with a 6-to-2 win.

But Wilks' performance the afternoon before, of course, had nothing to do with Southworth's choice of seat for the day. They didn't pay you off on yesterday's game in baseball; you've always got to play today's game today.

No one, not even his players, would ever have suspected that there was any guile in Southworth's casual selection of a seat beside Wilks that afternoon, following the boy's flop the previous day. But Southworth had thought it out and planned it that way. It was just his way of bringing the boy back, putting him back in the form that had made him the outstanding rookie pitcher of the year in the National League.

It was a different deal today, however, with Harry Brecheen, the young southpaw, working on the Brownies' power. As the innings rolled by with the Cards steadily building up a lead, Southworth talked soberly to Wilks at the intervals in the game. "You see," he said quietly as Brecheen kept mowing 'em down, "there's nothing to pitching, Ted. You just get the ball over the plate, and depend on your fielders. Keep it low to high-ball hitters, and high to low-ball hitters, and you won't have any trouble. That's all there is to it."

That was the way Southworth talked to Wilks all through the game, genially, calmly and fatherly—building the kid up. That was the way he talked recurrently during that bright autumn afternoon, between gusty yells from the crowd in the bleachers. What the manager was trying to do as he sat, intermittently chatting with his men, was to give Wilks a vision of himself as he was at his very best on the mound. That is Billy Southworth's formula for keeping up his men—all of them. He carries around with him a vision of each player when he is going at his very best, when he is perfection on the field. Then when a slump comes, when the player goes off his game, Billy recalls this picture of him when he is at his best and tries to convey it to the player.

It is not always easy, but it is the right track in the very delicate and changeable profession of top-rank baseball. For example, he said to Ted Wilks that afternoon of the fourth game, which proved to be the turning of the series: "You see, Ted, yesterday you were dragging your right foot instead of lifting it up like you always do when you're right. That was the reason you were having trouble with your control. You know McQuinn is a low-ball hitter, but your pitch to him was low. Zarilla is an inside hitter and you got one inside to him. You weren't getting the ball just where you wanted it because you were dragging your right foot and it caused a pull on your arm and sent your fast ball in low instead of up. Get the idea?"

The youngster nodded grimly. Within his mind was growing a vision like a mushroom in a cave. He would never make that mistake again—if he ever got into another World Series ball game.

At this instant Southworth's interest in building up Wilks was interrupted by other troubles—of which a baseball manager's life is solidly composed. Breezing along with a shutout in his grasp and a five-run lead, Brecheen had walked Moore, the lead-off man in the eighth. Stephens followed with a single off the right-field screen, and the Browns had men on first and third with none out.

Then it was that Southworth had a hunch. "Maybe you'd better go out and get loosened up, Ted," Southworth remarked to Wilks, leaping up off the bench himself to run out to the box to halt proceedings. Wilks eagerly picked up his glove and started for the pen with a strong resolve. He would never again forget to pitch low to high-ball hitters and high to low-ball swingers. The facts are, it should be inserted for truth's sake, that Southworth never had the least intention of putting Wilks into the game that day so soon after his debacle; it was all a part of the act to build up the player's shattered confidence in himself.

At the same time Southworth himself was out there talking to Brecheen. Something had come back to his mind out of the vision he carried of Brecheen on one of his greatest days. "Harry," he said soberly to the eager young hurler, "you're not spitting on your hands today like you generally do. Has the big crowd got you nervous?"

Brecheen looked at his boss in sudden surprise and relief. "Gosh," he replied happily. "I knew there was something wrong, Pops. I haven't been able to get a grip on the ball right all day." Quickly he spit on his hands, and Southworth strolled briskly back to the bench.

A moment later Brecheen shot over a fast one to Laabs just where he wanted it, and the Browns' slugger rapped a roller to Marion for a lightning double play. The Browns were never really back in the Series from that moment on.

But Billy Southworth had accomplished more than merely winning one ball game that afternoon; he had rebuilt Ted Wilks for future use in the Series—and probably for years afterward. The young player could have been ruined permanently by one dash of World Series cold water at that stage of his career. As it was, when Wilks relieved Lanier in the final game, he didn't allow a Brown to reach first base in 3 and 2/3 innings.

That shows the constructive work a good manager can do for a ball team: his value is not so much in deciding on the various conventional strategies of the game that may or not result in big innings and victories—but rather in building up his players individually, in keeping them con-

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BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Sweet and Spanish, on Sullivan Street

Opposite, Rosita Romero, currently featured at the night club known as Jimmy Kelly's—the Montmartre of New York. Located deep in the heart of Greenwich Village on Sullivan Street, the bistro might seem as far from the Broadway haunts and as hard to reach as the Montmartre of Paris. However, Kelly and his club are so famed that even out-of-towners have no trouble finding it.

Neither French, Spanish nor "Village" in atmosphere, Kelly's is straight American night club, with a decor of mirrors and blue velvet, and an hour's floor show thrice nightly that is strong on pretty girls in lavish costumes—as indicated by Miss Romero. Besides the girls, a specialty of the house for 15 years has been Joe Carter and his musical pogo stick, a gadget fitted up with one-man-band accessories. While Joe sings out popular tunes such as *Don't Fence Me In*, he bangs and thumps the pogo stick, and his accompanist, Sandy Ross, fills in on the piano whatever is still desired musically.

Host Jimmy Kelly started out as a prizefighter in 1907 in the featherweight class. Before moving into his present spot 23 years ago, he had two other clubs in the Village (in one of them Irving Berlin worked as a singing waiter, according to legend). Time has removed Kelly from the featherweight class, but his genial charm is unchanged. Likewise, his generosity. For years he gave away Christmas baskets to the needy and, after rationing stopped this, he has donated the proceeds of the sale of souvenir programs at the club to buy a mobile canteen for the Father Duffy unit, a Red Cross Ambulance and radio sets for Army and Navy hospitals.

Miss Romero is half of a popular dance team that has toured South America. The other half (male) is now in the U. S. Army. She was born in New York City of Spanish parents, and began to study dancing early. During her travels in South America, Cuba and Mexico she has learned native dances—such as her "hat dance"—and adapted them for the nightclub. Like most entertainers who work till dawn, her hobby is sleep.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

Water Over the Saddle

Big Joe told the kid they'd christen his saddle when they threw the herd across the river on the Abilene trail

by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

▪ FICTION ▪

When he came off night herd the whole earth was cool and fresh, and stars were winking out in the eastern sky like sparks blown up from a campfire. A little wind came straying down from the dark crouching hills, bringing the scent of trampled grass and the sweet, unmistakable smell of cattle. His spurs jingled, and the new saddle squeaked, and Billy Garrett was very happy.

Last night seemed like a dream, too good to be true. But it wasn't a dream. Yonder was the chuck wagon with a campfire smoking beside it and men getting out of their tarps and horses stamping on the picket line. He looked behind him and saw that most of the Bar Seven longhorns were still bedded down; he had sung to them well enough, considering that his voice was changing. And then Big Joe Musick and a Mexican came riding out from the wagon to point the lead steers on the long trail to Abilene.

Big Joe had black eyes and a quick, white-toothed smile, and you could see the recklessness spilling out of him. They said he rode and roped and handled cattle better than any man on the Trail, and if it was true that he had killed a couple of men up in Kansas, maybe they crowded him. He wasn't the kind of man you could crowd.

"See you up on Hackberry Creek, cowboy!" he called. "We'll christen that saddle in the Red River!"

Billy laughed jubilantly. If he'd felt any doubts last night when Sam Tyree offered him a job, they were gone now: he was seventeen and could do a man's work; he belonged on the Trail. He turned the little roan horse into the San Antone wagon road, and put him into a lope. There wasn't time for breakfast. He had to pack a bedding roll, and have it out with Pa....

This time ain't nothing can stop me! I reckon I'll have to whip him, but I'm going!

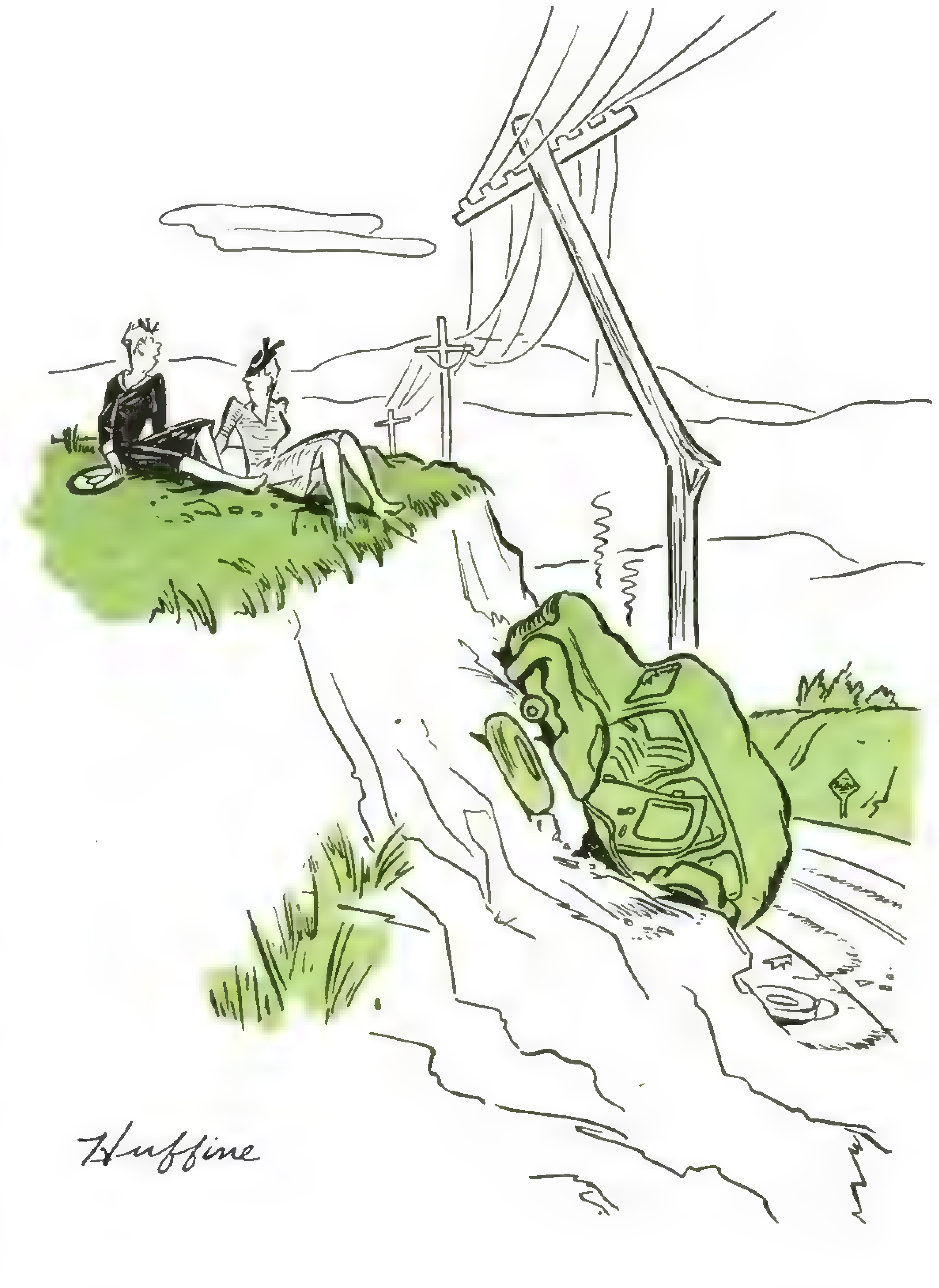
He passed the Webster place just before sunup. It was too early for Lennie May to be out of the house, but he sat taller in the saddle and tried to ride like Big Joe Musick, because she might be watching from a window. Mr. Webster was hitching his plow mules by the barn—an unpleasant reminder of what would be expected of Billy at home. He rode on, thinking of Big Joe with the firelight on his face and the bright devils in his black eyes, hoorawing Billy about a saddle being no good until you got it wet throwing a herd across a river. He felt a little bit empty inside, but his spurs still made music....

Buck Garrett limped out on the gallery and listened to hoofs on the road. The sun was in his eyes and making angles of his bony face. He was a gaunt man, all ribs and rawhide, with a crook in his left leg since that night a horse had rolled with him, years before. He had gnarled, battered fists, and used them even now; it was not his nature to compromise with anything or anybody.

Sometimes the leg still hurt. It was aching now as he looked along the twisting line of hackberry and pecan trees that marked the creek and the boundary of his land. He saw the dust blowing from yesterday's furrows and the cotton plants wilted by yesterday's heat. These things aroused a sullen, helpless anger; the seven months' drought was something a man couldn't smash with his fists. He felt the same impotence against the senseless fury of the stampede that night when his leg was broken; he felt it sweating to scratch a living from the washed-out soil, and when the boll weevils ruined his crop in a good year....

Billy was turning in at the gate. Buck Garrett heard his wife open the front door and dust flour from her patient, bony hands. Without looking, he knew that she was about to speak.

"Get back in the house," he said, still keeping his eyes ahead. "If he's man enough to do what he pleases, he's man enough to lick me and prove it! That's fair."



"Well, one thing, Henry won't have to go to that nasty old board and beg for a tire now"

The door closed reluctantly. Buck Garrett limped down the steps and halted by the chinaberry tree in the front yard. Billy Garrett got down from his saddle there, and dropped the reins over the horse's head.

"Well?" Buck demanded.

Billy's face felt tight and pale, and there was that emptiness under his belt. He stood straight, and that made him as tall as his father.

"I got a job," he said huskily. "Going up the Trail with the Bar Sevens. I come for my bed roll."

Buck Garrett's expression didn't change. He said, "With the Bar Sevens. With men like Joe Musick."

"Big Joe's a good trail hand," the boy defended. "Maybe them shooting scrapes was forced on him."

"He'll be an outlaw in another year," Buck said. "You get them mules hitched up and start plowing."

Billy shook his head. "I told Sam Tyree I'd go. The herd's coming up on the other side of the creek, right now."

"You know what I always told you," Buck said dispassionately, and began shucking off his faded duck jumper. "I always said when you thought you was big enough to be your own boss, you'd have to lick me to prove it. You ready?"

The boy looked down at Buck Garrett's crooked leg, and his face was drawn and miserable. Buck's fists were knotted; he raised them and put his game leg forward.

"You ready?" he demanded.

"I might hurt you, Pa!" Billy said almost gently. "I can't fight you, and you with that—that—"

"Put up your fists!" shouted Buck. "We'll see if you're man enough to hurt me! If you *are*, you can go!"

The emptiness welled up into Billy's throat and caught in a wrenching sob. He wheeled abruptly, groping for the reins of his horse through a blur of tears. The plow mules were yonder in the picket corral.

That day the wind died early, and black thunderheads reared their majestic ramparts above the hills and bombarded the land. The plow tore grass-tangled chunks from the stubborn soil, and Billy stumbled over them with sweat stinging his eyes and his feet hurting in boots that were not made for walking. A cloud of gnats plagued the mules and plastered his wet face; by noon his shoulders ached; and the plow handles felt like fire in his grasp.

He reached the south end and unhitched there, tethering the mules under a pecan tree to let them cool before watering. Hackberry Creek had dwindled to a trickle; he remembered setting trotlines in this pool, and now a man could jump across it. He dropped full length on the sun-bleached stones and splashed the cool water into his face.

But the fever was inside him. *Last night was a dream, after all. I can't fight him. It wouldn't be fair . . .*

A thunderclap rolled over the hills, and the locusts stopped fiddling in the drowsy mesquites. The boy lifted his head, listening to a new sound coming up from the south. It grew, and the stream's thin murmur was lost in it; the locusts' renewed shrilling became a whisper. This was a mighty, swelling symphony of sound and movement, and nothing else in the world was like it.

The Bar Sevens were passing over yonder, a vast army on the march. They flung dust clouds into the sky for banners; the sun gleamed on horns sharp as bayonets, and their drums were the beat of thousands of hoofs. Somewhere deep in all the mad, bellowed confusion the boy heard shrill yips and the sharp slap of quirted leggins, and he knew that Big Joe Musick and the others were riding there. . . .

Big Joe would understand. His father never would, nor could the boy ever find words to tell what he felt. The passing of a trail herd stirred Texas blood like the crying of wild geese in a windy sky; the shine of firelight on a wagon tarp was a will o'-the-wisp, luring men on. *You heard the longhorn cattle, and saw the campfire's gleam, and you had to go!*

A shadow fell across the white creek rocks, and Billy sprang to his feet. It was his mother. She wore a sunbonnet that hid most of her face, and she carried a bundle in a pillow case.

"I brought you some dinner," she said, handing him a smaller package. "And—and your horse is up in the brush. I done up a bed roll for you, son."

Billy stared. Mrs. Garrett sat down on a drift log and folded her hands in her lap, and something about her bespoke an utter weariness.

"You mean—you mean Pa said I could go?" the boy demanded.

"He wouldn't never say that." She had been silent too long; she was groping for words now, in a tired, strained voice. "But there can't be two roosters in the same barnyard, son. And if you've got to roam, it better be now. Not after you're married. *He* went up the Trail when you were a year old. I never knew whether he'd come back or not."

Billy Garrett listened to the longhorn cattle. He said, "If I go this way, he'll be madder'n if I licked him. He'll take it out on you, maybe."

His mother didn't look up. "I'm going down to Aunt Emmy's. I can't stay any longer, either. But don't think hard of him. He's just tired out—just whipped down!"

Clouds went over the sún, and somewhere over the far hills the thunder crashed. Billy knew what

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In Lieu of a Written Will

Gifts made in anticipation of death are legal with certain restrictions

by **RENZO DEE BOWERS**

ARTICLE

Are deathbed gifts effectual? Fewer than thirty per cent of of those who die have made wills. Can't they pass on their property by final gifts to those they love?

Suppose your Aunt Hepzibah, about to go on the operating table, says to you, "My diamonds are in the metal case in the bureau drawer. The key is in my handbag. If I die during this operation the diamonds are to be yours." Aunt Hepzibah never comes out of the ether and you don't see why you can't take the key out of her purse and go get your diamonds.

But you can't. Neither the key nor the jewel case nor the jewels had been delivered to you by your Aunt before she went to sleep.

Avery Harper, in a Denver hospital after a train wreck, motioned his daughter close to his bed. His hand fumbled under his pillow and took out a package of bonds. "These are for you if I die," he murmured. He pushed the package back under the pillow and died believing that he had left the securities to provide for his daughter. But he had not made an effectual gift because he had not surrendered control of the bonds.

The law calls these last minute bestowals, gifts *causa mortis*, gifts made in contemplation of death. They are a legitimate way for the dying person to achieve his wish. But they must be legally complete gifts in order to hold. They cannot be bequests in case of death. Trouble is caused by the giver regarding them as the same as gifts made by will. They are not. The difference is that in gifts made by will the giver retains control until he is dead. But a dying gift, made without a will, must be an outright, complete gift on the spot, while the giver is alive and competent.

In Philadelphia, Sarah Walsh, on the point of submitting to an operation, handed her bank-deposit book to a nurse and told her, "This money is for my brother in Maryland, but if I don't die I want it back." She died and, after a lawsuit, the money went to others than her brother because Mrs. Walsh had not given it up unconditionally.

Minnie Munn was dying in her own home. In an adjoining room was a locked closet to which her mother had the key. A metal lockbox in the closet held Minnie's cash and securities. Key to the box was on a chain around Minnie's neck. She took off the key and handed it to her sister Lillie, saying, "I give you all that is in the box." But Lillie did not get the fortune because she had not taken charge of the lockbox before Minnie died.

Dr. Black had a savings account of 5,000 dollars in a Charleston, West Virginia, bank. He drove to Pikeville, Kentucky, where he wrote on a leaf of his passbook this message to the bank:

"Please make out a new book in the name of Clara G. Turner of Greenwood, Virginia, for the above five thousand dollars with accrued interest in lieu of this book and send the book to her. J. E. Black."

He mailed the book and message to the bank and shot himself. A court pronounced the gift ineffective on the ground that the transaction had not been completed before Dr. Black died.

"I predict civil war in America if you don't get your love life straightened out before the servicemen come home!"

The wife of a Maine man took care of his bank passbook. At the point of death from an automobile accident, he said to her, referring to the bank book and deposit, "You may keep that. It shall be yours." She was not allowed to keep it. A quirk of the law required that she should have gone through the formality of bringing the passbook to him so that he could place it back in her hands to make an effectual gift.

These incidents are typical. Gifts failed because donors did not deliver the gifts actually, or would not let go their own holds while alive, thinking that a gift made as a bequest in case of death was sufficient. It is not sufficient.

The required circumstances and conditions are simple. The person undertaking to dispose of his property in contemplation of death, when he has not made a will, must be under conviction that he is about to die from an existing illness or injury. He must deliver the property to the person he intends to have it, or to another for him. The delivery must be complete, to the extent that the giver surrenders all control over it. He must indicate at the time, by words or otherwise, that the one he names is to have the gift. Then he must die from the very illness or injury anticipated.

If loose money, for instance, is to be given, it must be turned over to the one intended to have it, or to someone for him, and without any strings attached. If the money is on deposit in a savings bank, delivery of the passbook will be sufficient. But if it is in a checking account, only the giving of a check or other written

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World's Most Pressured Industry

Motion pictures, far from being a free art, are annoyed by blue noses and ax grinders with every imaginable squawk

by DON CARLE GILLETTE

▪ARTICLE▪

An agitated citizen with aquiline features pried his way into the manager's office of a suburban Philadelphia movie theatre and demanded that further showings of the current picture be discontinued.

Why?

Because the villain of the film was depicted as having a faithful canine pal, and the protesting citizen, who said he belonged to the S. P. C. A., declared it was a gross slander on dogs to show them consorting with criminals!

"Besides," he added with indignation, "the villain calls his dog 'Spot'—and that's the name of *my* dog!"

If you think this incident a lulu, listen to another that took place a few years ago, before Hollywood's present self-regulation machinery was functioning on all cylinders.

There was a picture in which one of the settings was the parlor of a house of shady reputation. The room was handsomely furnished, and particularly noticeable was the luxurious carpeting. A big howl immediately broke out from guess who? The carpet industry!

To show a house of that character so lavishly carpeted was a damaging reflection on their business, spokesmen for the carpet people contended. What's more, these wrought-up gentlemen insisted, they never sold furnishings to dives like that in the first place!

Having no desire to get into an argument over what connection there could possibly be between carpets and morals, a lot of theatre managers just gave in to the pressure applied through local carpet dealers, and the picture was withheld from their patrons.

These are just two of a thousand and more ways in which the motion picture industry is constantly pressured by groups of all kinds and sizes, each with a special motive, many with personal axes to grind, and few of them giving a real damn about the general public interest.

You may be an intelligent and well-behaved individual, minding your own business, going to church on Sunday, and quite able to do your own judging of decency in movies, books, magazines and other forms of expression supposed to be free. But you have in every community, especially the legislative centers, blue-nosy elements who feel that your habits and tastes and morals need guarding—and that they are just the ones who can do it!

Sometimes this meddling goes beyond temporary annoyance and runs into long drawn out controversy, litigation and even legislative investigation—for which the public pays the bills. One of these costly joy rides was the Congressional hearing on the Neely Bill to abolish "block booking." The hearing climaxed long and widely publicized agitation on the part of pressure groups, most of whom didn't know the first thing about block booking.

In a nutshell, this film-trade practice was the equivalent of a newspaper or magazine selling subscriptions for a year in advance. Theatres wanting to keep open all year round found it expedient to contract with a producer-distributor for his full season's output at the start of each season. The producer, in turn, with a substantial number of contracts in hand, not only was encouraged to go ahead with production to fill the theatres' needs, but was able to raise the money to finance the best possible program of pictures.

Just as a subscriber has faith in the integrity and past performance of publishers and editors, so could exhibitors judge a film studio by the quality of product delivered in previous years. In addition, since many of the pictures announced for production each season are based on books, plays or published stories, while the regular stars, directors and other talent under contract to each studio also are widely known, exhibitors always had a pretty good idea of what they could expect.

Nevertheless, the pressure groups raised and exploited "block booking and blind buying" as forcing exhibitors to accept "morally undesirable" pictures—ignoring the fact that exhibitors with no block-booking contracts to bind them, frequently outbid each other not only to book but *re*-book a picture which, rightly or wrongly, had been thoroughly condemned by the moralists, as in the case of the first Mae West film.

Anyway, basing their campaign on the morality angle, thirty-three formidably titled organizations banded together under the heading of National Committee for the Legislation to Abolish Compulsory Block Booking and Blind Selling of Motion Pictures—described by its chairman, Mrs. Mary T. Bannerman of Washington, D. C., as "one of the strongest arrays of public backing I have ever known"—and threw their weight in favor of the Neely Bill.

The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, before which the hearings were held, apparently was impressed by this imposing array of organizations—doubtless representing many millions of votes. At any rate, after summoning scores of industry executives from their duties, conducting a long series of sessions that produced some better farce than many a Broadway comedy, and printing several volumes of testimony, block booking eventually was abolished by a consent decree on the part of producing and distributing companies with theatre affiliations. Instead of the former practice of selling a full season's product, these companies agreed to sell films either singly or in groups of not more than five—and not to sell any picture until after a preview had been given for exhibitors.

In less than six months, exhibitors everywhere were crying for a return of the old system. Unfortunately, the consent decree prevented distributors from complying.

Now comes the real punch line. Finding the piecemeal buying system too inconvenient, Minnesota exhibitors sponsored and put through a bill in their State Legislature compelling distributors to sell them a full season's product in one block or be criminally prosecuted!

It required long and costly litigation in the Minnesota courts for the distributors to obtain a writ of permanent injunction against this statute—which they could not have obeyed without breaking the federal law.

But perhaps the classic of all time in Washington farces involving the movies was the Senate's "witch-hunt" probe of the film industry for alleged "war propaganda" in pictures—and this was just before Pearl Harbor! This was a cheap bid for publicity by the isolationists, and it got plenty.

Fortunately, with the late Wendell L. Willkie as special counsel on their side, industry leaders like Harry M. Warner, Nicholas M. Schenck, Darryl F. Zanuck, Barney Balaban and others went to

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Frankie and Johnnie . . . and friends

Seen through the swinging door of the corner saloon, the rooty-toot-toot climax of the beloved ballad, *Frankie and Johnnie*, as dramatized in the Theatre Guild's current box-office bonanza, *Sing Out, Sweet Land!*

On the floor, gasping his last, is philandering Johnnie (Jack McCauley) and his ever-lovin' but pistol-packin' Frankie (Alma Kaye). Standing above them, without remorse, is an elegant Nellie Bly (Christine Karner) and in the background, bartender Ted Tiller. The other two aren't part of the song, but are the recurring characters who turn up in conflict in each scene of the show, which chronicles some 300 years of American folk music. Near the bar, Barnaby (Alfred Drake, of *Oklahoma!* fame)—the Johnny Appleseed of Song, who represents the spirit of music that springs from a nation's heart. At the left, with the handlebars, the Eternal Blue-Nose (Philip Coolidge), handy with the "everlasting Nay."

Frankie and Johnnie is one of the most delightful of the song interpretations in the long parade of spirituals, ballads, cowboy songs, blues and boogie-woogie. There are probably as many concepts of this tale as there are versions of the song. Some like it sordid and lowdown, others like it mugged à la beerhall. The Theatre Guild, in its witty presentation, likes it lightly and politely.

Alma Kaye, making her first Broadway appearance at the tender age of 19, wowed the audience and the critics, one of whom dubbed her "the prettiest actress of 1944." She came to New York a year ago from a small Connecticut town where her father keeps a general store. Her professional experience was limited to a little photographic modeling and a short singing engagement in a night club before she auditioned for *Sing Out*. During rehearsals her voice and flair for comedy proved so outstanding that in the extensive rewriting that preceded the opening, her meager bit part was built into an ingénue lead that requires the versatility of a junior Gertrude Lawrence. Now, as the final Alice-in-Wonderland touch, she has a gilt-edged movie contract in her pocket.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

This Man's World

Of commercials in news broadcasts, Canada Lee's mane, ladies not in the war effort, and a legend of Scotland

by PAUL GALLICO

▪ OPINION ▪

It is my pleasure, this fine, brisk day, to write of radio chains and individual stations who sell their news-broadcast periods commercially to plug the product of a client.

I am sick of this disgusting practice, sick of the men who read the brave or tragic developments of the day sandwiched in between oily pleas for some commodity, sick of the sponsors, sick of the men in radio who capitalize on human hopes and suffering. Isn't there anything else besides a dollar that means something to this offensive crew? Is there no God but sales and profits? Is there no bottom to the depth to which human greed and merchandising can sink?

How proud they are of their technique. How cunningly it is worked out to get their message across. Their message! A series of impertinent boasts and mendacious exaggerations about an article, designed to wheedle a buck out of your pocket into theirs.

"Stingyou Product brings you the news!" Brings me the news! How dare they presume? The news belongs to me, to you and to everyone. It is a part of the life we live, it is our lives of yesterday, today and tomorrow. The news of a world on fire and writhing in torture presented to us as a favor by men who buy cheap and sell dear. How do you like it?

How do you like the minute of cynically seductive sales talk for the product that follows, while you wait with a heavy heart to know how fares the killing, the suffering and the dying of the men you love?

"And now the news . . . " bleats the announcer graciously. Now you may hear whether your sons and brothers have fought their way out of the trap that held them, whether the enemy breakthrough has been halted, whether the tide of victory for our side still sweeps strongly, whether there is hope that the end of the war draws nigh.

The announcer reads on, his voice suitably freighted with the emotions called for by the tenor of the news and the violence of the catastrophes and woes that beset the world. And then, without changing his voice, its expression, its emotion, he is plugging the product again.

That's clever. A genius thought that one up. Somebody got a big raise in salary for this subtle and revolting insult to the intelligence and sensibilities of the listener. That's technique. You can hear the inventor of it selling it: "See, you got the guy listening . . . he's all worked up by the news, and bingo, you're into the plug. Get it? Before the guy realizes it, you're selling him. He doesn't tune out. You got him. . . ."

That's right. We don't tune out. We're being sold, while our hearts are weighing the news we have heard, searching for some relief from the oppression of the world cataclysm, desperately seeking to interpret events in terms of the lives of our youth in the field and how much longer the blood of our nation must flow.

There are other equally admirable technical tricks to the reading of the news. Just before the end the announcer will say, "I'll be back in just a moment with two more news items, but first your good friend Joe Blow wants to tell you something about Stingyou Products. . . ."

And so you listen to the bilge to collect your pitiful tip of two more news items, for perhaps contained in them will be some comfort, some item that casts a little light on how fares the boy who has been swallowed up by the darkness of war.

What manner of Americans are these who capitalize on fear and sorrow and suffering and hope, to peddle their wares? And what manner of people are we to permit this nauseating misappropriation of the instrument of radio? Are there any of us free enough of the love of a dollar to cry "stop it,"—and see that it is stopped?

Fright Wig:

The recent success of that brilliant young actor, Mr. Canada Lee, as Caliban in the Margaret Webster production of *The Tempest*, brings to mind that I have previously encountered the versatile Mr. Lee in the days when I was a sports writer and he a better than average pugilist who rose from the ranks of the Golden Gloves to a series of pretty good professional performances with the mittens in Madison Square Garden.

But the thing that I remember about Canada's career in the ring is the astonishing behavior of his hair, rather than his skill with the left hook and the right cross, and the joy it brought to metropolitan fistic audiences from the amateur pits to the arc-bathed cavern of the Garden. It was distinctly box office in its own right, and customers who learned that Mr. Lee was on the bill would dig down into their jeans and pony up the entrance fee simply in order to be present at the moment when It Would Happen.

In those days, it seems that Mr. Lee was rather proud of his long locks, but not unaware that unruly tresses may become an embarrassment in the heat of conflict, he was wont to anoint them with stickum and flatten them down across his noggin.

Thus he would enter the ring, with his hair nicely slicked down, each strand plastered next its neighbor, all neat and tidy and shipshape. Came the clangorous summons to combat and Mr. Lee would be up off his stool, left extended, right cocked and the boxing would begin.

All would go well until in the course of events, sooner or later but always inevitably, Mr. Lee's opponents would solve the problems presented by our hero's defense and crash a blowser through to his kisser. Whereupon, slowly but inexorably, with a horrible kind of independence, Mr. Lee's hair would rise up on his head and stand straight on end.

I was never able to fathom the mechanism that operated this phenomenon or to analyze the infallible connection between the first punch in the nose and the appearance of the fright wig, unless the behavior of the hair was an uncontrollable expression of the dolor, otherwise well disguised, that filled Mr. Lee upon receiving this concrete manifestation of the ill will borne him by his opponent.

But to the audience it became the supreme moment of Mr. Lee's exhibitions. The spectators would sit tensely on the edge of their chairs awaiting the elevation. Sometimes, due either to his own superb skill or the ineptness of the enemy, Canada would stave off the moment for two or three rounds while tension grew in the auditorium and strong men chawed their derbies. But eventually—WHAM! And up they'd come. And a sort of a welcoming roar would ring through the hall, a cry of greeting, recognition and relief from tension. Everyone relaxed.

Thereafter, Mr. Lee continued his labors looking like an agitated

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◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Esther Williams

She's the gal who swam her way into pictures . . . Pacific Coast women's swim champion of '38 and '39. She's Esther Williams, who was booked for the Olympics in 1940, but the Nazis got there first with their bombs. The saga of the swimming actress began when Los Angeles-born Esther first met up with the Pacific Ocean. Just to make sure nothing, not even education, would come between her and her aquatic ambitions, she went to the schools with the best pools. "If I'd spent as much time on higher math as I did on high-diving boards, I wouldn't be where I am today," meaning she wouldn't be a movie star. Esther first got her feet wet as a cinema entertainer when M-G-M. took her out of Billy Rose's *Aquacade* at San Francisco World's Fair. She wasn't excited! "Because," says she, "I'd seen too many girls signed, sealed and submerged." Persistent M-G-M., however, persuaded her to plunge into a whirlpool of singing, dancing and dramatic lessons, and after two years she rose to the top . . . stardom in *Bathing Beauty*. Esther now thinks acting and swimming have a lot in common: both call for co-ordination, timing, a level head and a stout heart. She's learned to love the industry, especially its extra-curricular activities. She's just back from a month's hospital show tour. She swam for the boys if there was a pool; if not, she put on an hour's skit of her own making . . . made the boys a part of the show by teasing them a little, then pleasing them a lot by seizing their commanding officer and making him join her in a duet of *Embraceable You!* It was a rugged C.O. who could stand up under this maneuver. Esther's armament consisted of a quick-fitting dress . . . a touch of Chanel Number 5 and rapid-fire ad lib chatter. Esther still insists she's only a swimmer learning to act, but the studio is beginning to forget she knows anything about the crawl as her picture in the making, *Early to Wed* is almost waterless. Esther is going to make a big splash as an actress, her studio says. She hopes they're right, but says she's a water baby, happiest when all wet.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

A Man With the Right Connections

James Dexter and his wife followed the proverb that "Money is honey, Sonny, and a rich man's joke is always funny"

by MAURICE BAUDIN

• FICTION •

His name was James Dexter, but practically everybody, Carol included, called him Dex. His way of smiling directly at you when you spoke to him was very engaging. But sometimes his thoughts and plans for his future would cause him to forget you, even while you spoke; and his eyes, instead of stopping when they hit you, went straight on through. If you noticed, it might unnerve you to realize that Dex was looking through you at far horizons. True enough, those horizons were attractive, the hurdles in his road to success in the legal profession being only such minor ones as his charm could take in its stride. But some people felt nonetheless that the future comprised a view he was too openly fond of. This objection, however, was the pettiest sort of cavil, and you will understand that Dex was all right when I tell you he was getting places.

Many an ambitious man has failed of achievement by taking the wrong sort of wife. This was not true of Dex. Carol, as charming as he, liked even by the wives of his superiors in the large law firm, was in all ways equal to the task of aiding his career. After five years of marriage she was an acknowledged leader in the suburb from which Dex six mornings a week boarded a commuters' train. She dressed well for little. She got the most for the least from her help. "If you let them think you regard them as people," she always said, "they'll do anything for you." Finally, she had the magic touch that persuaded her guests they had been regally entertained, when, from the crass viewpoint of food and drink, her parties were slightly meager.

A fact that made Dex's increasing success especially pleasing to them both was that for two years after his marriage it had seemed that his future was a blank and solid wall, and that he had already reached it. Then Carol dropped in at the office and met the senior partners, Mr. Jessop and Mr. Worden. She was very appealing, with her thick, dark, curling hair and her ingenuous expression. The partners were touched by the obvious devotion of the pair. It struck them that Dex was a young man deserving of success.

After the first promotion, the Dexters left their minute city apartment for a small but attractive suburban home. They became active in the more important of the local clubs. Dex bore himself at the office like the rising figure he was, and the partners, still impressed by his manner, his hard work and his deference, advanced him rapidly. If the Dexters had no very intimate friends, at least they had no powerful enemies. Life was real, earnest, and, above all, promising.

During the first three years of their suburban residence, they found the Skinners easily beaten at bridge and socially helpful. Charlie Skinner's father had been the largest holder of real estate in the vicinity when, years before, the development had started. A little smile, half pitying, half contemptuous, played about Dex's lips as he heard Charlie tell of subsequent investments that had reduced the family to bankruptcy. Charlie himself ran, without considerable profit, a local jewelry and gift shop. Still, there was no denying that the aura of the past made the Skinners worth knowing.

In addition, Charlie sold items to Dex at their wholesale price. Once when Mr. Jessop wanted an expensive watch for a retiring employee, Dex arranged to obtain it at half the usual price. "He was happy as a child," Dex informed the Skinners. "Of course, he could have paid the full price several thousand times over. But he was pleased just the same." Carol smiled contentedly. And if the Skinners looked a little bleak—the profit from the watch would have been reflected for a month in their living—the Dexters didn't notice.

After three years, however, it struck the Dexters that they were well enough established to dispense with the Skinners. Dex was promoted again, the second time within a year, and it appeared that this fact, coupled with the acquisition of several important friends, would make life full enough. "We'll taper them off," Dex said thoughtfully. "That way they won't notice." Carol nodded.

When next they played cards with the Skinners, several weeks later, Dex steered the conversation to his promotion. "Tell you what's helped," he declared. "I eat lunch every day where the senior partners go. Sometimes they ask me to sit with them. They get to thinking I'm more important than I am, and—presto!—first thing you know, I'm more important than I was. It's expensive—have to make it up in other ways—but it's the best money I ever spent." He bid in a way that told Carol not to raise.

Mrs. Skinner saw Carol beaming fondly upon Dex. It was unbearable. "There's nobody Charlie can get ahead by eating with," she said acidly. "So I suppose we'll just struggle along." Smugness in Carol gave way to triumph, and Mrs. Skinner strained for something further to say. Short of abuse, there was nothing.

Unfortunately, the tapering-off process involves the infliction of a number of small cuts far more painful in the aggregate than an outright major operation. The hearty regrets of the Dexters at not seeing the Skinners oftener were, from the anaesthetic viewpoint, miserably inadequate. "That man is a climber, like Jack with the beanstalk," said Mrs. Skinner vindictively. And it was scarcely consoling to reflect that for a time theirs had been the role of the beanstalk. When, after months, Carol and Dex phoned them a Sunday afternoon invitation to Sunday night supper, they debated, while Charlie held his hand over the mouthpiece, whether to accept. They did, and were further mortified to realize that Sunday night supper was the remains of a Saturday night dinner to which others had been asked. Carol told several anecdotes whose point was that they involved persons of prominence; and, at the end of the evening, she offered Mrs. Skinner the gift of a dress with a rip. The guests, homeward bound, told each other that their cup had run over.

Mr. Worden's daughter was to

"Whew! What a job trying to get twelve jurors who haven't formed any opinion on the case"

be married. In the city it would be the major social event of the year. To the personnel of Jessop and Worden it seemed the occurrence of a lifetime. For weeks the affair was discussed with bated breath. Groups in washrooms debated the probable cost of the wedding, whether or not it was actuated by true love, its ultimate success, and, finally, what gift the employees should send. From these discussions Dex remained smilingly aloof. In the first place, it scarcely befitted the skyrocket of the place to gossip with the rank and file; in the second, not for him the anonymity of an uncredited percentage in a group present.

The Dexters' gift would be from themselves alone, simple, tasteful, and—Dex frowned a little—expensive. "Never be cheap when it shows," he said. "It makes the big boys laugh at you, and then you're finished. I've seen that once at the office. The poor guy who tried to save a dollar is stuck right where he is for life." Dex smiled with satisfaction. "Yes," he continued, "I think we'd be expected to do something by ourselves." Carol smiled happily. It was a lesson she had herself taught Dex, to do important things with conspicuous expense. If a stepping stone to the next promotion was a wedding present, then a fine present it must be.

"Maybe Skinner has something we might take. With our discount, we could make it really fine," said Dex reflectively.

"I wonder if they're feeling friendly. She's seemed—queer."

"Ask them to dinner. After all, there are things we can do for them. I know Skinner would like to be chairman of the Community Chest Drive. It would give him prestige, might even help him in a business way. I could swing it for him."

The dinner to which Carol and Dex invited the Skinners was simple, but the host and hostess were very charming. Not in some time had they sounded so sincere as, protesting they had missed their friends, they did that night. Mrs. Skinner suspected that she had been uncharitable, and Charlie was completely won over, even before Dex spoke of his idea about the chairmanship.

"I'd like that," he said, his eyes glowing.

"Then I'll campaign for you," Dex said expansively. "Better to have the impetus come from someone other than yourself." Charlie nodded appreciatively.

By the time Carol told them about Worden's daughter, it would have been petty indeed of the Skinners to suspect anything. "Well, say," exclaimed Charlie, "why not get something from me? Your discount still holds—fifty per cent!"

Dex and Carol's gratitude was most touching.

On their way home, Charlie said: "I've sometimes thought Dex was cold-blooded. But it's just that he likes people to get ahead and knows how they should manage it. Not just himself—his friends, everybody." Mrs. Skinner agreed, wondering if Charlie's consistent lack of any but the most moderate success didn't embitter her.

Dex campaigned wholeheartedly on his friend's behalf. Incidentally, he met some important people, and they seemed taken with him. It had its compensations, he reflected, this business of doing something for a friend. He reported progress to Charlie, who, as the day approached for the naming of the chairman, was seized by an almost ridiculous excitement.

The campaign ended, strangely, in Dex's being awarded the honor in question. The important people liked him more than he had supposed. To the stricken Charlie he was embarrassed, bewildered and apologetic. To Carol he was smilingly rueful. This new position, coupled with a fine wedding gift, would bring his promotion nearer than had seemed possible. As for Skinner: "Some people just haven't got the stuff of success in them. That's all there is to that. You may like them, but you're wasting energy if you try to help them."

Shortly after, Dex came alone to Skinner's shop. Carol, who had planned to help in the selection of the gift, had belatedly been appointed co-hostess at a charity bridge. "I thought," Dex said benignly, "that instead of buying a fancy label in the city, I'd patronize a home boy."

Charlie forced a smile. After all, it had not been the understanding that this favor was contingent upon that which had not materialized.

Dex's eye wandered to a large and expensive-looking crystal bowl which, filled with flowers, stood shining in the window. He asked its price.

"It arrived in two pieces," Charlie reminded him. "I told you about it at the time. They're propped together, and the flowers hide the crack. I use it for displays."

"Sure, I forgot." Dex wandered

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"Are you over 21?"

King of the Keester Bugs

Rev. Herbert Emerson Wilson brought flair and science to the art of safe-cracking until his forced retirement

by DEAN JENNINGS

• ARTICLE •

When the world some day recognizes the delicate artistry of professional sinning, and erects a Hall of Infamy for America's giants of crime, there will certainly be a niche reserved for the Rev. Herbert Emerson Wilson.

Maybe two niches—one for his able hallelujahs (Amen to that, brother) and one for his talents with burglar tools (may they rest in little pieces).

In an age of crass and vulgar misdeeds, such as rolling drunks, rough stickups and cheap skull crackings, the villainous immortality of the Rev. Wilson is forever secure. Just thinking about it, in fact, is apt to wring sentimental tears and nostalgic quivers from the toughest flatfoot who every swung a rubber hose.

If you have ever tried to crack the company safe on a dull Saturday afternoon around post time, or even coveted the combination to the baby's bank, you will appreciate Wilson's monumental skill in a lost art. For this uncanny gentleman was the pioneer and peer of all safe-crackers, a colossus still discussed with reverence wherever retired petemen yearn for a nitro cocktail.

Not so long ago, just before his death, the late Captain of Detectives Duncan Matheson of San Francisco read that Wilson was due to be graduated from San Quentin Prison.

"Ah," said Captain Matheson almost tenderly, "there was a man. Wilson was the only real 'mastermind' criminal of this century, and caused the police more worry than half a dozen men. He succeeded simply because he had brains."

A review of Wilson's box score in six years of prowling, suggests that perhaps Captain Matheson understated the facts. The records show that Wilson and his gang extracted some 10,000,000 dollars in cash, securities and miscellaneous goods from safes in a dozen states, including a memorable raid on an eastern university. This is a lot of geetus for a mob that didn't believe in using rods, or any other uncouth system. It was this same gang, Wilson said once with professional pride, that kicked over nine safes in one night, a world's record in the trade.

In some ways, however, these strictly financial coups seem almost microscopic in the shadow of Rev. Wilson's personal triumphs.

For example, he is credited with inventing a super soup, some of which, unfortunately, was bought and used by the terrorists who perpetrated the Wall Street bomb horror in 1920. Wilson was deeply grieved that his favorite explosive, intended only for stubborn steel, was put to such an unrefined use, and he later made an honest but futile effort to help the Pinkertons catch the bomb gang. Wilson also invented several ingenious burglar tools, a pin-point spotlight for examining safe tumblers, and an asbestos apron for his torch. He always regretted he couldn't protect these gadgets with patents, particularly when lesser yeggs appropriated his ideas and were caught *flagrante delicto*, thus wising up the dicks.

Crime historians have made the further discovery that Wilson had a genius for patiently casing a job, often spending from three to six months on the build-up and employing some astonishing techniques. He plotted his crimes as carefully as he once wrote his salvation sermons, which partly accounts for the fact that during six years of big-time operation Wilson never suffered the indignity of having his teeth kicked out by thoughtless gendarmes. In fact, he was frankly disdainful of policemen and their methods, and had no rapport with them until the unhappy day when he was forcibly retired.

In one of the last letters I received from him, Wilson referred to one of his major capers in Detroit, and said in his starched rhetoric:

"You know, there is a certain kick in sitting back, as it were, and observing methods employed by police in their wild endeavor to apprehend the perpetrators of safe and vault robberies. . . ."

There is no doubt that the bulls who yaffled the Rev. Herbert Wilson likewise found a certain kick in sitting back, as it were, and observing their favorite soup artist doing the book in stir.

Herbert Wilson was not destined for a career as the world's master cracksman.

He was born in London, Ontario, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wilson. His father was a prosperous but introspective chemist, and secretly hoped that his first offspring would wind up in the pulpit. But the elderly gent sometimes doubted the ultimate outcome and, according to Herb himself, wanted to make sure. One afternoon he placed an apple, a Bible and a dollar bill on a table—a corny but supposedly reliable test—and waited to see whether the boy would be, respectively, a farmer, a cleric or a financier. Wilson says he stuffed the long green into his pocket, chewed on the apple and gave the good Book the once-over.

The elder Wilson's reaction was brief and apoplectic: "The kid's a damn hog!" he said.

Nevertheless, after appropriate family persuasion, young Herbert Wilson enrolled as a student in the seminary at McMinnville, Oregon. In due time the young man completed his studies and was ordained by the Rev. Myron Haynes, former pastor of the First Baptist Church in Chicago. Equipped with a solemn frock coat, a box of batwing collars and some neat black bow ties, the Rev. Wilson sailed out into the world to beat the stuffings out of the devil. The place was Brownsville, Oregon, where even now there are probably patriarchs in the First Baptist Church who remember their young pastor—with shudders.

But Wilson was a good preacher. He says so himself.

He had a pedantic command of words and he could toss them with unerring aim, like Slingin' Sammy Baugh, at any willing receiver in the congregation. There were quite a few, particularly some of the pretty young dames in the back row, and often he found his mind wandering from the collection plate. During one of these lapses Wilson married one of his charming parishioners, and was subsequently transferred to the First Baptist Church in East San Diego.

Wilson has never had, even for himself, a satisfactory explanation of the alchemy which stripped off his ecclesiastical skin.

Perhaps there were too many buttons in the Sunday take. Perhaps he took a gander at his monthly pay check the same day one of his honest and humble flock bought a new Cadillac. He doesn't really know. He says he lost faith in his teachings. In any case, there was Lucifer right behind him, shoving like a subway halfback, with pleasant obbligatos from an earthly assistant, one Lou Harris, a fair-to-middling safe-cracker. Wilson's younger brother, Louis, introduced the two men in Toledo, where the cleric had gone after putting his halo in storage.

Toledo in those days, says Wil-

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of GeGe Willar

Although this auburn-haired beauty was christened Gladys when she showed up as seventh of the Willar children in Marlboro, Massachusetts, it was obvious from the beginning that this was a mistake. Her family tagged her "Sunny" and she had a variety of nicknames in her childhood and early modeling days in Boston. On her first assignment in New York, the photographer shook his head at the Gladys and then, with crackling inspiration, dubbed her GeGe, which has stuck with her ever since, being somehow just right for her effervescence and nose-wrinkling charm.

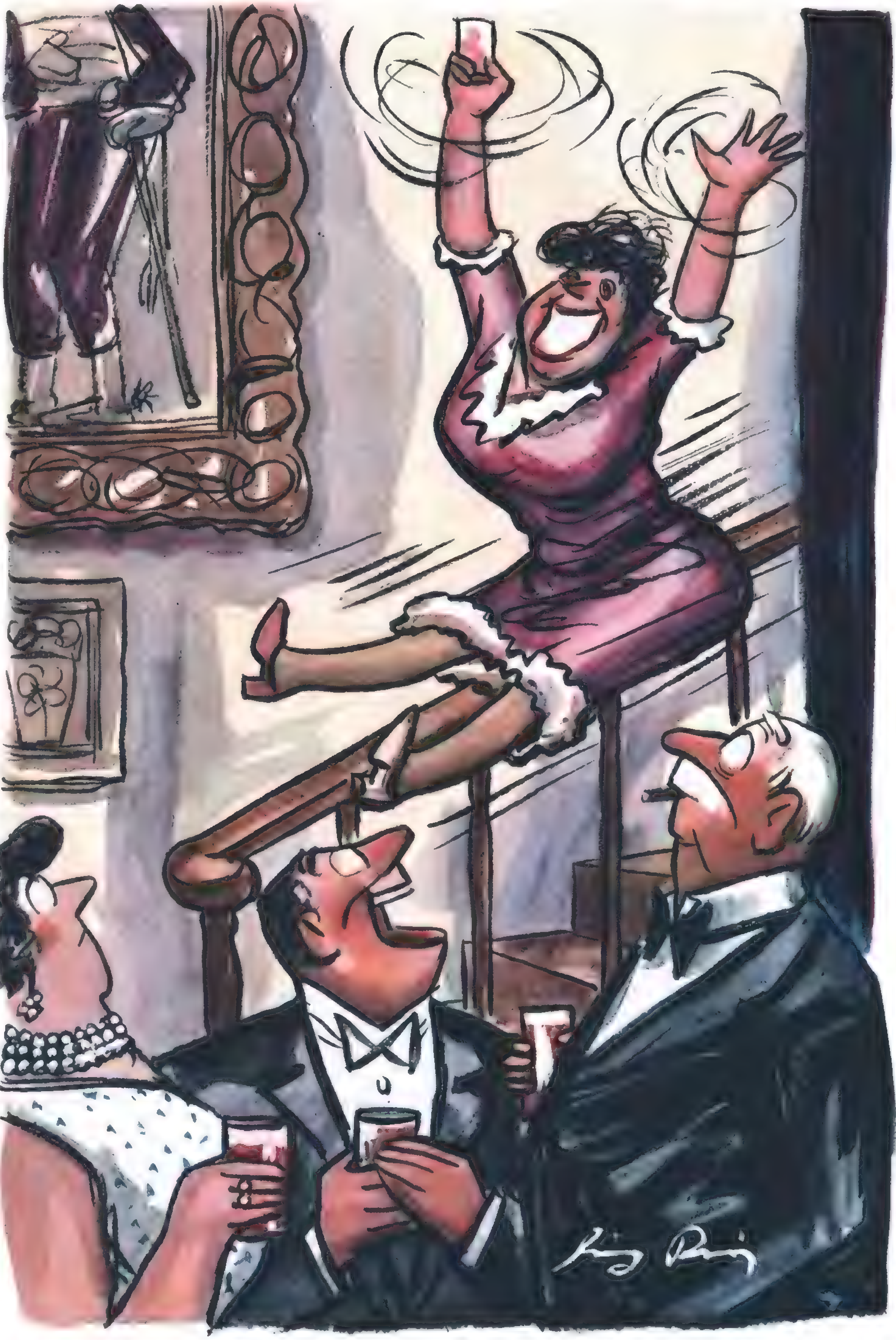
GeGe's a typical New Englander with her down-to-earthiness and her love for antique furniture, punctuality and real Maine lobsters. But she has none of the traditional frostiness, being as forthright and informal as her freckles. "I can't stand people who put on airs," she says, "and I just laugh at them until they act natural—which is usually pretty nice."

When only fourteen (but looking seventeen) GeGe represented New England in Hollywood's world-wide *Search for Beauty*. She remembers she was much more impressed at the time with the famous stars she met than she was with the idea that she herself was "in the movies." Her future ambitions lead to radio and television.

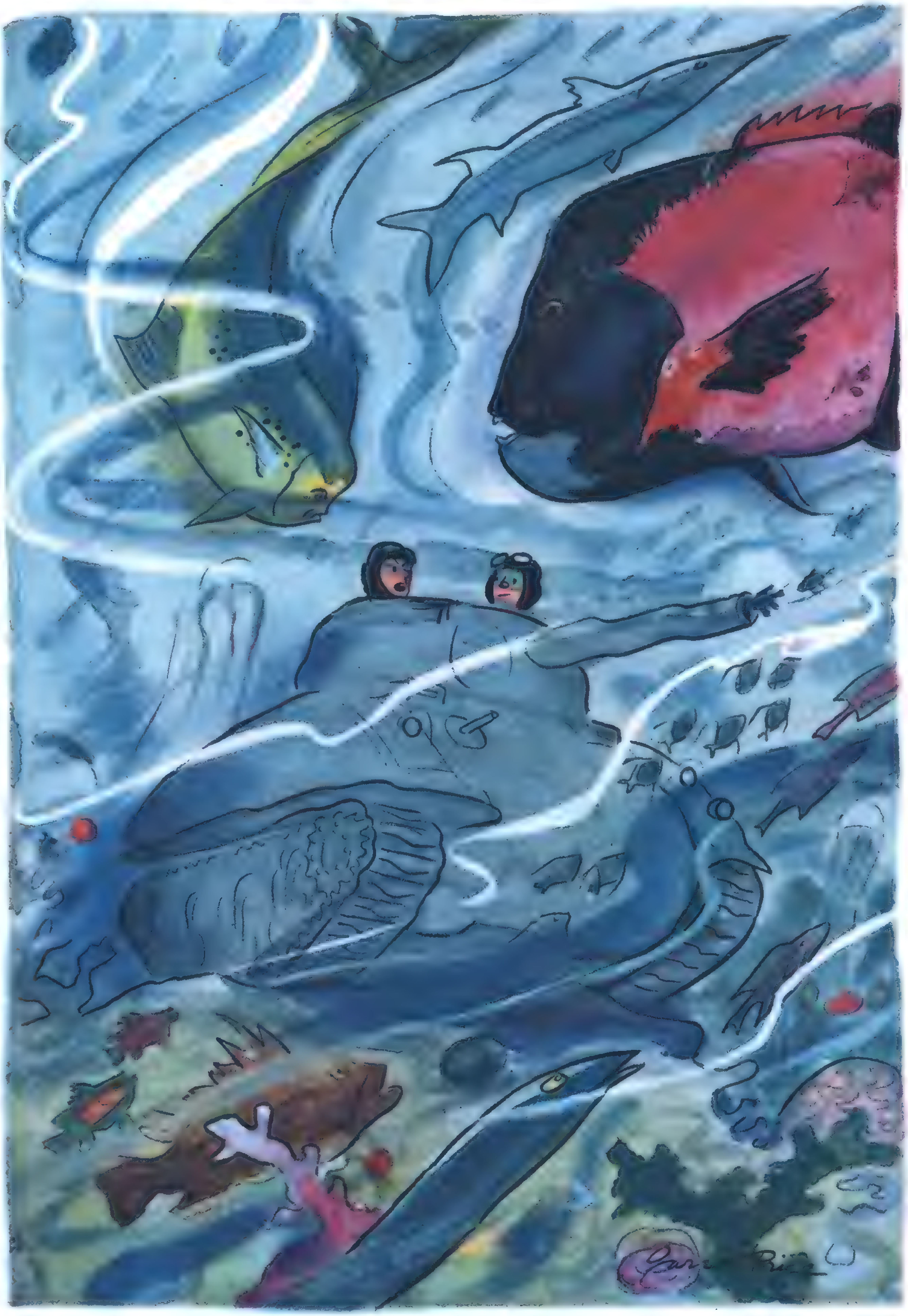
Miss Willar on Men: "Most bachelors really want to get married, but they become so critical that they often prevent themselves from recognizing their dream girl. They don't take the trouble to discover what a girl is really like. They seem to think it's up to the girl to convince *them*. Contrary to the usual idea, I think men are more apt to carry a torch for a former love than a girl is. Anyway, they're less adept at disguising it—which can be a little annoying if you don't happen to be the former love. In fact, men are pretty bad actors in private life. They might as well stick to the truth, because they never fool a woman. But if she's smart, she never let's them know it."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Society of Models; *Height:* 5'7" with shoes; *Weight:* 115 lbs.; *Bust:* 33; *Waist:* 23; *Hips:* 34.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER



"Well, I see Emily's one up on us"



“You’re right—the other was the amphibious one”

The Rumba Is Not Alone

Well-meaning, ill-informed neighbors to the north should also consider the *Cueca, Marinera, Pasillo* and *Danza*

by JOSÉ MANZANARES

▪ARTICLE▪

THERE'S no rule against it, but I'm sure no swing band in the States ever peered through the steam and froth of its hottest number to see half the couples on the dance floor solemnly executing a Viennese waltz.

Yet this sort of thing happens to a Latin-American band every night in the week. Well-meaning Americans who really like Latin dances and think they are doing them, request a "slow rumba," though there is no such thing. They dance foxtrot steps to rumba music. They compose steps to conga music which have never been danced farther overseas than the Brooklyn bridge. A dance-band leader has a gutta-percha skin and the philosophy of an earthworm. Such requests only add one more drop to his cup of sorrow. But other Latins—the gentleman from Argentina, for example, who is told the orchestra is about to play "a conga from Buenos Aires"—find the Good Neighbor Policy sticking in their throats. No Latin-American republic is going to break any trade agreements or send home any ambassadors because radio announcers in the United States talk about Brazilian tangos and Argentine rumbas, but such *faux pas* certainly can help to cool off a good international friendship.

So far as Americans are concerned, there are four Latin-American dances: the rumba, the conga, the tango and the samba. The rumba is "kind of fast"; the conga is "the dance with the one-two-three-kick"; the samba is "that new dance from Brazil"; and the tango is "that slow music" they don't know how to dance at all. If this were willful ignorance I would simply pack up my guitar and steal silently south. But it isn't. Americans are the best dancers in the world. They execute South American dances very well, considering that they learned them from other Americans. But they have never been told that each dance is different; that each has a different pantomime, a different pattern of kicks, shakes and wiggles and different proportions of hot and cold.

Furthermore, Americans assume that all four dances come from all Latin-American countries from the Rio Grande down. But each dance—and I could name from twenty to twenty-five which are danced *all* the time in their home countries and very little elsewhere—was born in a certain definite area and is peculiar to that area. The Argentine tango, for example, is often danced in Mexico City, but it is still the Argentine tango, just as definitely as chicken gumbo belongs to New Orleans whether you eat it in Seattle or the Bronx. The various national dances are as old as the Andes. Many of the tunes they are danced to are 2,000 years old. They are as deeply imbedded in the history of the country and they are as real an expression of that country's breath and pulse as North American hillbilly songs, which were brought to the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee some 300 years ago and have never left, as the Negro rhythms imported into the States with the first load of African slaves. Like the best American jazz, the best South American popular music is based on century-old rhythms and equally old folk tunes.

Because its roots go deep, Latin-American dance music is no fad, any more than African syncopation, or melodies like the Londonderry Air, or the lilting three-quarter time of a waltz are fads. Of course there is some popular music in South America which is in one ear and gone tomorrow, but the percentage is very small. Latin music would not have been increasingly popular in the United States for the past ten years if Americans had not felt in it the same primitive and basic qualities which are present in *Tiger Rag*, derived from *Praline*, that favorite tune of New Orleans in the nineties, and absent from this week's topnotcher on the Hit Parade.

Latin-American music started as a drum beat and gradually added melody and the instruments to play it. The music was "primitive," yes, since it was played on two or three handmade instruments in only a few keys—but it was just about as primitive as a very solid jazz trio. Inca musicians played a sort of snare drum called an "ayarache," a series of flutes called "quenas," made with human tibia, and a harp hollowed from the trunk of a tree and strung with leather thongs. For special melodic effects, they hummed into—but never beat—sea shells and jugs suspended from a horizontal stick. Syncopation was their daily trick.

If you beat out a rhythm on a drum—any drum, from a hollow log to an enamel dishpan—someone is always going to stamp his feet to it, and that's how Latin-American dancing began. It started as front-man for rhythm and it has never changed. The first Indian dance was the "huayno," which added chants and romantic stories to the rhythm and thereby dignified it as "music." The ancient Inca empire, called Tihuantisuyo, was the real home of the "huayno" and therefore more or less the real home of the earliest South American music and dance. Tihuantisuyo covered Peru, part of Ecuador including Quito, Bolivia, the north of Chile and also the far north of Argentina. Cuzco, situated in southern Peru, is still one of the wonders of that ancient civilization. The "huayno" was the traditional religious dance dedicated to the Emperor, and danced in the Temple of the Sun by the temple virgins, or "nustas."

Inca music was seventy-five per cent blues, primarily because the people who played it had very little to be happy about. They lived under one of the cruelest totalitarian regimes in history. Their music was a lament; it described the unhappiness they were forbidden to express otherwise.

The Spanish conquerors brought a new type of enslavement, but they also brought their own music and rhythm. South American music had always been played in two-quarter time; Spanish music introduced the "jota," in three-quarter time. The South American Indians borrowed it only to doctor it; they played it in six-eight time, because they liked the faster tempo. But the melodies, the color, the story of misery and oppression, were their own. Once it went west, Spanish music was about as recognizable as *Coming Through the Rye* would be, if played by the Hot Club of France.

Of course the ancient Indian melodies and rhythms were put on a Procrustean bed in every country they were played in, and either retarded, speeded, saddened, or lightened, according to the tastes of the different peoples. Gradually the music and dances gained a definite national character, though most of them still used (and do today) the same old basic rhythms and tempos. Each country has its own case history.

Brazil, for example, was greatly influenced by the Negros who moved into the Caribbean and settled along the tropical coasts of the continent. Indian plus Spanish plus African rhythms

Continued on page 118

LADY ON THE FENCE

Marilyn Buferd, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

SHE'S nineteen, has big blue eyes, is five feet, eight inches tall, and has a figure that speaks for itself! She's Michigan-born Marilyn Buferd who ankled into Schwab's Drug Store on Hollywood Boulevard in search of a soda. On adjacent stools sat Photographer Henry Waxman and Columnist Sid Skolsky. Said Sid, who knows everybody, "Marilyn, meet Henry. He'll put your picture in Esquire." Marilyn said, "You'll have to ask Mama." Mom said "Yes," and so the next day Marilyn cut classes at U.C.L.A. and brought along her bathing suit. The picture is pretty, as everyone can see for himself, and there was a lot of talk to the effect that Marilyn should try for the movies. "I'm too tall to reach celluloid heights," insisted modest Marilyn, "but I'd love to visit a studio." So it was arranged for her to visit her Dream Prince of all stars, Paul Henreid, on his set at Warner Brothers. But when Paul played a scene with his back to the camera, Marilyn was so upset that she cried out in loud protest, "Oh, he'll never get anywhere that way!" Henreid heard, and thought that anyone who could give such sound advice should have a chance to practice what she preached, so a screen test was arranged. "I'm on the fence," says Marilyn, "about marriage and a career. If it should turn out that my height is not a handicap and that I can really act, I'd like to do light comedy, but if I'm a failure, there always is light housekeeping." On men, the big gal from Michigan knows what she wants. The guy must be able to cook, especially foreign food, particularly Mozzerella. He must be tall, artistic (Marilyn draws well), dance beautifully and swim like a fish. And he must like to talk because Marilyn holds the long-winded, long-distance championship, eight hours on the phone at one uninterrupted stretch . . . "he was helping me with my homework," says she by way of explanation! Talk's a good thing, says she. Brooding is bad, but facility of articulation helps accentuate the positive in a person and it accelerates the possibilities of profundity. Which, says Marilyn, means it helps a chick to click!

PHOTOGRAPH BY WAXMAN

Little Three Fires and the Coyote

The Indian boy believed every creature in nature was his brother, and he had yet to experience the meaning of fear

by ROBERT NORMAN HUBNER

FICTION

IN the village of Tepoztlán lived a Nahuatl Indian boy whose name was Three Fires. Like many of the people of his race, he was quiet, dignified and beautiful. He was the son of a poor *campesino* named Placid One.

Three Fires and his father often went swimming together in the little river. Here the flowering tabuchin strews the water with red and lavender blossoms, bougainvillea climbs and, amidst the volcanic stones, wild violets grow. Overhead, in the sweet-smelling Mexican cypress, red canaries dance along the limbs and sing, and the flute-throated *jilgueros* dip to the pool for insects.

Beyond the stream rise the pink-tinted cliffs of Tepoztlán, and behind the shoulders of the mountains the sky turns at sunset to saffron, lavender and gold.

In such surroundings of wisdom and solitude little Tresfuegos grew to love everything in nature, from the smallest insect to his father's big, black bull. Furthermore, he was possessed of a gift which set him apart from other children. He had the power to commune with all the things of nature. Once he said that he could hear music in the grass. While his father was swimming, Tresfuegos put his ear down to the ground.

"What are you doing?" asked his father.

"I am listening to the grasses," said Three Fires. "They make music while they grow."

Plácido smiled indulgently. When they got back to their cane-walled *jacal* that night he said to his wife Aurora, "The boy is a philosopher."

"Well, that's fine," said Aurora. "Now we have nothing more to worry about." She was a tall, stringy woman with a bird-like face and the voice of a frightened turkey.

Tresfuegos brought out a small jar with a number of insects in it. Plácido said, "Hmm-m-m, *jumiles*." He picked out a couple of the bugs and ate them alive, saying, "Good for the stomach and kidneys."

Three Fires ran out into the field with the rest of the insects and hid them under a pile of stones. That was the night he walked into the hut carrying a scorpion on the back of his hand. Aurora gave a scream and with her shawl swept the scorpion into the *brasero* where it was consumed by the glowing charcoal.

"Stupid idiot of an idiot!" the woman screamed at her son. "Do you want us all stung to death? Do you want us writhing on the ground in pain? Never, never touch the *alacrañes*. Do you hear me? Never!"

Plácido, sitting on his haunches in a corner of the *jacal*, said, "Don't get so excited, woman. The child probably knows what he is doing."

Tresfuegos could understand that his mother did not want him to pick up scorpions, but her fear of their stinging him to death made him wonder. People in the town said that *alacrañes* were dangerous, but he never had found them so. The people also said that there were certain snakes that would poison you with their bites. The children in the school would run away from him when he came into the yard carrying these reptiles, and Tresfuegos wondered why they were so afraid. He saw that people feared things, as he'd seen them run from vicious dogs or an angry bull, but though he realized the necessity for caution, he had yet to learn the meaning of fear.

So he stayed away from the scorpions and spent the spring days pursuing humming birds, doves and owls. When a humming bird would hover among the flowers, he would approach it very slowly with a drop of wild honey on his lip. After many days of trying, the bird finally came so near that Tresfuegos could feel the current of air from the whirring wings. This continued until the bird would take the honey without hesitation from the boy's lips.

He called to the doves, "*Cú, cú*." The big, gray owls floated down at his bidding, and the little killdeers that ran along the water's edge he enticed with grains of rice. During the summertime he crept noiselessly through the scrub mesquite and found the nests of field mice and rabbits, and these animals came to him and he could touch them.

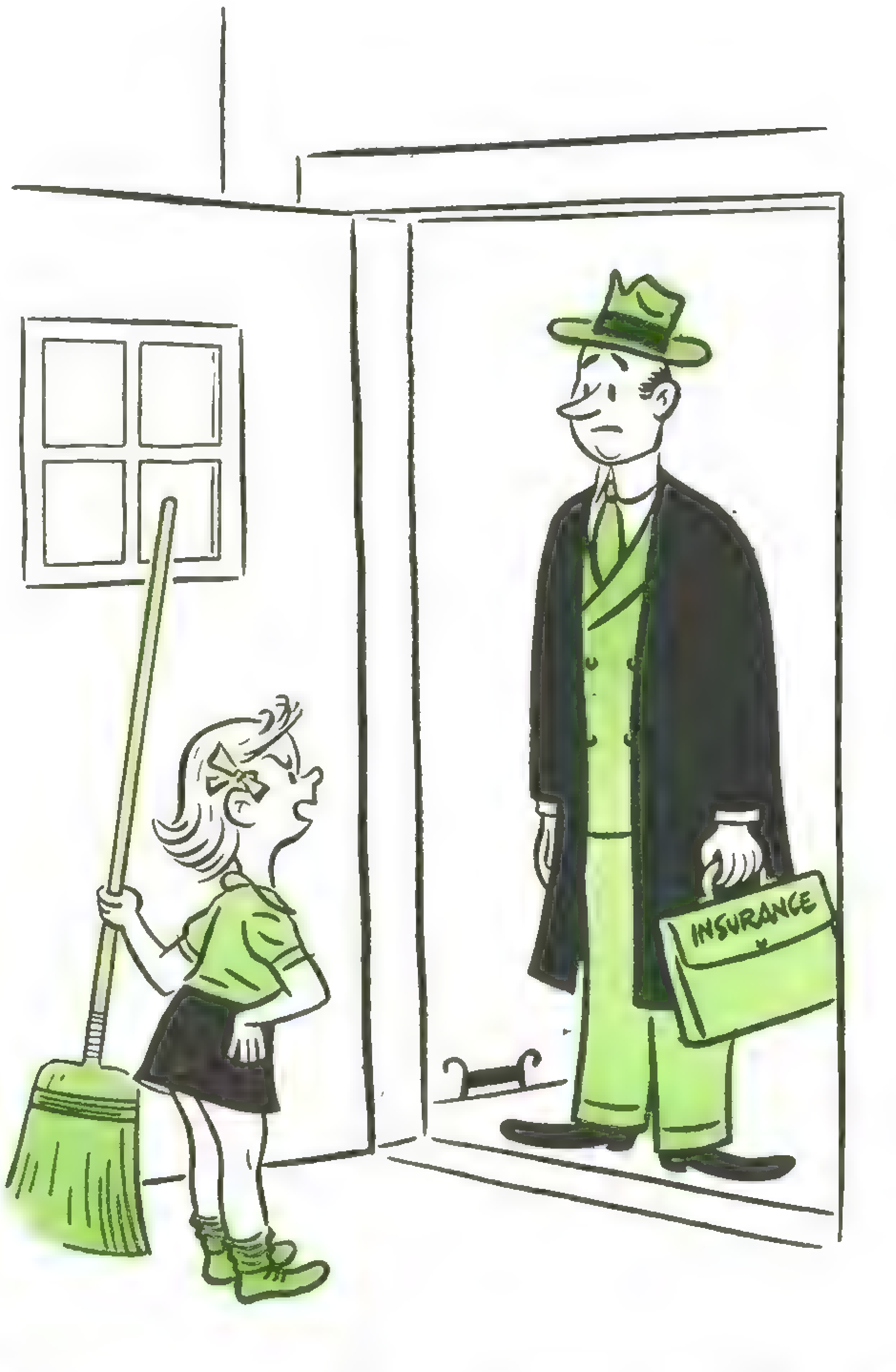
Then there were the coyotes, the wild dogs of the Ajusco Plateau, whose night-howling is so eerie that the people of Tepoztlán, sleeping on their mats in their cane huts, pull their blankets up around their ears. Many nights little Three Fires would stay wide awake, on the mat beside his mother, with his ear to a break in the cane-stalk wall, listening for the far-off cry. He could tell the call of one coyote from another, and he could judge how far away they were.

One night a coyote came very close to the town, and this beast had such a plaintive note in his howl that it made Three Fires want to go out to him. The boy listened to the coyote for awhile, then he listened to the breathing of his mother, and he could hear the breathing of his father and the other children. His mother suddenly turned on her side, with her back to him, and groaned fitfully in her sleep. When the coyote howled again, Tresfuegos broke away part of the canestalks from the wall and slipped out into the night.

He ran down the dusty road in the papaya-colored moonlight, then he cut across a great field, strewn with sharp, volcanic stones, toward a knoll. At the top of this *loma*, dark against the sky, stood a coyote.

The boy got down on all fours and approached the beast slowly, cautiously, but completely without fear. When he came within a hundred yards of it, the animal sensed his presence. But the boy made a noise with his mouth such as coyotes might do when coming near to one another. So the beast did not run away.

The boy crept forward steadily, keeping his eyes on the animal and feeling his way over the sharp stones, until he came within ten feet of it. The wild dog walked around him in a wide circle and looked at him curiously. He stuck out his muzzle and sniffed the air. He barked a couple of times and whined, but mostly he merely seemed to be puzzled about this



"Well, don't just stand there, stupid—I said I was the lady of the house—let's hear your pitch!"

strange human-scented animal which walked on four feet and made noises like the beasts of his own kind.

After watching the coyote for a long while, Tresfuegos crept back to the base of the knoll and crossed the fields back to the hut of his family. When he got near the *jacal*, he saw his mother come out holding a lighted candle-lantern, followed by Plácido, who was pulling on his trousers and cursing his wife for having disturbed his slumber. When Aurora saw the boy coming up the road, she screamed at him:

"Fuegos! *Válgame Dios!* What are you doing out there in the road?"

"I have been to see the coyote."

"What?" The woman's strident voice pierced the night. "You have been to see the coyote? What kind of talk is that? Get into that hut before I thrash you! Running out into the night like a wild beast. Get into that hut!"

"Quiet, woman, quiet," said Plácido. "The boy is back. Why wake up the countryside?"

"Now what is this about the coyote?" demanded Aurora when the three were back in the tiny dwelling, with the other children awake and now sitting up.

"Let me talk to him," Plácido interrupted. "Tell me, son; where have you been?"

Tresfuegos said without hesitation, "I have been out in the field watching a coyote. He was big, and I could see the moonlight in his eyes."

"Did you get close to him?"

"Not very close," said the boy. "But I know this one. I know his howl. Next time I will be able to get closer to him."

"Next time!" screamed Aurora. "Next time? Listen, *chamaco*, there isn't going to be a next time. You keep away from that coyote, all coyotes, do you hear me? Do you know what the coyote is? He is the dog of the devil. He will kill you and suck the blood out of your neck."

"Now don't frighten the child to death," said Plácido.

"I am not frightened," said Three Fires.

"Of course you are not," said Plácido. "Now go to sleep."

But Three Fires did not sleep for a long time, as his mother kept tossing and groaning, and thus lying awake he thought about what she had said: "Dog of the devil. He will kill you. You keep away from the coyote, all coyotes."

The next morning when Plácido went into the village she harangued the boy further, saying, "I am telling you, young one, if you ever get up in the night and go coyote spying again, I will thrash the breath out of you. Do you understand me? I am telling you for your own good. It is a dangerous thing for a child like you to go near a coyote. Don't you know that? Have you no fear?"

Fear. Tresfuegos repeated it to himself. Fear? How was one to tell? How was one to learn about fear? His mother made it sound like something that he should have. He wondered how it was acquired. There was one word that brought it closer to him. That was "kill." When his mother said, "He will kill you," he had felt for a moment a strange thrust in his heart and then he realized that if he were killed then he would be dead, and he wouldn't want to be dead because dead

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The Epic Ride of Casey Jones

The engineer sped through the flaming hills to perilous Death Gulch trestle

by **LAURENCE J. HATHAWAY**

• SEMI-FICTION •

William F. Jones, more generally known as "Casey," was walking on air. The Mountain & Valley Lumber Company had given him a new logging locomotive. The old geared engines were great pullers, but they were slow, and Casey had always dreamed of a fast engine.

His new Eclipse Duplex was a four-cylinder rod engine—and it was fast. Its job was to pick up loaded cars at the mountain logging camps and hustle them down to the mill in the valley at Sawdust Run.

It had been a dry summer, and everywhere were posted warnings about forest fire. Casey's superintendent, Webb, had additional water barrels placed on the big wooden trestle over Death Gulch, and he warned Casey to be constantly on watch.

One day when the wind shifted it brought a faint smell of wood-smoke, which grew ominously stronger. Finally a bluish haze filled the air. In the strong winds the fire got out of control, until, as it approached the camps, Wilkinson, the general manager of the lumber company, became concerned for the lives of his loggers. He called in five of the crews.

The two remaining camps, up at the head of the valley, were not in the path of the fire.

Then one morning the wind shifted and the fire raced back toward the head of the valley. Wilkinson rushed a message by plane to the foreman there, and told Casey to fill up with coal and water and couple onto a steel gondola for the hardest ride he had ever had. When the general manager climbed into the cab, Casey said: "No need for you coming, Mr. Wilkinson. McGrath and I will bring them back, if we can get through. Why take a chance for nothing?"

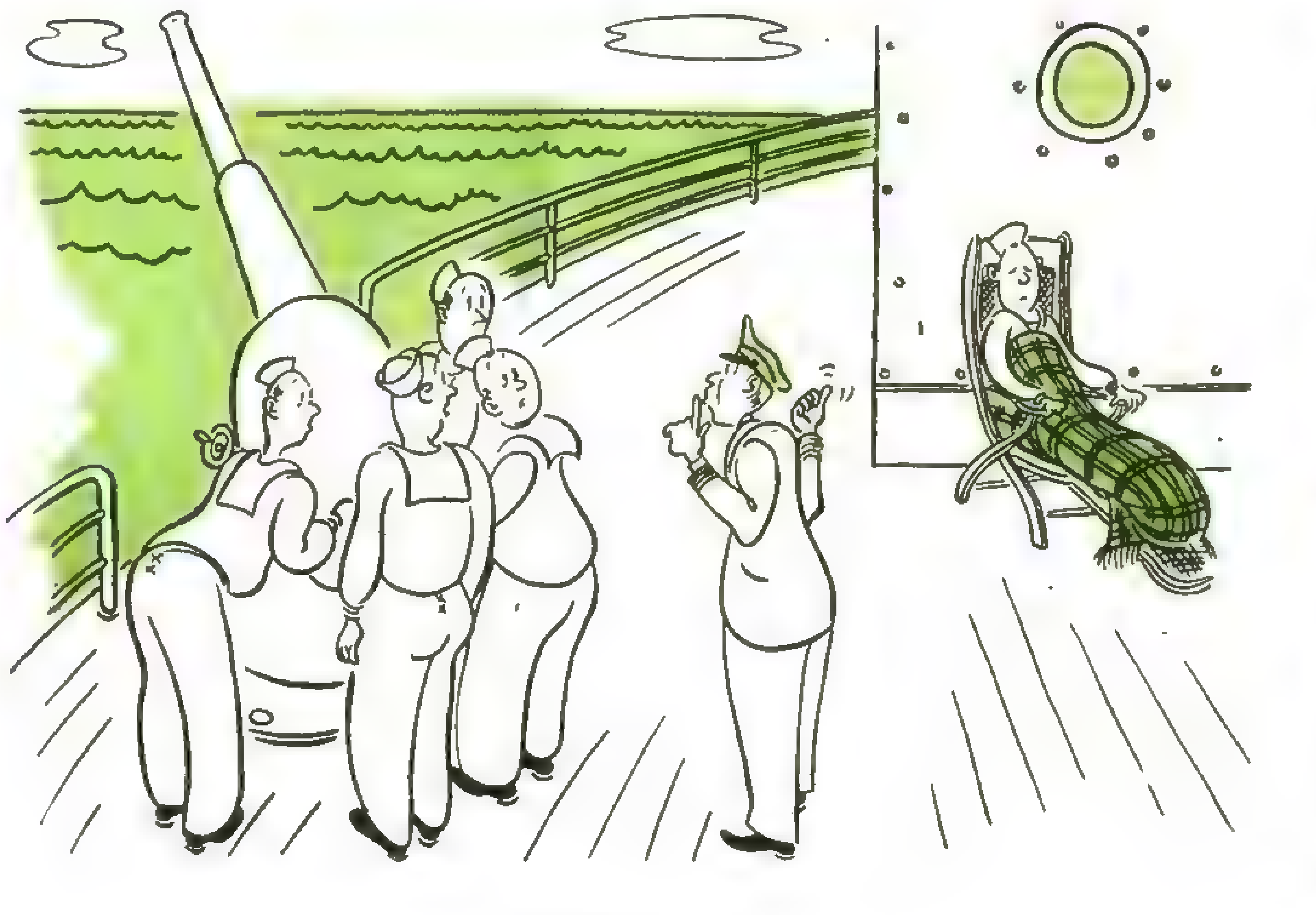
Wilkinson looked into the engineer's steady eyes. "Jones," he said simply, "I hope I will never ask another man to go anywhere that I am not willing to go myself."

They rolled up the narrow-floored valley spanned by twenty miles of almost straight track, with easy grades. As Casey opened up the swift-footed Duplex, the exhaust rose to a steady roar. McGrath was building his fire high at the back and sides, against the pull of the draught, and the smoke rushed low over the top of the cab. As Casey blew for a cattle crossing, mountaineers stopped to stare in open-mouthed wonder. Never before had such speed been seen in those hills.

Twenty miles up, the river crossed to the left side of the valley, and the track curved to the right. Casey eased the engine just a little for the spiraled curve, roared across the short timber bridge, swung left, and was straightened out up the valley again almost before Wilkinson realized it.

As the grades stiffened and Casey let out the cut-off, the cough of the engine grew sharp. McGrath never took his eyes from the steam and water.

When they came out of a curve, running as if from the devil himself, Casey closed the throttle. Ahead the track crossed the river again on a low trestle before entering The Gap, and they would take on water for grades to come.



"Shhhh!"

While the siphon filled the tank, Casey looked over his engine. As he climbed back inside, McGrath snatched in the hose. Casey glanced across at Wilkinson. The manager stared straight ahead, his face set in hard lines. A wind heavy with wood-smoke was blowing out of The Gap. Casey opened the throttle a notch, and they started to move. McGrath reached for his shovel.

Cutting through Ghost Canyon, beyond The Gap, the track was one reverse curve after another, and Casey took them with phenomenal speed.

As the engine roared out of the canyon, the air was blue with smoke, and mountain tops blazed in the distance; the men strained their eyes for the first glimpse of Death Gulch trestle—six hundred feet long and one hundred and twenty feet high. But fire had not yet touched the wooden structure and, as the track straightened, engine and car took the span in one great stride.

At the end of the track, far up in the mountains, spurs led off on either side to the logging camps. MacDonald and Sorensen, the two foremen, had assembled their men at the junction. Each man had a blanket. As the fires raged closer, the loggers strained for the first sound of the engine down the valley. One of them who had gone ahead raised a sudden shout. Engine and car had flashed around a bend, to disappear again. The man hurried back. "Casey's comin'!" he yelled. "I seen him at Singin' Branch—an' is he burnin' the rails!"

Above the roar of the fire, as it topped the ridge and started

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Earl Wilson: The Midnight Earl

Scorning to fill his column with the usual press agent guff, he digs out his own gossip, delivers it straight

by PAUL GREENE & WILLIAM BURTON

• ARTICLE •

EARL WILSON, the night-life columnist for the New York *Post* and many hinterland papers, is, in the opinion of clinicians who devote themselves to the study of Gotham's mazda fauna, the freshest gossip reporter in a decade—and you can take that two ways.

Nothing is sacred to Wilson, a pudgy little thirty-eight-year-old 4-F who refers to himself as the Midnight Earl. Readers think he is screamingly funny, when, for example, he interviews a Hollywood celluloid goddess and bluntly records her ungrammatical and incoherent utterances with photographic fidelity. The victims, however, are frequently reduced to something short of gaiety when they see their verbatim remarks in print, and sometimes experience an overwhelming desire to punch Wilson in the nose.

With his tongue in his cheek, Wilson pushes his upholstered frame through night clubs, hotel suites and sundry other places sixteen hours in twenty-four for column fodder. He has a slightly mad slant and goes in for such assorted revelations as the fact that Carole Landis has bowlegs, that Charles Boyer sports a toupee, and that sitting on a seat still warm from having held the posterior of the Duke of Windsor is no different from sitting on a seat just vacated by an individual of common blood.

In his own defense against charges that his six-times-weekly column, *It Happened Last Night*, is audacious and often vulgar, Wilson points out that he is at least one hundred per cent accurate. It is not his fault, he says, that celebrities fall shy of their custom-built reputations.

Wilson is the leading exponent, if not the originator, of a new school of journalism which holds that few remarks, however intimate, made by a person being interviewed are to be regarded in confidence or off the record. Christine Ayres, the actress, once told something to Wilson in confidence, hastening to admonish him, "Don't write that, you rat." Wilson went right ahead and printed the restricted remark, which had to do with Miss Ayres' anatomy, and also duly recorded the actress' description of him.

Wilson, who once taught in a Methodist Sunday School in Ohio but who now assumes the title of Saloon Editor of the *Post*, has a round, open face and a deceptively unobtrusive manner. His backstairs approach causes public-eye personages, chorines, cabbies and bartenders, to open up to him. When they see themselves looking truthfully ridiculous in Wilson's column, their initial reaction is shock that the sober, self-effacing little interviewer has turned out to be a hatchet man.

Students of café society agree that Wilson begins where other celebrity interviewers leave off. The Midnight Earl ignores the canned biographical data on the person he is interviewing and, laughing up his sleeve, asks highly personal, frequently embarrassing questions on the not-unreasonable theory that the public is interested in the answers.

Recently he began interviewing a celebrated male Hollywood charmer by asking, in effect, "Tell me, sir, how is the wolfing busines ?" Wilson doesn't expect to get replies to these questions, and considers it fortunate if he avoids being tossed out on his ear; but he does get over the answer to his readers by faithfully recording the degree of evasiveness to a question or by detailing a revelatory reaction.

Many celebrities have wised up to the danger of being interviewed by the Midnight Earl. The result is that certain sensitive ladies and gentlemen of prominence flatly refuse to see him.

Like other newspapermen, Wilson reacts to hard-to-get people by persistently pursuing them. He once assigned himself to interview the elusive Garbo, and, failing to get an appointment, proceeded to make her life miserable by following her around New York. He trailed her into shops and asked her such stock questions as whether she were going to marry a health expert with whom her name had been linked.

Wilson—an Ohio State man—fell heir to his job due to the manpower shortage, following an undistinguished rewrite and reportorial career in New York, Washington and Ohio. His interpretation of what constituted confidences during interviews, his selectivity of subject matter and his talent for undoing the work of press agents made New York—and, later, out-of-town—editors take notice. As Wilson himself might say, in his uninhibited way, some readers may regard him as a three-alarm stinker, but they never find him dull.

Lately Wilson's beat, which he refers to as the Booze Beat or Saloon Society, has broadened to include almost anything that strikes his fancy. He took in the national political conventions in Chicago last year but left the serious proceedings in other hands. He deliberately made a pest of himself with Clare Luce, and gathered such Ripleys as the fact that one journalist, owing to crowded hotels, had to pound out his dispatches on a typewriter set up on what Wilson described as the only utilitarian flat surface in the bathroom.

During a visit to Washington, Wilson, in addition to attending one of Evalyn Walsh McLean's formal soirees in baggy flannels, revealed himself a conscientious citizen by giving authorities first-hand information about taxi-driver bootleggers. His principal concern with the Senate was where Hattie Caraway, the lone woman Senator, went when she had use for a powder room. The columnist made much of his discovery that there is in existence a place called the Retiring Room for Senatorial Ladies, used by feminine Senators and wives of male statesmen.

Impressionable interviewers haven't been the same since Wilson began to pop their corn.

Wilson's habit of injecting himself into his column is funny to some, irritating to others. Some readers never know when he's on the level about himself or when he's burlesquing other columnists.

When he made the truthful statement he'd received the Headliners' Award for the best domestic column of the year, he added, with straight type, that he richly deserved the honor; and when the picture, *Wilson*, was released, he soberly announced that it had really been named after him.

Readers have noted that, by way of checking up on popular subjects, Wilson has seen Mae West in a state of dishabille and personally ascertained that another actress wears panties. This has led to the belief in naïve quarters that Wilson is a wolf who talks, and talks in print.

Actually, Wilson is devoted to his wife and two-year-old son, whom he calls Slugger. His wife, referred to in his column as B.W. (meaning beautiful wife), often accompanies him on assignments. Although he drinks sparingly, Wilson often pictures himself as staggering from assignment to assignment among the people he calls Booze Who.

As Wilson himself would say: that's Earl, brother. #

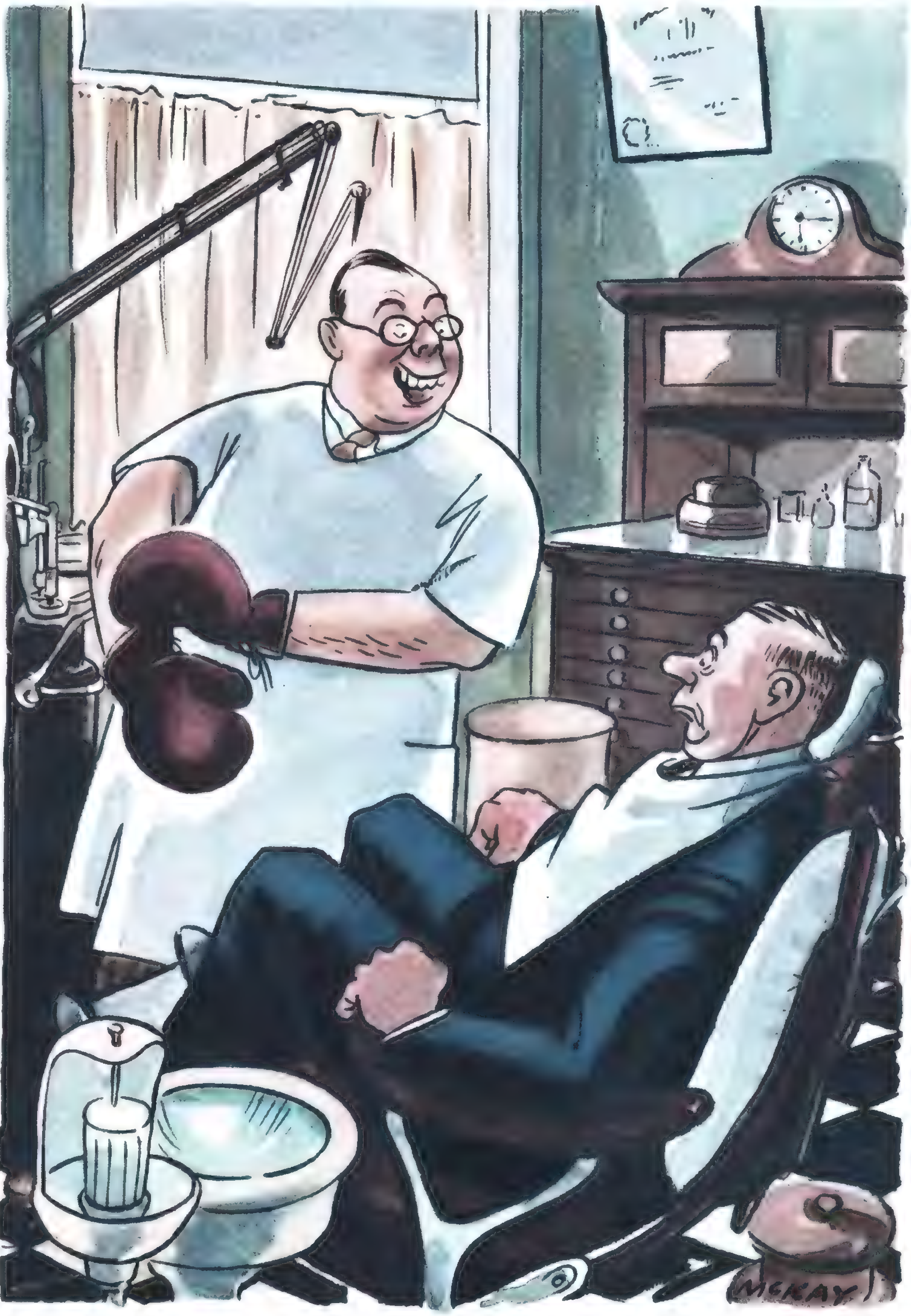
HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC ➧

Leave us face it, the ballet comes to *Duffy's Tavern*

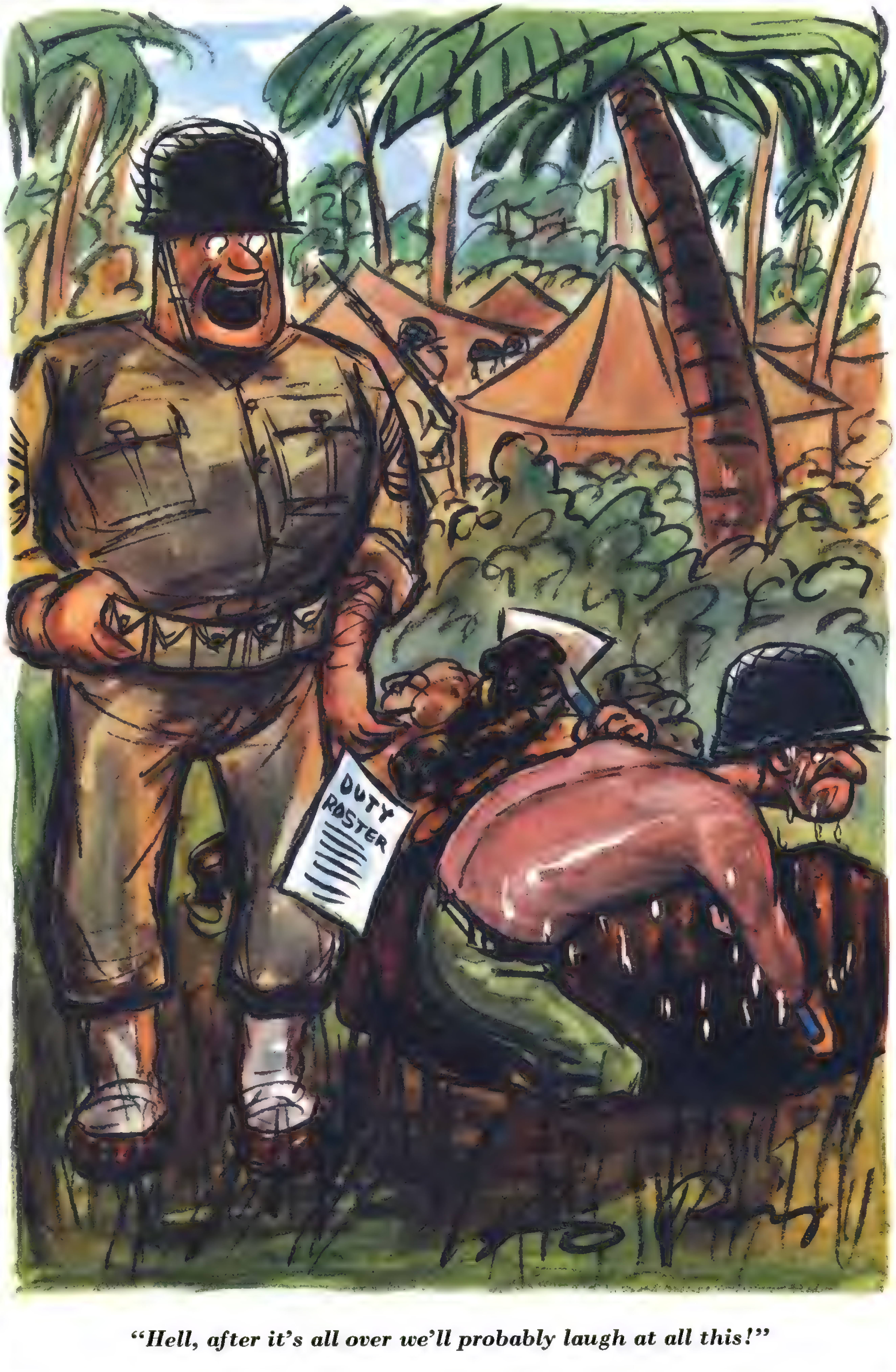
WHEN Johnny comes marching home again . . . he'll want to go places, get an eyeful and bark around a bit! That's the theme of the modern tap ballet cooked up by Choreographer Billy Daniels to spice Paramount's potpourri of *Duffy's Tavern*. The Johnny in the case is Johnny Coy who taps out Bill Robinson rhythms and makes fancy free with arabesques. Photographer Jack Koffman has kodachromed Johnny deciding that the Near East was never like this. Blonde Miriam Franklin, using her pull to halter him for the altar, enacts the part of the girl who won't be left behind. Explains Producer Danny Dare, the bright man who teamed Johnny and Miriam, and who believes in giving youth its cinematic chance to fling: "Many minds worked for months to create something new in motion-picture ballet. Behind it all are a lot of sweat, a lot of hopes and even a few tears." A designing gal, Mary K. Dodson, let a seam out of her imagination and did the costumes . . . musically, the score of Composer Jack Golden and Director-arranger Robert Emmett Dolan reflects a returned soldier's emotions, exuberant, sensual, martial and finally, marital. Backgrounds originated in the kaleidoscopically-colorful mind of Art Director William Flannery. But why a ballet in *Duffy's Tavern*? All Duffy fans knew anything can happen where "the elite meet to eat." Archie, the manager, (Ed Gardner) is there with his gang, Finnegan, Miss Duffy, Eddie the Waiter and an unrationed assortment of articulate illiterates. Archie gets himself into a jam and needs money or he'll go to jail. So he promotes a benefit and fast-talks a galaxy of Paramount stars into appearing at the Tavern. The ballet is part of the show and that's how it happens to be in the movie. Meanwhile Archie, dodging the law, also dodges Miss Duffy's romantic designs and tries to angle himself into a triangle with the glamorous Marjorie Reynolds. Busy as he is, he still takes time out to become involved in a drinking scene with Victor Moore which, "leave us face it," makes *The Lost Weekend* look like an afternoon tea.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK KOFFMAN

NTRANCE
WORLD'S
MOST DARING
SHOW
10¢
SECRETS OF THE HAREM



"Now we'll see if that pivot tooth is good and tight"



DUTY ROSTER

"Hell, after it's all over we'll probably laugh at all this!"

Central Park Rendezvous

Visitors in New York enjoy a carriage ride through Central Park, starting from the Plaza. The man on steps wears the twill worsted suit of grey-blue, broadcloth shirt, rayon tie, grey snap brim hat with tapered crown and black shoes. Second man wears etched striped flannel suit, repp tie, broadcloth shirt, brims-up hat, chamois gloves and brown shoes.

The All-American Boys' Ball Game

Esquire's program under way again! "We had the thrill of our lifetime," say youths who played in 1944 contest

by JOE HENDRICKSON

SPORTS

All-American Boys' Baseball time is here again!

And that is good news for thousands of American boys, 17 years of age and under, who will take part in eliminations throughout the nation for 32 places in the Esquire All-American Game which will be played in August.

"I had the greatest thrill of my life," agree every one of the 29 boys who played in the first annual classic last year in New York's Polo Grounds. Connie Mack's East team defeated Mel Ott's West squad 6-0 as Bill (Mr. Zero) Pierce of Detroit sliced his foes down with cutting hooks and zipping fast balls during a three-hit pitching performance. Boys who played in that game enthusiastically recall their happy experiences and make this prediction for every player competing this year—

"Brother, if you become an All-American Boy, you're in for some fun."

Thirty-two of the nation's leading newspapers will select an All-American from their area for the big game which will be directed for Esquire by James Crossett, former Milwaukee and Minneapolis newspaperman. District eliminations will be made early in June, with the 16 boys chosen in cities west of the Mississippi forming the West team and the other 16 comprising the roster of the East. It is planned to assemble the two squads in separate training camps in August a week before the big clash, with some of baseball's leading personalities readying the athletes for their coming battle.

Esquire is happy to direct the All-American Boys' Game because the magazine believes the program is a valuable means of stimulating boys' interest in baseball while encouraging their desire for physical fitness. The game also makes possible a substantial contribution to charitable and worthy organizations, a total of 23,000 dollars having been given last year to the Living War Memorials Commission.

Three of last year's All-American Boys broke into professional baseball immediately after their New York trip. Five others are known to have signed with major-league clubs with instructions to report for training this spring. Many others received offers from major-league teams but have not accepted.

Vic Picetti, first baseman from San Francisco, played regularly with Oakland in the Pacific Coast league late last season, and Udo Jansen, outfelder, Little Rock, Arkansas, played with his hometown team in the Southern Association. James Propst of Kansas City took the mound for the Kansas City Blues shortly after his New York trip and hurled a four-hit 10-1 victory over St. Paul even though he did fill the bases with none out in the first inning.

The masterful pitching performance of Bill Pierce brought him an attractive contract from the Detroit Tigers, and he expects to see some action this year before going into service. George Worgul, New York prep moundsman, will join the Yankees. Ervin Palica, young Los Angeles hurler, has been given railroad transportation to Brooklyn, and the Philadelphia Phils have Richie Ashburn, catcher selected at Omaha. Frank Azzarello, the New Orleans curve-ball artist, recently has signed up with the Boston Red Sox.

Newspapers that will select All-American Boys for the Esquire baseball game are as follows:

Newspaper	Sports Columnist
Omaha *World Herald*	Floyd Olds
Des Moines *Register*	Sec Taylor
Cheyenne, *Wyoming Eagle*	Curt Gowdy
Los Angeles *Times*	Braven Dyer
Portland, *Oregon Journal*	George Bertz
Minneapolis *Times*	Dick Cullum
Oklahoma City, *Daily Oklahoman*	Hal Middlesworth
San Francisco *Chronicle*	Bill Leiser
Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*	Royal Brougham
Denver *Rocky Mountain News*	Chester Nelson
Dallas *Times-Herald*	Jere Hayes
Little Rock, *Arkansas Gazette*	Orville Henry
Kansas City *Star*	Ernest Mehl
St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*	Ed Wray
Cincinnati *Times-Star*	Nixon Denton
Birmingham *News*	Zipp Newman
New Orleans *Item*	Fred Digby
Nashville *Tennessean*	Raymond Johnson
Detroit *Free Press*	Dale Stafford
Pittsburgh *Press*	Chester Smith
Charlotte *Observer*	Jake Wade
Atlanta *Journal*	Ed Danforth
Philadelphia *Inquirer*	Leo Riordan
Columbus, *Ohio State Journal*	Bob Hooey
Buffalo *Evening News*	Bob Stedler
Memphis *Commercial Appeal*	Wilson Murrah
Ogden *Standard Examiner*	Al Warden

Additional newspapers will bring the total to 32

The Minneapolis Millers are reported to have their eye on Roger Brown, snappy Minneapolis shortstop. Jack Lindsey, Dallas infielder, plans to attend the University of Texas in preference to offers he has received from several major-league teams. John Moskal of Buffalo is St. Louis Cardinal-minded, while Charles Perchak, the Chicago first sacker who displayed so much fielding form and hitting power in the 1944 All-American Game, is looking in the direction of the Cubs' Wrigley Field.

"My experiences as an Esquire All-American Boy were the most thrilling and pleasant that I have ever had from the standpoint of baseball," writes Bill Pierce. "The game showed me that a group of boys brought together from all parts of the country can co-operate and develop teamwork in a very short time. My advice to boys seeking a position on the All-American team is to start early, work hard and do your best because it is a great honor—and it has to be earned!"

Charles Perchak of Chicago says, "I am truly overjoyed to hear that there are plans for another All-American game. It is the best incentive for baseball that I know. I am positive that I will never forget the wonderful experiences I had, meeting some of the most prominent men of the baseball world, being coached by Connie Mack and playing in the Polo Grounds with some of the finest young players of the country. Boys, practice hard and stick to one position if you hope to play in the game this year."

Johnny Moskal of Buffalo gives his impressions as follows: "The game meant a lot to me. The various tips and pointers from Carl Hubbel and Ira Thomas cleared up many of my faults. Meeting so many great people was a thrill. I think meeting Mrs. Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth climaxed the trip, and the game itself meant so much to me. I played in the very stadium great stars played in, and I used the finest of equipment. Boys seeking spots in the game this year should go to their local diamond and give their best all the time. Play hard and clean and you may become an All-American Boy."

Henry Quinn, chosen at Des Moines last year, declares, "I sincerely feel that this game will develop into one of the country's greatest annual events."

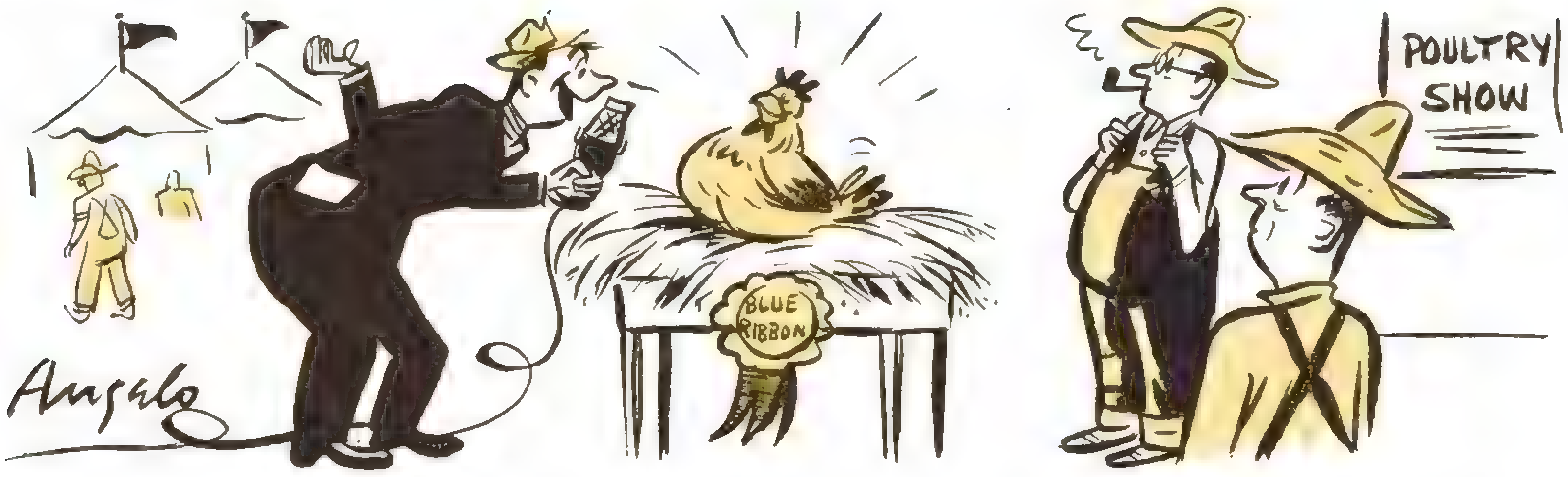
Roger Brown of Minneapolis says, "A game like this for kids my age shows that baseball in this country is still the No. 1 sport, and boys like myself owe a lot to people who make this game possible."

Joseph Fromuth, selected at Philadelphia, states, "I am going to try to be at the game as a spectator this year and watch other boys get the thrill I did while playing in an All-American game through the courtesy of Esquire." Jim Presley, winner of Seattle's contest, writes, "The game gave me an opportunity to do and see the things that every boy wants."

Othur Perdue of Nashville believes, "Esquire has made possible the greatest thing that can happen to any boy." He adds, "I haven't much advice for boys in next year's game but to stick in there and play their hearts out."

And perhaps the sentiment of all of them is expressed by young James Winter of Cincinnati who says, "I wish I could go again!" #

Going the Rounds With Esquire



"Now she's sitting on the nest—still sitting—now she's moving—she's moving around —she's getting up—she's laid an egg—SHE LAID AN EGG!"

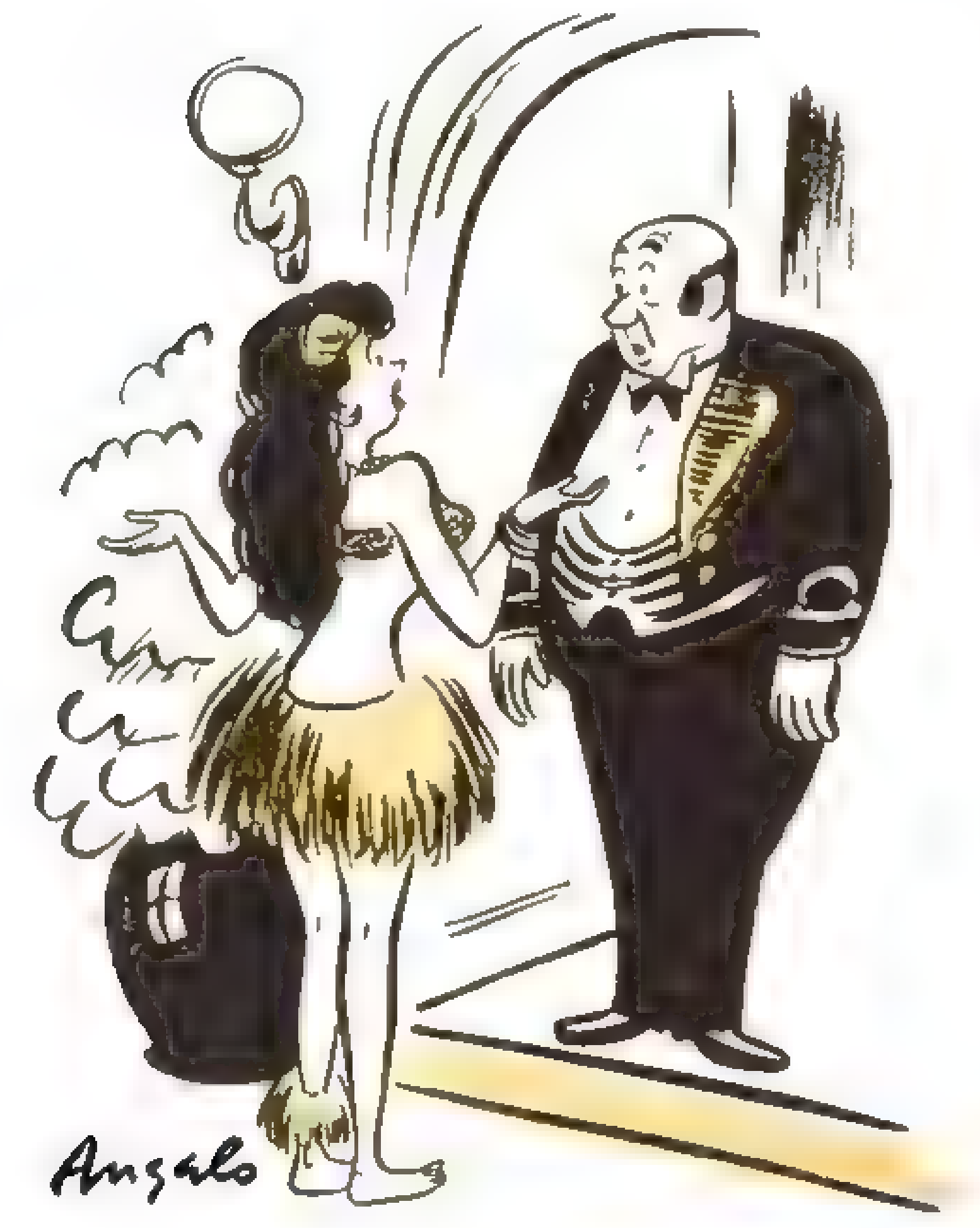
The first morning after the honeymoon the husband got up early, went downstairs to the kitchen, and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. She was delighted. Then the husband spoke:

"Have you noticed just what I have done?"

"Of course, dear, every single detail," she answered.

"Good; that's how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."

—Range Finder



"Junior sent me"

It takes two to make an argument—unless you have a wife.

—The Armodier

•

Staff Sergeant George Avakian in the Pacific says:

"Should any of you think that I have exaggerated the claims of Jap propaganda broadcasts, look over this direct quote from Tokyo Rose (November 5, 1944): 'The Americans thus far in the battle of Philippines have lost so many ships that the sea has risen a foot; lost so many men that the rest of the war will have to be fought by women and children; lost so many planes that the only ones they now have are under construction in the homeland.'

"Top that one, Mr. Hirschfield."

•

STENOGRAPHER WANTED! You can be cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, table-legged and anemic—or you can be a ravishing beauty. All we want to know, lady, is: can you type and take shorthand? Age requirement: 21 to 91. Ability? Yes, you should have a little. Physical condition? Strength enough to get to the cashier each week and collect $35.00.

(From classified column, Indianapolis *Star*)

•

In North Africa they know what they want, according to Simpson M. Ritter. When Henry Wilcoxon, the British actor, made the mistake of taking his wife, the former Sheila Garrett, there, the Sheik of the Ageyli looked at her with favor and offered Wilcoxon ten pounds British gold, three camels, a quantity of grain, a jeweled dagger, a prayer rug from the palace of the emir at Mecca and several harem girls, for Sheila.

•

A young Irishman came to this country and had been here only a few days when he started to cross the street in New York City, walking with the red light and against traffic. A big Irish cop, who had been here about ten years, was directing traffic. He called over to the young Irishman and said, "Get back on the corner, you ole country clod, and wait until that light turns green. Then it is your time to cross."

The young Irishman went back to the corner and stood there watching the light. The red went off and the orange came on, which wasn't a pleasant sight to the South Country Irishman. Then the orange flashed off, after only a second, and the green came on. The young Irishman watched the green for a second or two, and then started across the street. When he got out in the middle of the street, he turned to the cop and said, "Shure, and they don't give the Protestants long to cross, do they?"

—Charles M. LaFollette, M.C.

•

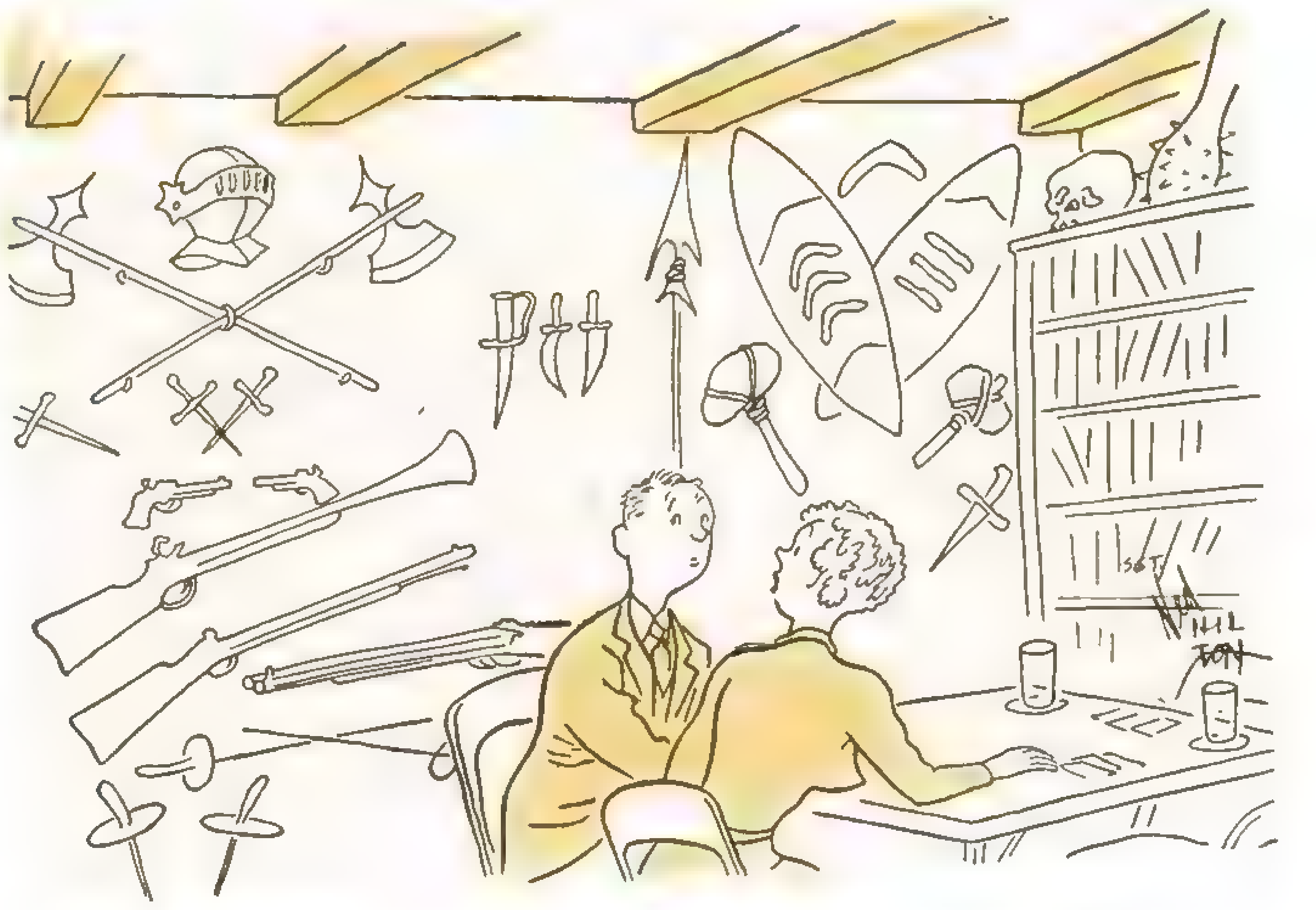
A West Texas cattleman awakened in a Fort Worth hotel the morning after a big celebration, and drained a pitcher of ice water at one draught. Smacking his lips he exclaimed: "If I'd a known water tasted so good I'd a dug a well a long time ago."

—Skywriter

•

As Irving Hoffman tells it in the Hollywood *Reporter*:

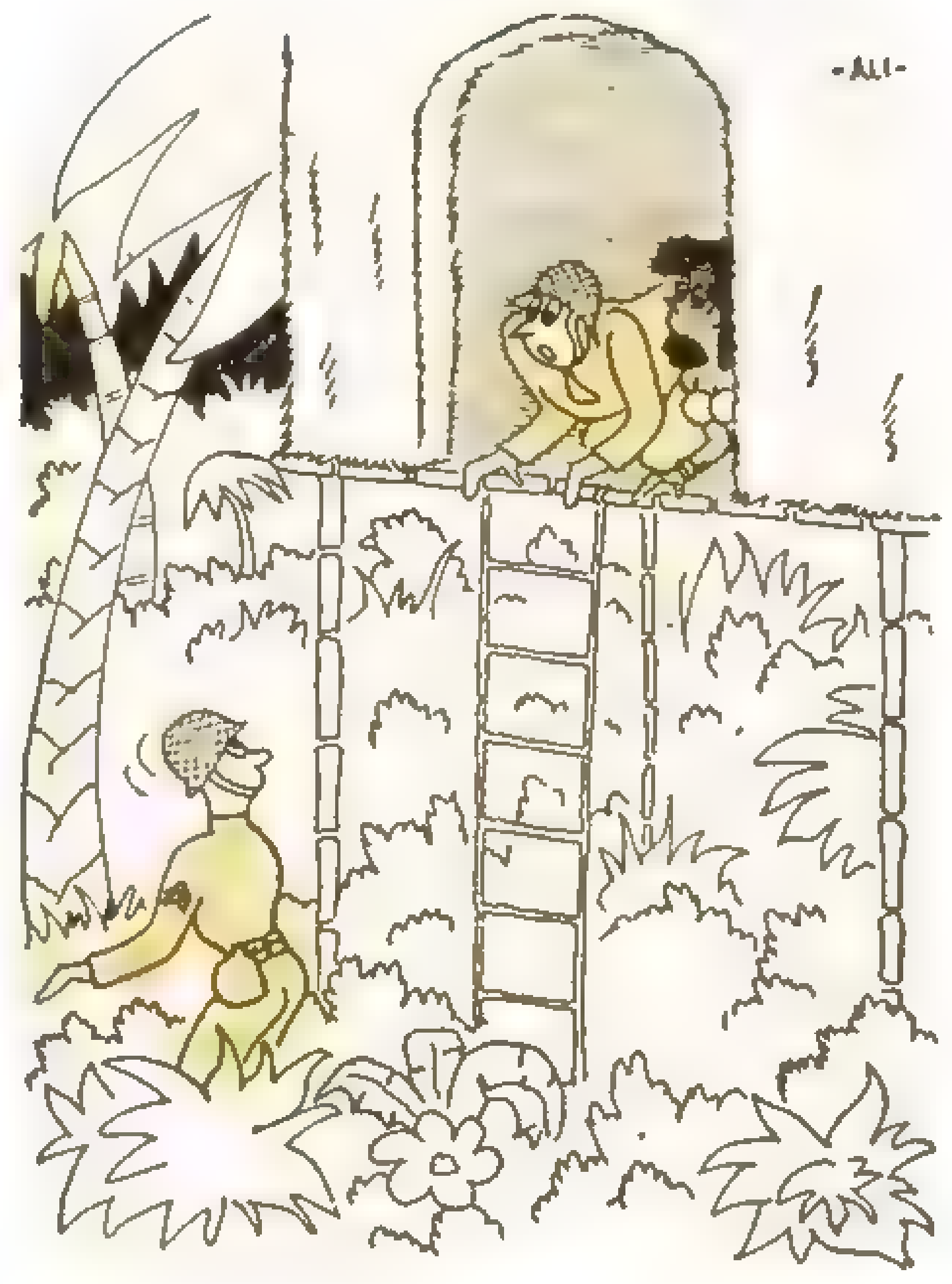
It happened on the East Side: A street peddler selling sweet potatoes in a driving rain, suddenly began shouting, "Hitler! Hitler!" People flocked out of stores and homes, to learn what the commotion was all about. An indignant policeman grabbed the arm of the peddler and said: "What're you shouting Hitler for?"... The vendor shrugged his shoulders. "If I yelled 'Sweet Potatoes'," he said, "Who would come out on a day like this?"



"They did invite us for a friendly little game, I hope"

•

Paul O'Neil offers some additional hints to short men who want to become movie matinee idols. In his tome titled *Why Be Short?* O'Neil says that short men, in addition to built-up heels, should preferably wear striped suits with longer jackets, wide-spread shirt collars with long points, and brush and comb their hair tightly at the sides and loosely at the top.

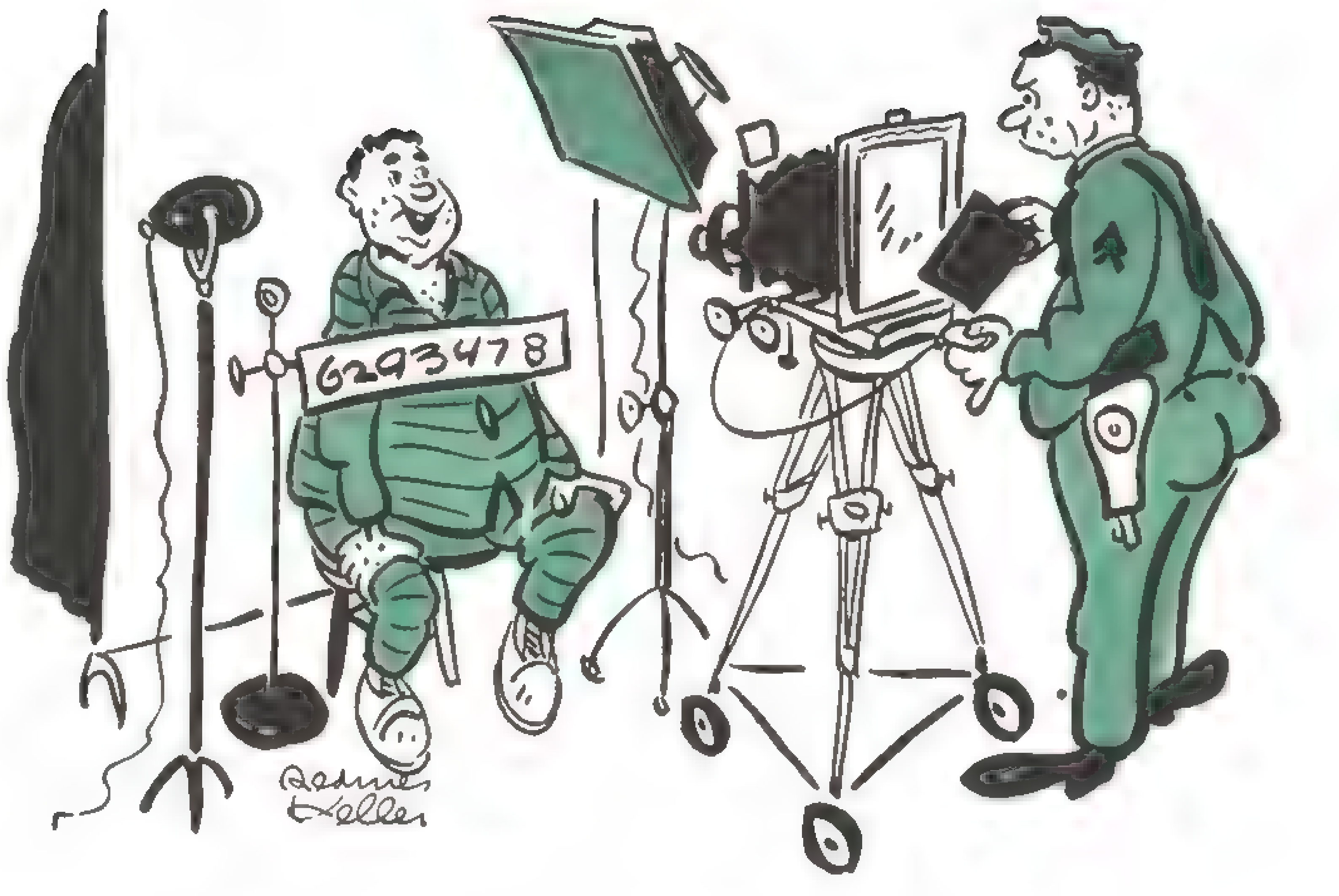


"Were you calling me, sir?"

A movie producer, who returned to the Coast after a look-see at Broadway's biggest hit shows, beefed to a co-exec about the problems of transferring some of them to the screen. "Why," he complained, "in two of the best shows the stars are a turtle and a rabbit—which aren't even there!"

•

Sgt. Jerry Lewis is telling friends the story of the Broadway dentist who had a clientele that consisted largely of actors. One day one of these regular patients came into the office with a jockey in tow. "This is Jockey So-and-So," the actor said, "and he has a lot of work to be done. I know that you like to take a flyer on the horses now and then, so fix Joe here up in good shape and in return, every time he knows about a live horse, he'll give you a ring.... By the way, I'm leaving for the Coast

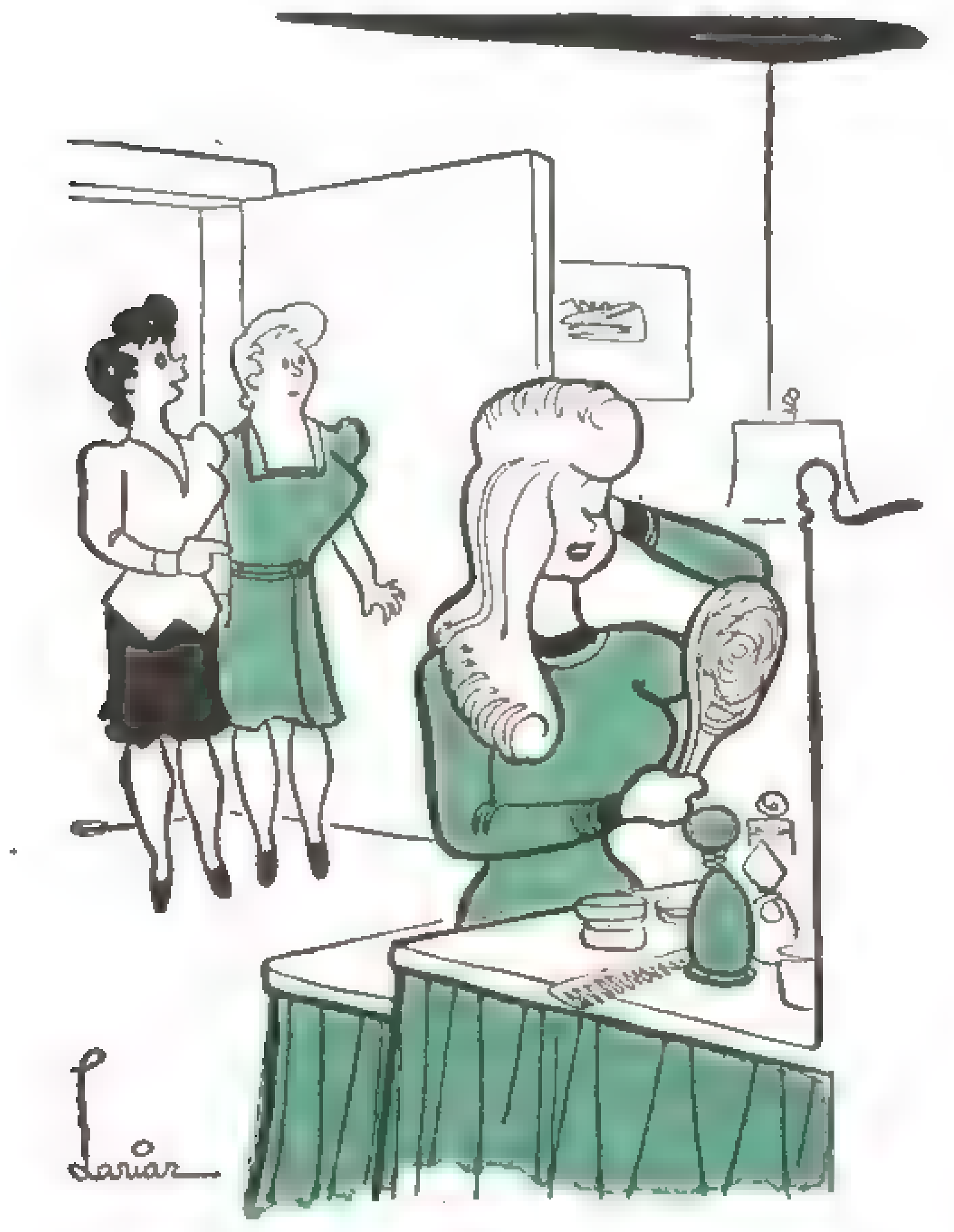


"I know exactly the expression you want— I've been here before"

tomorrow to do some work in a picture and will be gone about a month. Just bet ten dollars for me on every horse Joe gives you and as soon as I get back, I'll drop in and we'll cut up the swag."

The actor was gone longer than he expected. As soon as he returned to town, he hustled to the office of his dentist friend, and rubbing his hands in anticipation, demanded: "Well, how're we making out with Joe's horses?" . . . "Up to now," replied the dentist, "he has given me 30 horses all told." . . . "Yes, yes," interrupted the actor, "and how did they make out?" . . . "One of them ran third," reported the enamel driller, "and the other 29 ran out."

"Why, the dirty little rat," bellowed the actor. "Just wait until I get hold of him. I'll not only tell him off, I'll break every bone in his body." . . . "Oh no, no, no," hastily said the horse-playing dentist, "don't do that. He might not give us any more tips!"



"She's at that awkward age —changing from Veronica Lake to Ginger Rogers"

Teacher: "Name the Great Lakes."

Pupil: "Michigan, Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Veronica." —*Re Port*

•

A guest at a big dinner went to the check room for his hat, but the attendant was unable to find it.

"It was a brand-new hat," he complained.

"I guess you are out of luck," she replied, "All the new hats have been gone for over an hour."

—*The Armodier*

•

Definition—HOTEL: A place where guests give up good dollars for poor quarters.

•

A Marine walked over to Zasu Pitts and said, "Hiya, Beautiful."

Zasu smiled and said: "Are you calling me that because I spent six hours in a beauty shop?"

"No," answered the Marine, "because I spent six months in the Solomons."

—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash*

•

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Pickled bug.

—*The Communiqué*

•

He'd absorbed a good share of the bar's refreshments, Edwin Roberts says, and stumbled out to return to his hotel room. Weaving towards the elevator, he stepped into the open shaft and plummeted down three stories. He arose painfully, brushed off his clothes and looked up at the open elevator door.

"You bum," he screamed indignantly, "I said UP!"

•

Baseball, which many of us believe to be no more than 70 or 80 years old, proves to be 700 years old. A monument was recently discovered close to the famous cathedral of Canterbury, which in bas-relief, shows a youth of Norman times holding a bat in his left hand, the top of the bat resting on his shoulder. His right hand grasps a ball which he seems about to toss into the air to strike with the bat. Evidently the ancient Norman teams had southpaws, but little use for pitchers.

•

The young medical lieutenant walked past the yard each morning where an inmate was always going through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball.

One of his friends finally asked: "Why do you stop each morning and watch that screwball go through his act?"

"Well," he answered. "If things keep going the way they are, I'll be in there someday catching for that guy and I want to get onto his curves."

—Scott Field *Broadcaster*

•

A sailor is a guy who is worked too hard, gets too little sleep, takes verbal abuse no civilian would take, does every imaginable job at every imaginable time, never seems to get paid, never knows where he is going, can seldom tell where he's been, accepts the worst with complete resignation, and last but not least—he really likes it.

—*Beaufort Beam*

•

The naked hills lie wanton to the
 breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of
 shameless trees,
What wonder is it that the corn
 is shocked?

—*Flight Time*

•

Historians believe Lincoln had a premonition of his death. On the day of his assassination, he ended a conversation with his personal bodyguard, Col. Crook, by saying "Good-bye." Previously, he always had said "Good night." Crook was relieved of his duties as bodyguard that night at the theatre and was replaced by John Parker, a secret service agent. In his anxiety to see the play, Parker deserted his post behind Lincoln. Had Col. Crook been on duty that night—or if Parker hadn't been so fascinated by the play—Booth's efforts probably would have been stymied.

•

She was wearing one of those dresses that keep everybody warm but her.

—*Armoreader*

He captured an enemy general,
He broke up a counterattack.
With only his fists
And a few simple twists,
He threw a light tank o'er his back.

Simply by using his razor,
He cut down the foe by half
As cold as a fish
His Probak he'd swish,
Then look at the carnage and laugh.

Commended by all for his courage,
'Twas thought he'd be honored for
 that.
But ne'er on his chest,
Will bright medals rest,
For you see he'd forgotten his hat.

—A.P.O. *Tempo*

•

A Charge of Quarters called the telephone operator last Sunday and asked the time.

"I'm sorry," said the soprano voice of the operator, "but we're not permitted to tell the time."

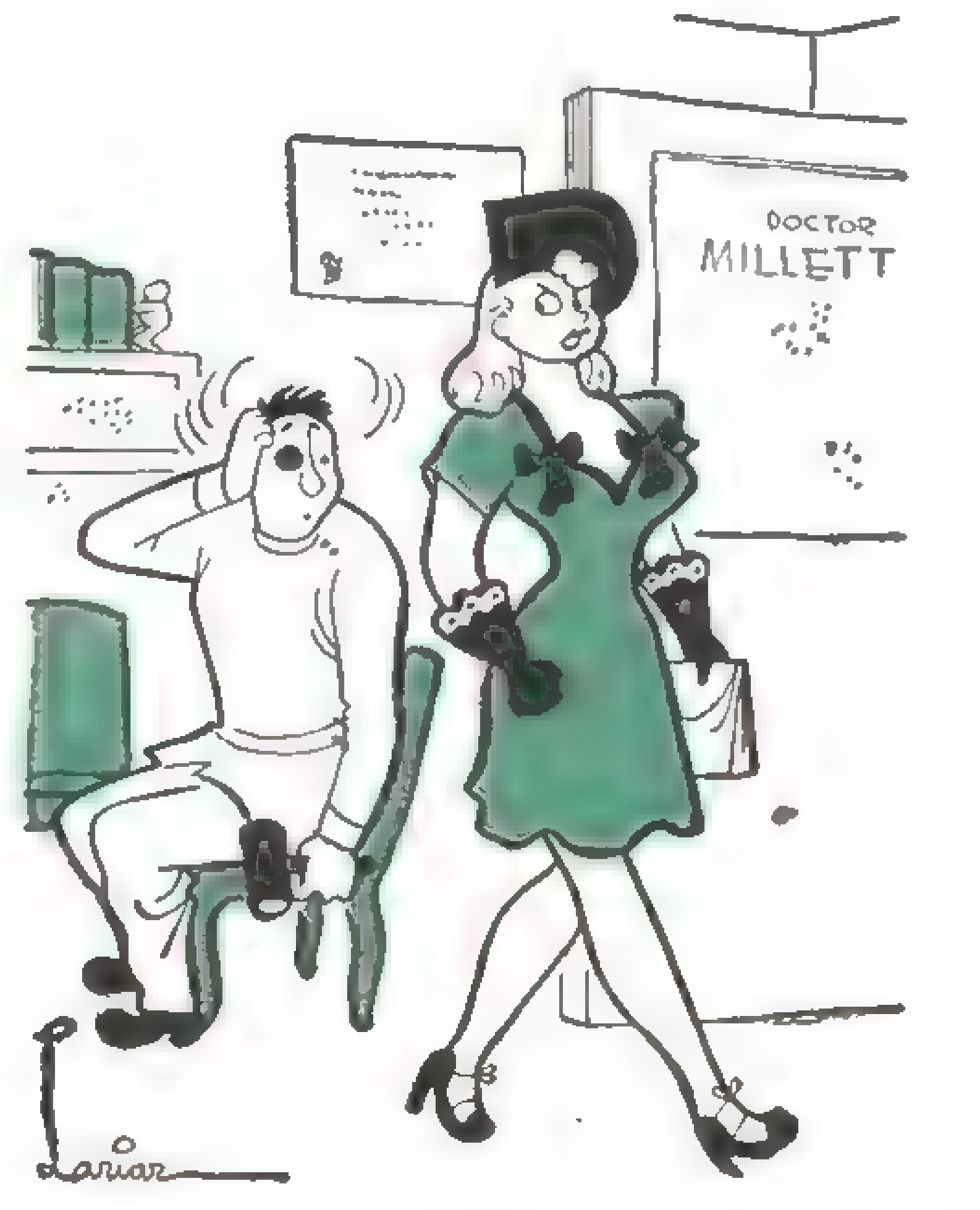
"Well, sooner or later I'll have to know the time," said the persistent C.Q. "Who can I call to get the time?"

"At five o'clock the Western Union office will be open and you may call there for the time," was the answer.

"Fine, but how will I know when it's five o'clock?" asked the C.Q.

"Why, that will be in an hour and a half," said the operator.

—ASFTC *Amphibian*

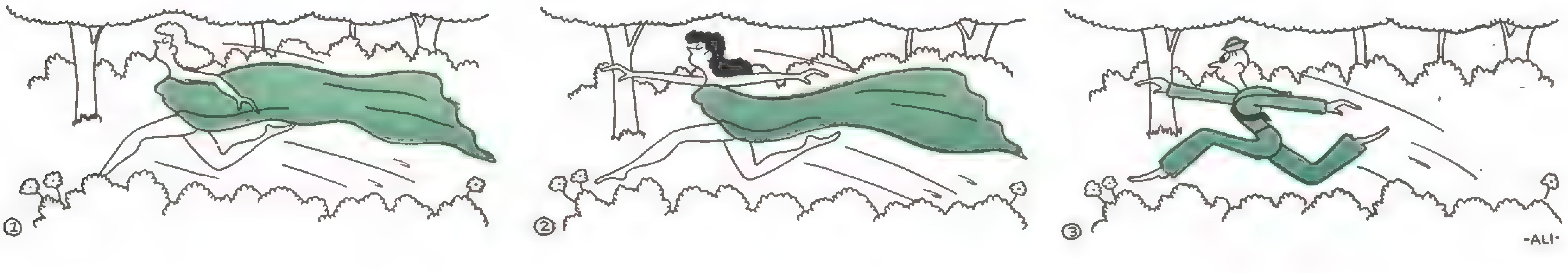


"The idea—hitting my last pair of nylons with a hammer!"

She: "Perhaps you too have seen the golden fingers of the dawn spreading across the eastern sky, or red-stained sulphurous islets floating in the evening sky, or ragged clouds at midnight blotting out the shuddering moon?"

Sailor: "Nope, not lately. I've been on the wagon for over a year."

—*Terminal Topics*



The Esquire Sports Poll

Hawk-eye Herb, your athletic reporter, with leading questions and a fifth of cognac, gets inside the European troops

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

One of the collaborators in presenting Esquire's monthly sports polls recently returned from a newspaper assignment as a war correspondent in the European theater. He is a nervous, fat old man and preferred sitting in a nice fragrant French barn discussing sports, to strolling outside where his physical and mental superiors, considerably his junior, were getting shot at.

He found sports subjects of intense interest to our nation's gladiators. Confidentially, he reported, the gladiators' sports interest was somewhat secondary to certain other matters such as:

(a) "When the hell are we gonna get out of here and get rotated home?"

(b) "When can I get a forty-eight-hour pass into Paris and see Fleurette again?"

(c) "What's happened to the mail?"

(d) "When am I gonna get my feet and shoes dry?"

(e) "When am I gonna get warm?"

(f) "How come the chow is so lousay?"

(g) "Why don't they send the guys who are bellyaching at home over here for about three days?"

However, sports topics did receive attention in due order, and reference was made to pleasant memories revived by Esquire's polls.

The proposal was made that a strictly serviceman poll be conducted. Due to lack of world-wide polling facilities at the point at which the resulting poll was taken, the replies were received psychically by gazing intently with a crystal-ball stare at a cognac bottle which had fulfilled its material destiny.

Pvt. Sun Yat Shapiro, Brooklern, New York, supplied to Esquire's man the questions for this Esquire Sports Poll.

Pvt. Shapiro is regarded by his comrades as one of the U. S. Army's most resourceful soldiers. He got goodly shares of German liquor stores in France, Belgium and Holland for his own platoon before division officers could channelize the best of the captured supplies for their private stock, or order bookkeeping on the potables. That achievement requires genius of the highest order. Sun Yat has been decorated with fifteen purple stars for hangovers.

The Shapiro Greenpernt Julep, a delicious blend of calvados, and cognac, known officially as liquid ration, won the G.I. Drink of the Month Club grand prize of ulcers with clusters.

Pvt. Shapiro also received distinction for proposing a postwar employment plan enthusiastically endorsed by the Kitchen Police Protective Association, the Captain of the Head Veterans' Legion, and the A.W.O.L. Social and Benevolent Society. He suggested that discharged goldbrick G.I.'s be given jobs as fire watchers in asbestos plants.

His sports question reflects his long experience as a tobacco-store owner in his native city. His store always paid track odds.

QUESTION I

Should major-league ball games be cut to three innings for the duration?

"Absolutely," said T/5 Columbus Schnoz, Chumpville, Missouri, "from what I read about the physical condition of the major-league talent who have the green light for this season, three innings will be all the distance they can go." Corp. Fortescue Burp, Inert, North Carolina, commented, "It isn't what the invalid or ancient players will be able to stand, but what the customers who watch them will be able to stand, that should determine the number of innings." Sgt. Virgil O'Jerk, Rest Room, Tennessee, said, "Baseball should continue the whole nine innings, even if the World Series is won by the Original Bloomer Girls."

Conviction that the normal length of game should be maintained, also was expressed by S1/c Rutledge Salami, Arsenic, New York: "If ball-game broadcasts didn't take up so much time the home front would collapse from having to listen to long radio ad plugs." "Baseball must be kept at nine innings to give hot dogs time to digest," pointed out Lt. Tertullian Moke, Hesitation, Indiana, "Baseball ought to be kept going absolutely as usual, regardless of work-or-jail rulings. What is so tough about jail?" remarked Pfc. Cagliostro Calhoun, Still Hill, West Virginia.

Overwhelming expression of servicemen was to keep baseball going nine innings just for the hell of it. Killjoys who are not making any great reputations at standing at punch presses themselves eight hours a day, have been the loudest unofficial objectors to wartime baseball. Men in armed forces, on general principles, are against what those who are 4F in everything except the face, are for.

QUESTION II

When will Joe Louis and Billy Conn fight?

"If you mean each other, my guess is the day the tenth war-loan bonds are paid off," guessed Gunner's Mate Leadenstern Platz, Backward, Alabama. The forecast of Sgt. Chumpley Snafu, Cornflakes, Iowa, was, "When Mike Jacobs is made Secretary of War." Pfc. Angus McKipper, Cretin Corners, Oklahoma, was more specific. He said: "Early in 1965; about the time I expect to get hauled out of the line and get a pass. Then I may see a fight of heavyweight boxing stars who have finished their exhibition tours in the rear."

"On the golden anniversary of the Second World War surrender of Germany," hopefully declared C.P.O. Niccolo Remorse, Parlay, Kentucky. A dim view of the prospect of a pugilistic contest between the two ranking heavyweights was taken by Col. Godfrey Gutrumble, Powdered Egg, Utah, who declared, "Such superb fighting talent must be carefully preserved by exposure only to palookas. Besides, we already have fighters who are fighting."

"Put the top heavyweights in straitjackets and turn them loose against any of the bums who are in the ring now, but don't let them punch at each other. They might get hurt," counseled Ensign Rumhead Period, Fencedin, Texas. "Why should Joe and Billy fight?" was the succinct query of Corp. Ambercrombie Urk, Headache, Ohio. "Quit hitting the pipe. The only chance there'll be of Louis and Conn fighting is at another benefit for the income tax collector along about 1999," said Seaman 2/c Breadalbane Noncompis, Noxious, Arkansas.

Other remarks indicated an enthusiastic indifference to the much-discussed bout between the two foremost heavyweights, who are regarded officially by Axis nations as belligerents.

QUESTION III

Should big-league college teams have football squads larger than ten deep?

"Certainly. How will parents of some players know they are in school unless their names are in the programs?" replied Sgt. Mainwaring Pooch, Cocaine, Pennsylvania.

Pfc. Sowerby Ooze, Fruit Salad, Michigan, also is for unlimited squads, but suggests that other universities that would like to give football a good trial be allowed to draft players from the big-league schools.

In favor of restricting the size of squads at the major-league colleges was Pvt. Houghton Bloke, Laxative, Vermont. He said, "Big squads blot out the view of the boxholders in midfield." A contrary view was taken by Pvt. Dalhousie Carbuncle, Hangnail, New Jersey, who noted that by having big squads the major football-league universities could enrich college life by affording players opportunities of social con-

tact with movie stars, politicians and wealthy men on whom the university president is trying to put a clout for funds. Others seldom get seating space in midfield."

A note of alarm was sounded by Lt. (j.g.) Hakluyt Lumbago, Hookworm, Alabama, who feared continuance of unlimited major-league university squads might arouse a clamor for a commensurate increase in faculties. On the other hand, Corp. Negative Hormone, Climate, California, remarked, "If everybody in the football colleges played, the stars would have a chance to go to classes weekdays to rest up for Saturday."

"Cut the squads down to ten deep and you risk overemphasis on eligibility," feared Pvt. Frankfort Fromage, Hideout, North Dakota. "Let anybody who can read the clippings in his scrapbook make the squad," proposed Seaman 1/c Vandermeer Burp, Irritate, New Mexico: "And get back to remembering football's fun."

QUESTION IV

Will talcum powder be the next fashion in women's bathing suits?

"I think the ladies already have used powder in meeting the cloth shortage," said Pfc. Gladwell Rancid, Touch System, Illinois.

"On some girls it would look good," believed Machinist's Mate Waddingham O'Heel, Shambles, Arizona.

"I'm against anything but divers' suits for bathing girls during the next thirty days, during which I will be in the brig," voted Seaman 2/c Bartholomew Bayrum, Foreclosure, Minnesota.

"That's what the native ladies are using out here except they must have run out of powder," advised Sgt. Launcelot Pox, whose present A.P.O. is a bottle tossed into the Pacific.

QUESTION V

How will you play golf if you run out of golf balls?

"I could retain the basic golf system my friends used for some time before they got into military service," said Corp. Guthrie Gulp, Debris, Colorado. "The winner asks the other guys what they made on the hole, then marks down his score as one stroke less."

"I would just walk from the tee to the rough, then up the rough into a trap by the green where I would begin using bad words. After that I would climb onto the green and use more bad words and put down an 8 on my card. I would never miss the ball which is better than I used to do," replied Corp. Elmer Alum, Cockroach, Oklahoma.

"I would sit in the locker room and do what I used to do after golf and keep at it until I wasn't able to tell whether or not I had played," said Maj. Roquefort Humdrum, Larceny, Delaware.

"I have given deep thought to the problem and have decided I would zigzag around the course and blame everything, including not having a ball, on the caddy," declared Rear Adm. Humphrey Dumpty, widely known old sea dog, or to caddies by another term also meaning dog.

"Lack of a golf ball wouldn't bother me after I got used to not hunting for my ball. I would clip the heads off dandelions until I got to the green where I would add two putts to my score. This way I would have a chance to break a hundred," said Brig. Gen. Brassworth McStimulant. #

Your Boy and a Summer Camp

Now when a boy needs it most, camp can serve as a citadel of reason and hope

by **GEORGE WISWELL**

• ARTICLE •

War or peace, the idea of sending a boy to a summer camp immediately poses three questions, and a good camp will answer them all affirmatively. "Will I have any fun?" asks Junior. "Is it safe?" Mother wants to know. And Father asks, "Will it be a good investment," or, "What will he learn?"

First about the investment. Will his time and his father's money go down the drain?

Without getting sentimental about it, there's a lot to be said for a campfire and the things it can do to a group of teen-age boys sprawled around it. Turn back through your own life and try to put a finger on the time and place you got your first ideas about democracy, life and death, sex, religion and war. Your search may lead you—as it has led many others—to a summer camp where you sat surrounded by the night, letting the quiet beauty of the earth and trees and wide, starry sky evoke parts of your personality that city life left untouched.

The value of the summer camps during war is unquestioned. Good ones have proved themselves better than families or newspapers or propaganda in adjusting the teen-ager to the mad adventure in which he will soon take part. Many of the youths are certain they will never live through it; others deeply resent intrusion of a uniform into a life that up to now has been strictly private.

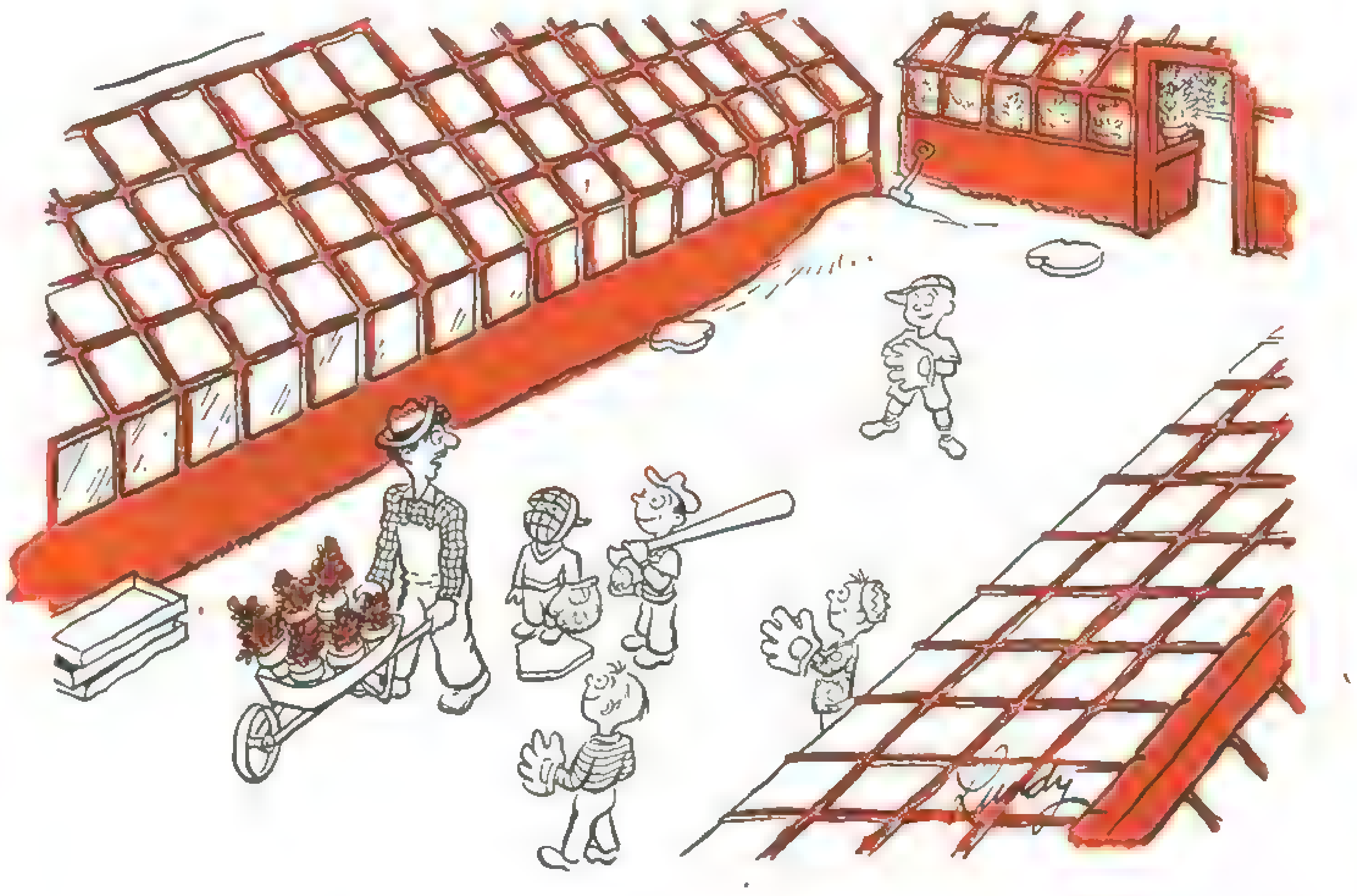
These summers the campfire can serve as a citadel of reason and hope. A boy will tell things to a camp leader that would floor his parents: "Why should I go to college for one measly year? Why I'm going in pretty soon, and until I do, the only thing is to have a good time and not give a damn." A psychologist knows what to do—start him thinking seriously of his postwar life, where he's going to live, what he's going to do—but it takes someone the boy sincerely admires to do it. The camp leader has a choice opportunity to be that person. Put a good meal in the lad's stomach, let him smell the wood smoke and watch the firelight leaping fitfully in the night, and the future can become endlessly rich and varied. The good counselor will keep that future before a boy's mind, and convey the idea that he is genuinely interested in him and will be deeply affected by anything that happens to him during and after the war. This usually succeeds in tempering with promise and hope, the fear, morbidity or indifference which otherwise the boy would have carried into the services.

Don't worry about the boy's safety. With a couple of million boys running around in the woods, a few are bound to get hurt. But good camps have high health standards, physicians and infirmaries to cope with sickness and accidents, and the counselor is always on hand to keep the boy in a happy frame of mind and attend to his psychological well-being.

Competition in athletics should not be overemphasized. At a fine camp out west, for example, opponents for every game are carefully matched on a basis of age, height and weight, and consequently nearly everybody wins sometime at something. If a boy runs a better race than he did, say, a week ago, even if he loses he is rewarded for that improvement almost as handsomely as the winners.

The director of the camp is, of course, an important factor. To be bluntly truthful about it, he has to be a Boy Scout and a man who likes being a Boy Scout. This is not written unkindly, but for clarity and accuracy. For only a man who likes kids and earnestly wants to spend long hours with them, and who believes in wholesomeness and in the value of outdoor education, and who doesn't like vulgarity or meanness or idleness, and who is pure and active and content even with the sometimes insupportable behavior of teen-agers—only a man like that can be a good boys' camp director. You don't have to believe it, but there are more of them than you think. Our cities are full of men crouching over desks who would be happier and doing more for society at a boys' camp.

So you'll send your son to camp and then wonder if it was worth while, if he got anything out of it. Maybe he'll write a theme about it and it will be the best he ever wrote because his mind and heart were close to what he was writing about. Or perhaps he'll work a bit harder in school and be a more agreeable person to have around the house. But these are only surface results. What he really got out of it won't be known until he is a man and has the brains and experience to relate these summers with the rest of his life. He'll be grateful for it then and he'll thank you all the more if you have picked out a good one for him. #



"Okay, boys, but be careful"

The Sporting Scene

"We may as well make all the money we can—it won't be long before the airplane replaces us"

Did you ever wonder what happens in Pasadena's Rose Bowl about this time of the year when the last echoes from New Year's Day have long since died? Well, in past seasons it's been filled with black sheep. No, we don't mean Rose Queens or gridiron heroes taking it on the lamb (ouch!). The real thing, black sheep with a future no brighter than a mutton chop, graze peacefully in the spring where beauty and brawn cavorted a few months before.

"We've come to save baseball —I hit 'em and he runs bases for me"

The latest word on the Dempsey-Tunney fight to go the rounds concerns neither of the principals, but a spy from the Dempsey camp who was sent to case the opponent. He returned and got together with the Mauler in a private room, presumably to divulge valuable information on Tunney's secret punches and other tricks. Instead the spy patted Dempsey confidently on the back and said: "It's in the bag. I seen him readin' a book."

•

Virginia Beach once was the scene of the only known combination of a boxing match and a wedding, when a promoter decided to culminate a fighter's courtship and his rivalry with another fighter on the same evening. The bride in conventional gown and veil stood in one corner, and the groom stood across the ring dressed in boxing shorts. Someone felt the other fighter ought to be in the picture, so he was made best man. In the fight that followed, however, he came out second best as the groom won the decision.

•

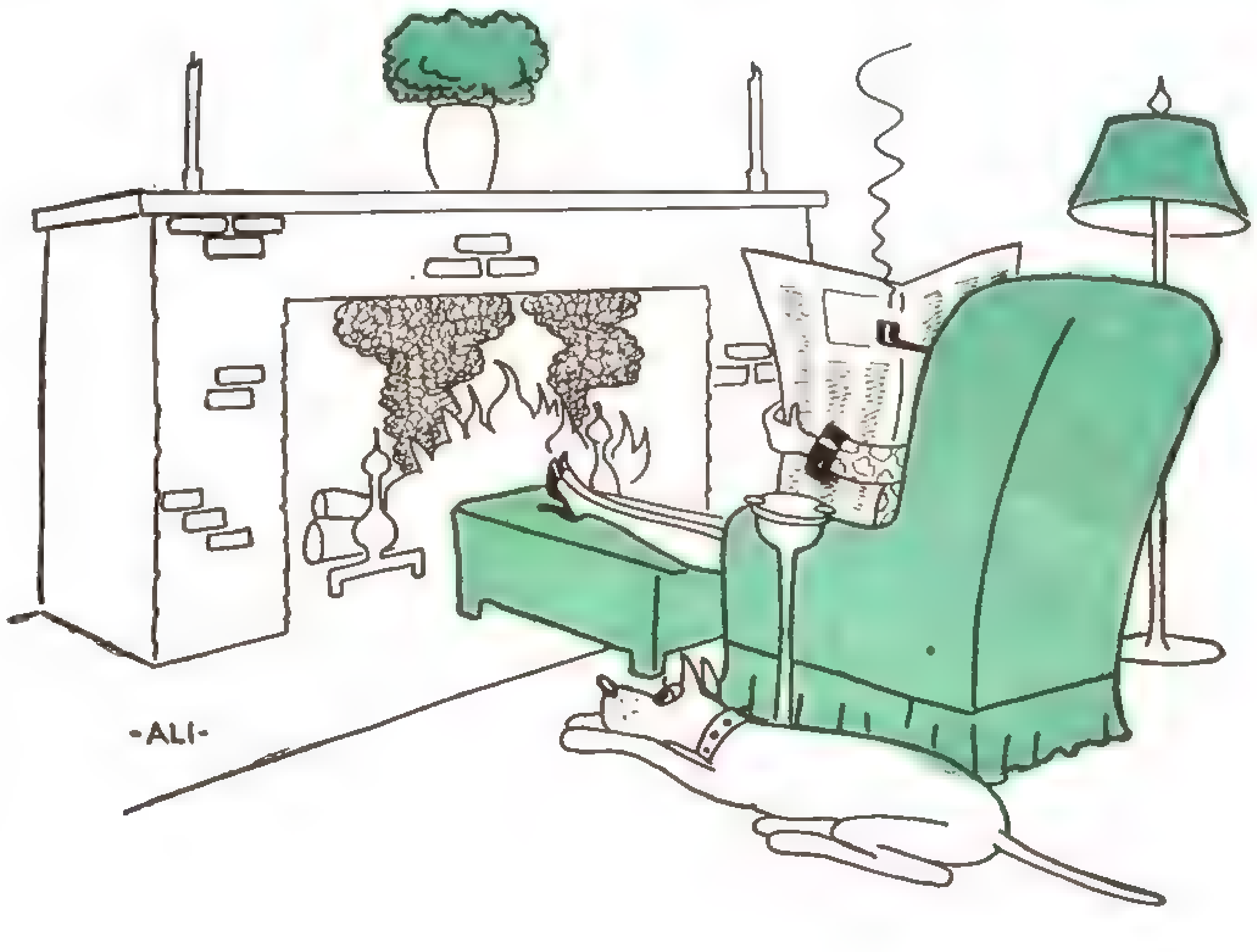
During a football game, Pop Warner's Carlisle Indians came fairly close to a first down, and one of the Indians implored his captain to ask for a measurment.

"No use," said the Indian captain. "They take our land and shoot our buffalo. The White Man ain't going to give us three inches of ground today."

Dale Stafford, Sports Editor
Detroit *Free Press*

•

Harold Abrahams, the famous English sprinter of the early twenties, was convinced that sports perfection lay in machine-like performance. He once told English newspapermen that he trained to cover the 100-yard dash in a set number of strides. "I worked out the exact length each stride should be," he said, "and marked on a running track with pieces of paper the exact position for each of them. I used to cover 100 yards in 45 strides, and ideally I planned that I should be able at the end of a race to find 22 pieces of paper on the spikes of one shoe and 23 on the spikes of the other." Abrahams admitted that he never accomplished this precision, but the effort was worthwhile. After such training he won the 100 meters in the 1924 Olympics.



"Here it comes, it's a ball. I don't know about that but I'll take the umpire's word . . . He bunts and it is a bunt . . . Now, he's warming up and in she comes and he hits it. A shortstop gets it, throws it to second—second is out, first is out." If you heard a game being described like that you'd probably bubble your beer and decide the bum announcer would make a good fireman. Well, he does, for that's a sample of the Little Flower's invasion a season or so ago of the sports-announcing field. Mayor La Guardia didn't think any more of the effort than his listeners—he ended the one inning he described by saying, "I'm sorry."

•

Here's the way Albert Gaucher, sports editor of *Le Nouvelliste*, Trois-Rivières, Canada, expresses Canada's admiration for Babe Ruth. "Among French-Canadians," he writes, "Babe Ruth will remember to everybody the greatest figure in the baseball map of all times. Outside the baseball, Babe is yet the most popular personality in the sport in United States among the youngest especially. Babe is a legendaire player who brings fortune, shining of the baseball. I remember that Babe Ruth came in Montreal with Lou Gehrig in 1928, I think so and the Bambino struck a terrific home run at 225 yards. That's a fact and the newspapers mentioned it a day after. Once more, to show how the little friends like the Great Slugger, I remember that we collect photos published in the newspapers. Some ones had more than three hundreds no one similar et we look it often. Babe was the great inspiration."

"Now here's where your hook will come in handy!"

One placid autumn day in early September of 1913 a train was rolling southward over the level cornlands of central Illinois. At Champaign three men—at that time all unacquainted with one another—got off the train and went across the street to put up at the same hotel. They were Robert C. Zuppke, arriving from Oak Park, Illinois, to begin his college coaching career; Fred Russell; and a young sanitary engineer named Arthur Cutts Willard. By an odd coincidence, a quarter of a century later these same three men were all involved in the retirement of Zuppke as Illinois coach with an unforgettable record—Russell as chairman of the Illini athletic board, and Willard as president of the University.

•

As early as 1896 ringsiders were noticing Battling Nelson's left-hand body punch. The elbow was stiff, and the punch was a vicious hook to the body, which he described as a "left half scissors to the liver." Used either as a lead or counter blow, that stiff, left-arm punch would rip in under an opponent's short ribs and many a good fighter was gradually worn down by it and knocked out. It probably was the origin of today's left hook. As a kid Nelson had broken his arm while playing circus. The joint mended "frozen" and rigid, and became Nelson's chief stock in the boxing trade. It contributed mightily to making him champion of the world, the greatest long-distance fighter of all time.

◆

Athletic competition exercises the spirit and imagination as well as the body—Robert C. Zuppke.

◆

It seems no one yet has ever standardized what it takes to make a great ballplayer. Scouts themselves are in great disagreement on what they look for in a player in addition to sound physique and a will to win, the right temperament. Some have said that the test is getting results without apparent effort—throwing well without apparent effort, driving a ball at the plate without apparent effort.

Others, among them Pepper Martin, do not subscribe to this theory. Pepper's contention is that results *only* matter, not how they are gotten. "You hear a lot about form," he says, "but all the good hitters have different form, many of them unorthodox. There's just one thing that all the great hitters have had; they *all* met the ball out in front of the plate. That's the only one solid thing you can stand on about hitting that I know of."

Rogers Hornsby, a hitter with beautiful form at the plate, also discounts its value. "Form don't mean a thing," he says. "It's the old hitting heart that counts."

Baseball form varies as much individually as golf form, but Pepper's idea may be one basis to stand on.

◆

From "Somewhere in Germany," Corporal Jock G. MacKenzie, prewar pro at the Sandy Run Country Club, Oreland, Pennsylvania, sends his thoughts on athletes returning from the war.

"I think an athlete in the Army, Navy or Marines who is kept at home," he writes, "will be as good or better than before, because he will be in better physical condition. He sleeps on a good mattress with white sheets, eats good food, usually finishes work at five p.m. and as a rule has a week-end pass from Saturday noon till Monday morning during which he can keep his hand in by playing a little. Now for the 'other side,' the combat athlete. He finds himself sleeping in a fox-hole, full of water usually, and dreams about the white sheets. He hasn't even seen a dirty sheet for months. He eats C, K and D rations (don't try them) and the nerves that have been so well trained begin getting frayed. In below freezing temperature he gets heat, yes sweat, from planes, and that heat isn't coming out of the cockpit. It comes in lots of forms, and his sleep comes only when exhausted or in tablet form. The scratch of a mouse, a mole, or the rustle of leaves, and his nerves are taut, 24 hours a day, seven days a week and so on. How, just how, is the athlete who is subject to trench foot, malaria, nervous exhaustion, etc., even barring injury, ever going to climb the heights he left or could have attained? Yes, we will have greater athletes, but I am sure they won't come from our fighting fronts." #

America's Most Remarkable Horse

The Goldsmith Maid, tireless trotter of the Seventies, is the winner of all time

by **JOHN DURANT**

▪ SPORTS ▪

A THREE-YEAR-OLD trotter named Yankee Maid won the Hambletonian last August at Goshen, New York, the most coveted victory of the harness racing world. The Maid, the papers called the filly. A few old-timers noticed and shook their heads. The Maid? They remembered a trotter who *was* the Maid, the Goldsmith Maid.

She was the darling of the Seventies. There were few sports then. Organized baseball was in its swaddling clothes; prize fighting was illegal; and tennis and football were only for the favored few; golf and basketball were yet to appear. The Maid had things to herself for over a decade. Men fought for her castoff shoes whenever she was shod. Whole villages came to the depot for a glimpse of her as she passed through in her private car. In the Fall of 1876 employes of a large shoe factory in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, refused to take their boss' no for an answer, wrecked the machinery, walked out of the plant and journeyed en masse to Springfield, thirty-five miles away, to see the Maid perform. She never disappointed her public. In thirteen years of competition she didn't miss a single performance. She won three hundred and fifty heats, a record never approached since. Man O' War won twenty races.

She was like a doe in appearance, slight and thoroughly feminine. A bay with a tiny white star on her forehead, the smallest of feet, she had an easy gait and blinding speed.

She was a queen and knew it. She was untouchable except to her mongrel companion, Fannie, and Old Charlie, a devoted derelict who slept in her stable. Even Budd Doble, her driver for years, never was able to break down her austerity.

On the New Jersey farm where she was reared, she kicked several buggies to bits before she was broken to harness. It took three exasperating years to teach the rebellious Maid to trot. At nine, when most thoroughbreds retire, she ran her first race. She won it against an experienced field on the Goshen track. It was the start of a career which took her cross-country to race on both coasts and the Middle West. An iron campaigner, it is computed that she rode the rails some 130,000 miles, besides all the countless short jaunts between towns which she made under her own steam.

The Maid was ageless and her speed increased as she grew older. At fourteen she stepped the fastest mile in trotting history, two minutes and seventeen seconds. She lowered her own mark five more times till she reached the unheard of time: two minutes and fourteen seconds, the fastest of her career. Slow time today, perhaps, but the Maid never pulled the modern pneumatic sulky. (The Yankee Maid's mile in the Hambletonian was only ten seconds faster.) She drew a cumbersome vehicle with towering wooden wheels, heavy axles and shafts, fifty pounds heavier than the sulky of today.

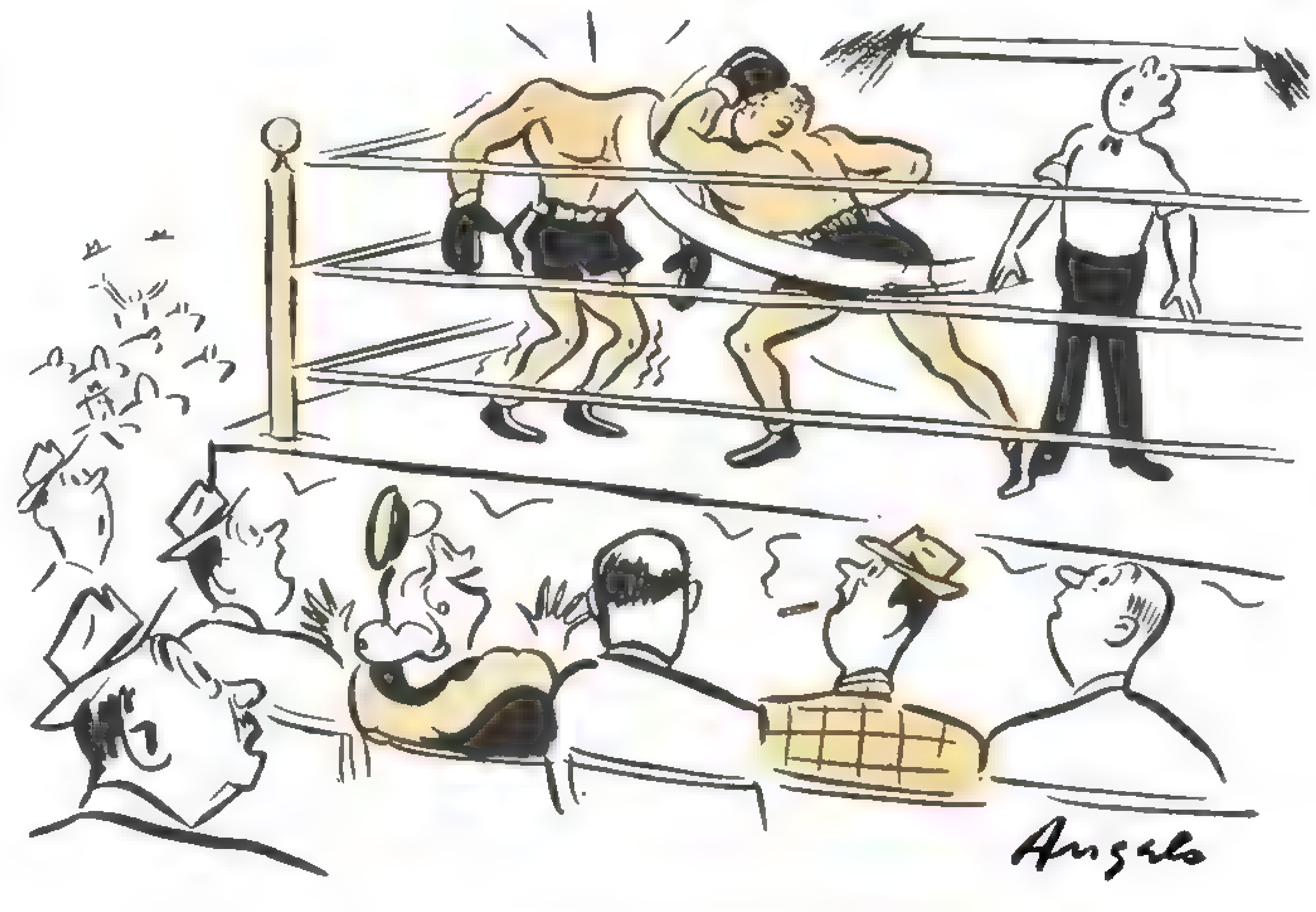
Every year in the life of a horse is equal to about three in the life a man. When the Maid turned in her fastest mile she was nineteen, or definitely middle-aged, and she raced against younger, more powerful horses of both sexes. Continuing the comparison, her world-record mile is as amazing as if Babe Ruth were to return to big-league baseball today and set a new world record for home runs.

The Maid won 364,200 dollars for her four owners. For sixty years she was the top money winner of equine history. Today she stands fourth on the list after Whirlaway, Sea Biscuit and Sun Beau, but the prizes of the running horses include the 100,000 dollars Santa Anita Handicap, the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont, and other rich stakes. Only twice in her life did the Maid win as much as 5,000 dollars in a single race. Most of her purses didn't amount to more than a few hundred dollars.

Twice she toured the country making farewell appearances, but when spring came around she was back in harness again. At twenty-one she ran an exhibition mile for Governor Leland Stanford of California. Her time was only two seconds off her own world's record. At that age she was still as fine and unblemished as a yearling.

At last the fire in her turbulent body began to dwindle. She retired to a New Jersey farm, and died in 1885 at the age of twenty-eight. Her grave was unmarked until 1926 when a group of admirers erected a monument, with some of her achievements carved in the stone.

Old-timers are right when they proudly say, "There was only one Maid and there'll never be another." #



"Mmmm—beautiful blow!"

How to Laugh on the Air

Being a guide to the blight of the phony radio laugh that kills comedy, and the comedy that causes a laugh

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

Of course the answer is the same as Punch's advice to those about to be married. Don't. Don't laugh on the air unless the laugh is surprised out of you. Don't plan to laugh. Don't respond to the cue (LAUGHINGLY). Don't laugh unless you think something's funny. Don't laugh.

Maybe my position (in this report and in life) would be more secure if I made it clear that I am referring to a well-nigh universal habit, observed on all networks and independent stations—observed so often because I am downright fond of radio and listen to it a lot. Aware that it is a human enterprise, I am not surprised that it fails to satisfy my special requirements exclusively; other people may dislike what I like; and there may be some listeners, although I have never found one, who really like the radio laugh, the prepared, cued, hollow, false, giveaway which no comedian would give two cents for, but which comes with fatal regularity and usually takes all the fun out of a show.

The kind of laugh I mean rises from the nature of radio. In neolithic times there existed a human expression known as a smile. It has disappeared from public view, its place taken in the movies by a smirk or grin, on the air by a cackle or laugh. Leonardo da Vinci painted a smile once which drove writers into an ecstasy; but La Gioconda, the smiling one, is revered today because she represents a lost phase of human emotion. Today the lady would have to give out—out loud. The listener to radio cannot see a smile. And the maxim about translating everything into audible terms has been taken so literally that the faintest twitch of the lips has to be transformed into sound effects. For that is what the radio laugh has become—not a sound, but an effect.

Oddly enough, the studio laugh, about which you have heard a lot of joshing, is perfectly all right. When people sit in the theatre and listen to Durante and either Allen or Benny, their laughter is instant and honest; the difficulty is not to cause them to laugh, but to make them stop. I don't know whether emcees ever actually hold up a card marked "Laughter," but they do have to signal audiences to be silent after a laugh. And a comedian who is earning several thousand dollars by amusing several million people separately in their homes doesn't need artificial stimulus for laughter in a crowded theatre.

The phony laugh usually occurs when no studio audience is present. It varies from a burped-chuckle during a solo speech, to a guffaw in an interview; it welcomes and points a huge index finger at a witticism about the weather, a joke about a mother-in-law, an epigram, a monumental piece of high comedy. It always sounds as if the laughter was not, like the late Queen, amused. Sometimes the laugh is given to the non-professional; he, poor nervous wretch, fighting his way through a prepared script which faintly resembles what he thought he was going to say, suddenly hears his adversary at the microphone make a crack: "Well, it was lucky you saw the bear first, wasn't it, Mr. Smörgåsbord?" And as he is about to say "yes," he looks down at the paper to make sure that he won't say "no," and there he sees "(LAUGHS)" so he laughs—five seconds late. It sounds dandy. It also sounds as if he wished he were dead.

I once laughed on the air. It was on a quiz show, I missed the answer to a question, and when the emcee gave it, I thought it was smart and funny—or rather I laughed immediately and then realized that I thought the answer was funny; probably I was nervous and reacted a bit too much. But the laugh was the most successful moment I had; I nearly got a sponsor on the strength of it—and my laugh is no cascade of pearly tones; I laugh from way down. But I have never been able to put a grin on my face and make it audible.

Actors can and actors should. A laugh is as legitimate a part of a dramatic radio program as a word. The radio laugh in a play is as good or as bad as it is on the stage; it takes place in a fictitious atmosphere and is, or isn't, in keeping with the rest of the show. The laugh that kills comedy is the one that pretends to be what it isn't.

Radio is a young medium and has been more abused than criticised, so lots of little things like the spurious heartiness of the laugh have established themselves. The truth is that, like the stage or the movies, radio has to be allowed certain conventions. One of them is the way characters in a radio drama will describe to one another objects they are both seeing at that moment; it is a way to give essential information to the audience. Another, which needs looking into, is the way certain characters turn up whenever they are needed, and in the nick of time. In a radio documentary by Corwin you will always find an honest artisan giving forth the true spirit of democracy; in an Orson Welles job the devil will usually be found, and not too unattractive because Welles has a sneaking fondness for him and would like to play his part (and often does) as well as the part of the Supreme Being who bears a faint resemblance to Orson Welles. The plain man and the housewife occur in two thirds of all social demonstrations, ready to ask about the mysteries of electronics or the complexities of international trade. There is the man whose grammar is bad, but who has the right ideas, the gum-chewing girl, the rustic—all out of 1910 cartoons. These are necessary lay figures; and a good radio writer uses them often, even though he knows they are dummies, because they are quick steps to the mind of the audience. Then, if he is a good writer, he adds a little touch of distinction to the character, he writes in some participants who are freshly created. If he is only an average writer, he gets along with a re-combination of the ten or fifteen nonentities whom everybody recognizes as being "just like themselves."

The conventions of the radio-interview are also necessary; but here you are dealing with human beings directly; here your ambition should be to let the greatest of all commodities—which is the complex and wonderful complete character of a man or woman—float out to the audience. That is why the conventions, the artificial forms, have to be watched; otherwise a nurse from a sailor's hospital, a lettuce picker from Salinas, a biochemist and a ballplayer will all begin to sound alike. They will be telling different stories, but they as human beings will not be present. Present will be a script—and a phony laugh at a no-joke.

The first convention is that human beings are too frightened to talk at the mike. It isn't so. Several years ago I worked on a series of programs in which we brought locomotive engineers and sandhogs and bakers and traffic cops up for interviews; Bob Trout, who has a positive genius at impromptu, began the series and established a simple routine—a talk with the man before going on the air, a few notes, an agreed run of

Continued on page 156

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 7—ERNIE PYLE

ERNEST TAYLOR (The Human Touch) PYLE, a frail-looking 44-year-old ex-Indiana farm boy, has set a new fashion in war correspondents. Pyle is at the opposite end of the reportorial spectrum from the florid and scoop-conscious graduates of the Richard Harding Davis school of battlefront observation; he writes not of generals and grand strategy, but of the little fighting men and their day-to-day lives and deaths. As a result, he has humanized the war and made it understandable to the readers of some 400 newspapers, with a combined circulation upward of 15 million, which carry his daily dispatches.

Of all the American reporters who have become celebrities as war correspondents, Ernie Pyle is among the most modest and is certainly the most unchanged. What with his earnings from his column and from such three-alarm best-sellers as *Brave Men* and *Here Is Your War* (both compilations of his newspaper columns), Ernie is doing quite well at the bank. Yet, when he leaves the foxholes to the foxes and goes into mufti for a visit to Washington or to recuperate from the ardors of front-line life with his wife at their home in New Mexico, he still looks like a custom tailor's nightmare.

Although Pyle's sympathy for the little fighter has never been questioned, he is not so naïve as his homespun writings might imply. As a former managing editor, Ernie knows that names make news. His reports are liberally sprinkled with names and street addresses of G.I.'s, than which there is nothing more journalistically sure-fire.

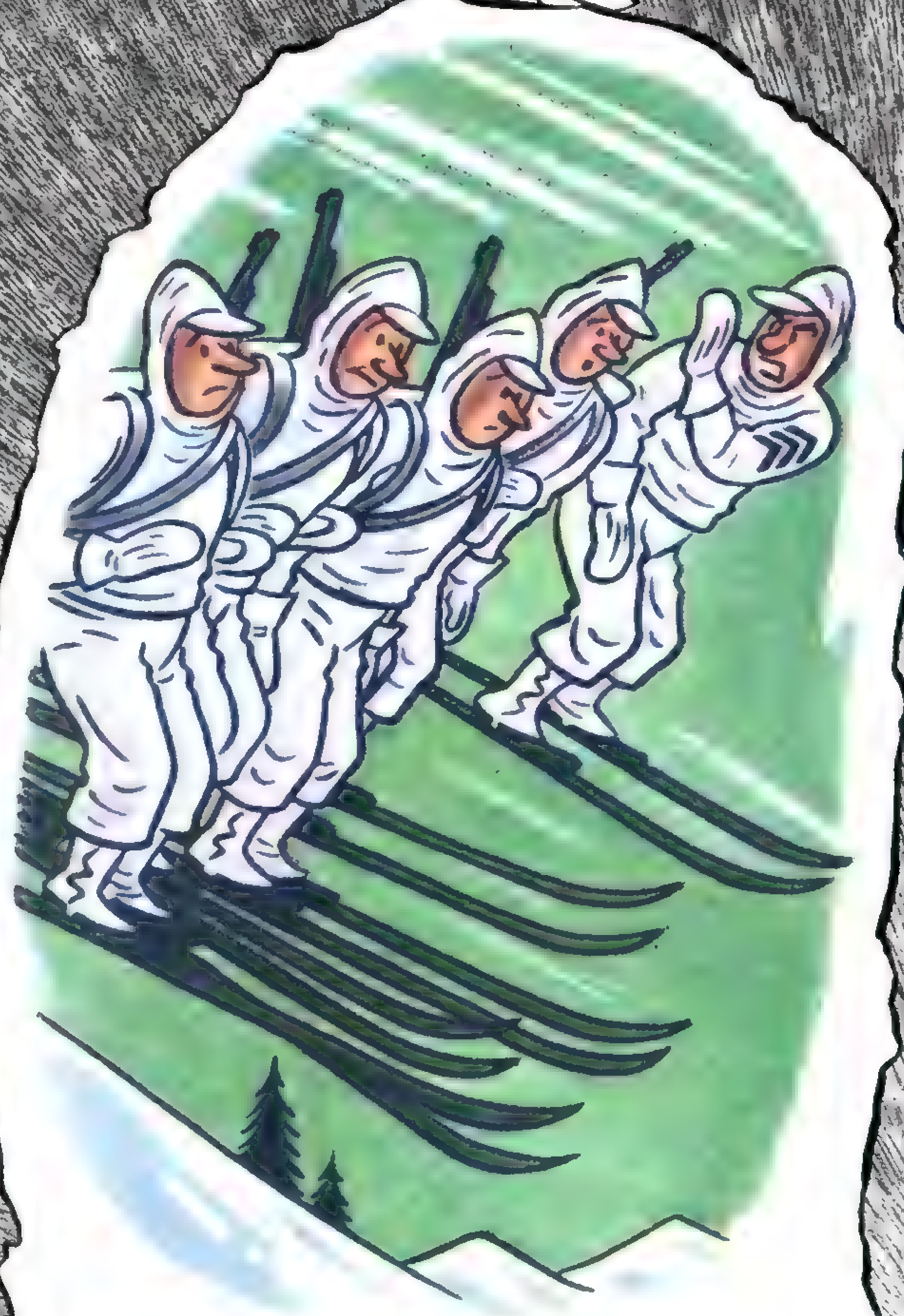
Because of his preoccupation with the fortunes of G. I. Joe (the title, incidentally, of the movie version of *Here Is Your War*, with Burgess Meredith as Pyle) Ernie has become a sort of adopted-by-proxy relative of millions of parents, wives and sweethearts with men in service. He is constantly carrying messages between home front and the war fronts. Pyle fans worry more about the well-being of Ernie than about General Eisenhower. —Alan Hynd.

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY RAVITZ-PALAZZO

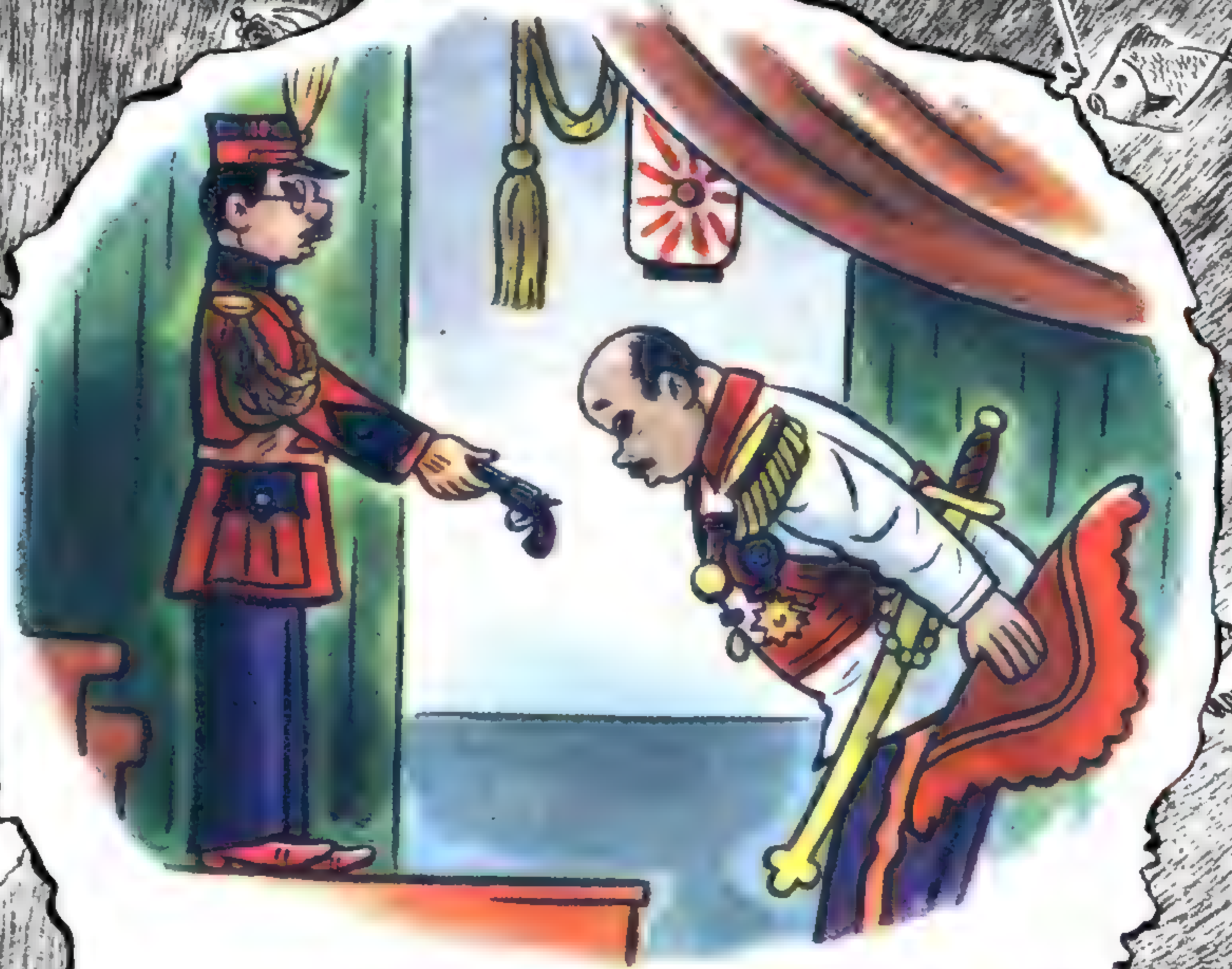
The New Book by
ERNIE PYLE
BRAVE MEN
Ernie Pyle in England
ERNIE PYLE
Here Is Your War
I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN
York World-Te
Post
Press
CHICAGO SUN
The Boston Daily Globe
NEW ORLEANS ITEM
PHILADELPHIA RECO
THE SPRINGFIELD UNIO
WEATHER
FINAL

Sad Apples in May

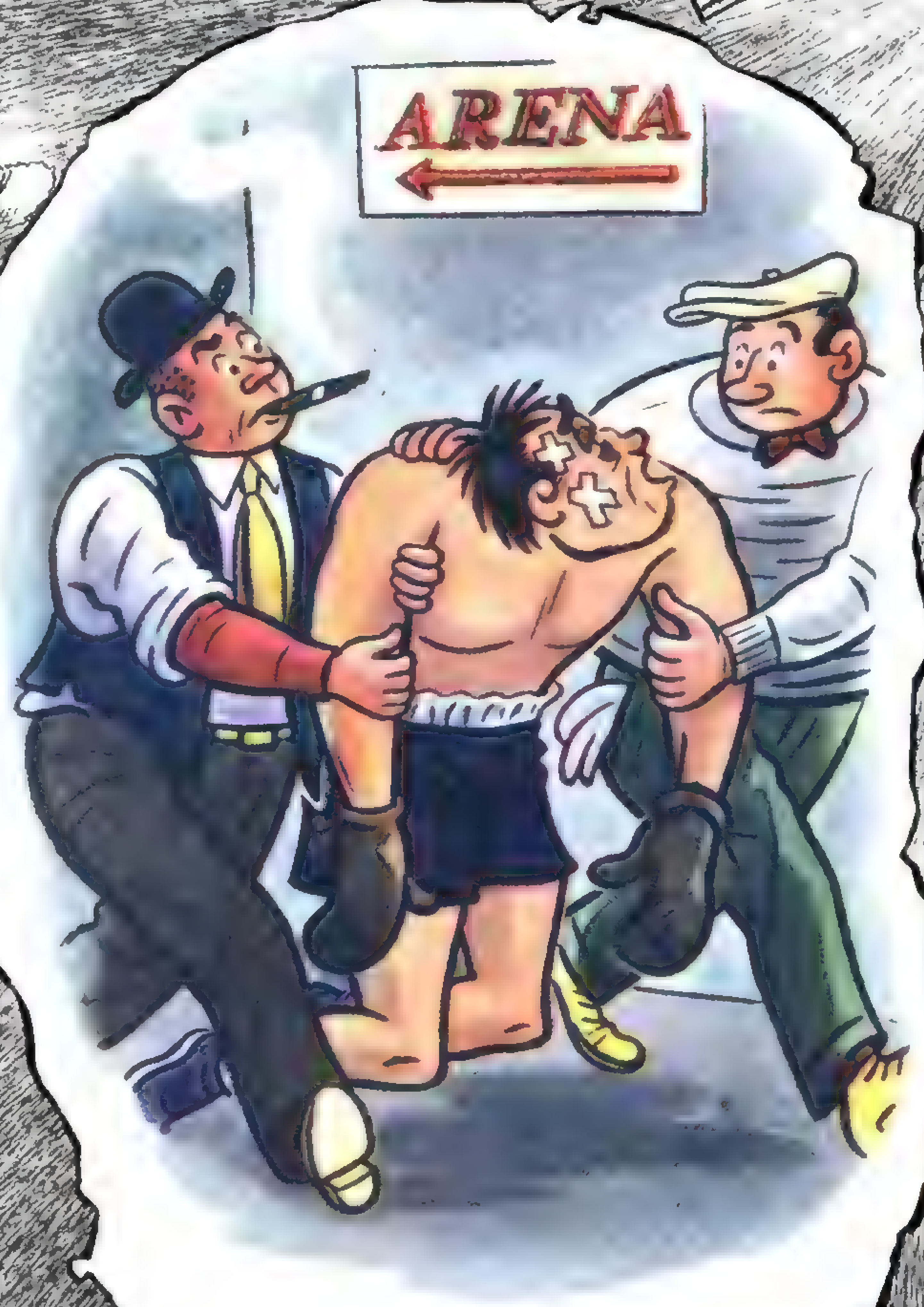
by FRANK BEAVEN



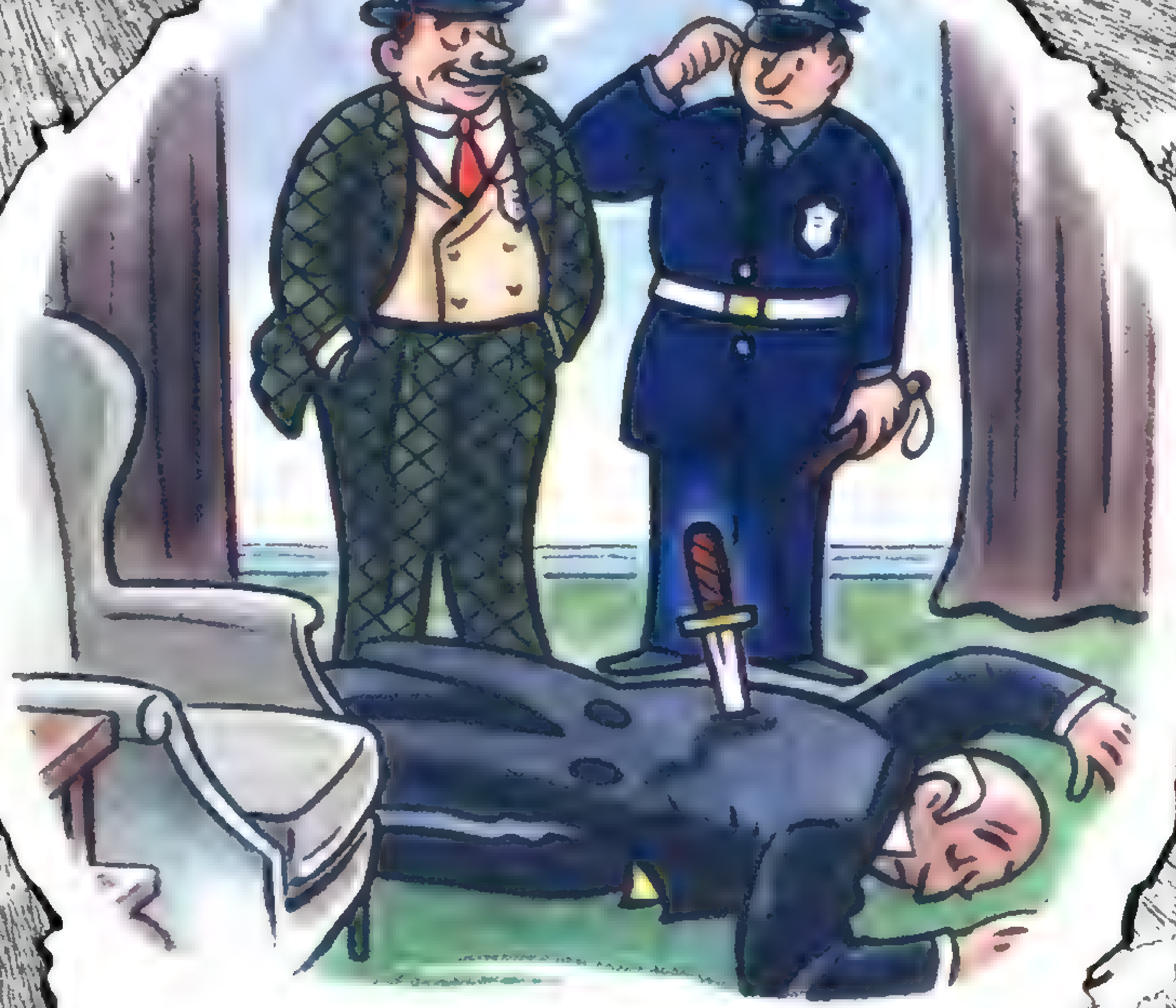
"Awright, you guys—dress up that line!"



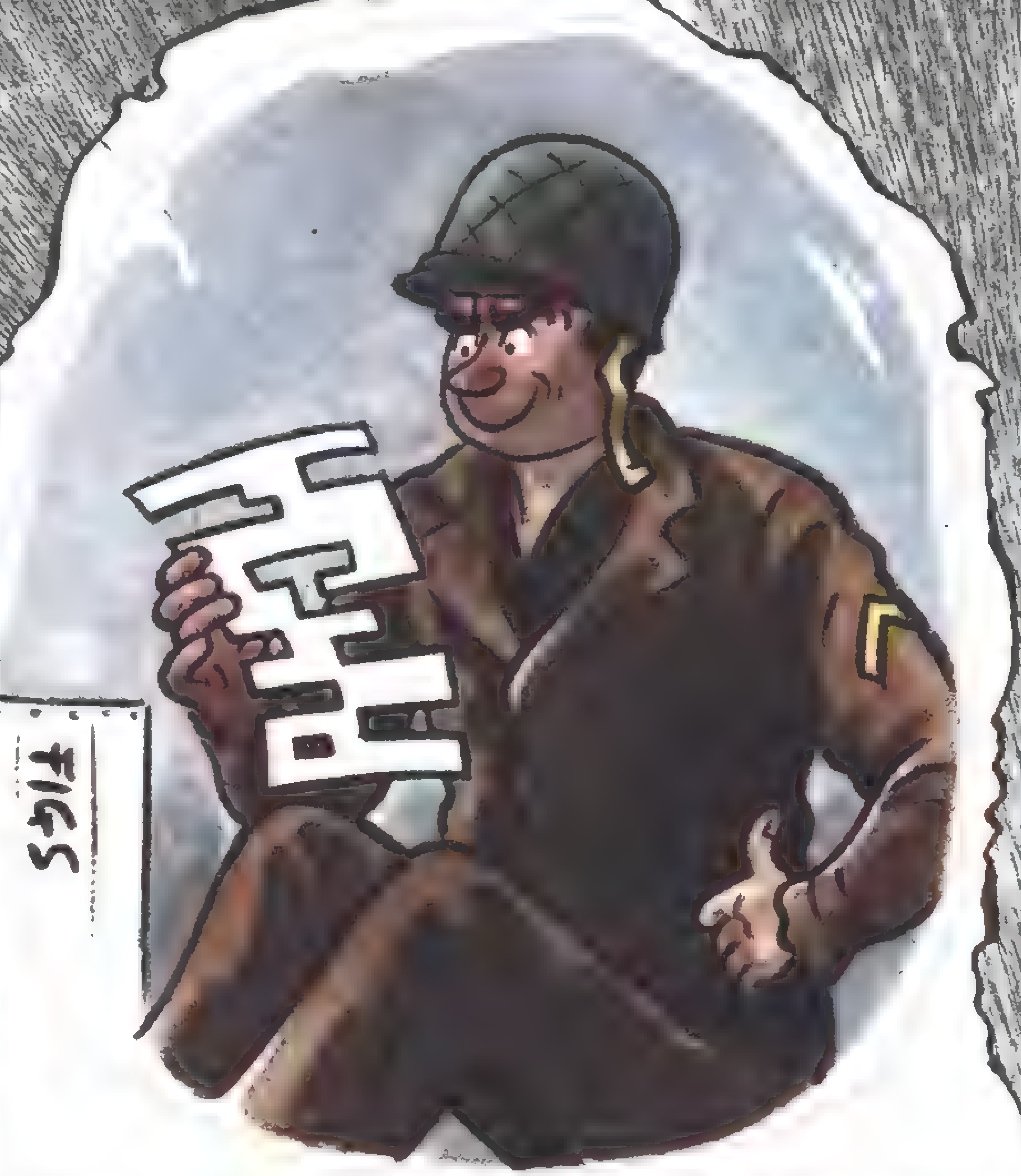
"Pleased to meet Honorable Admiral—now I'd like Admiral to meet Honorable Ancestors"



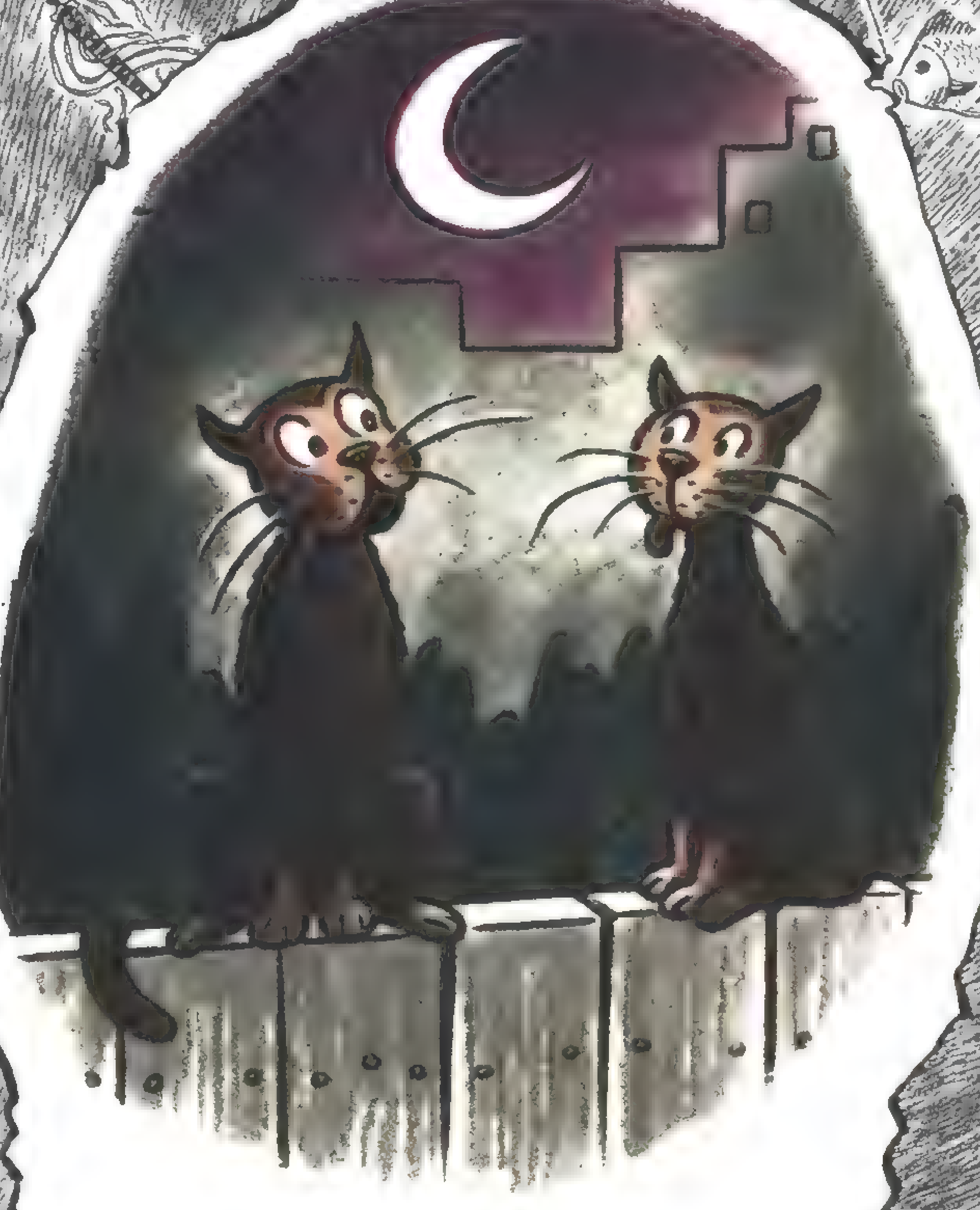
"Did I lose gloriously?"



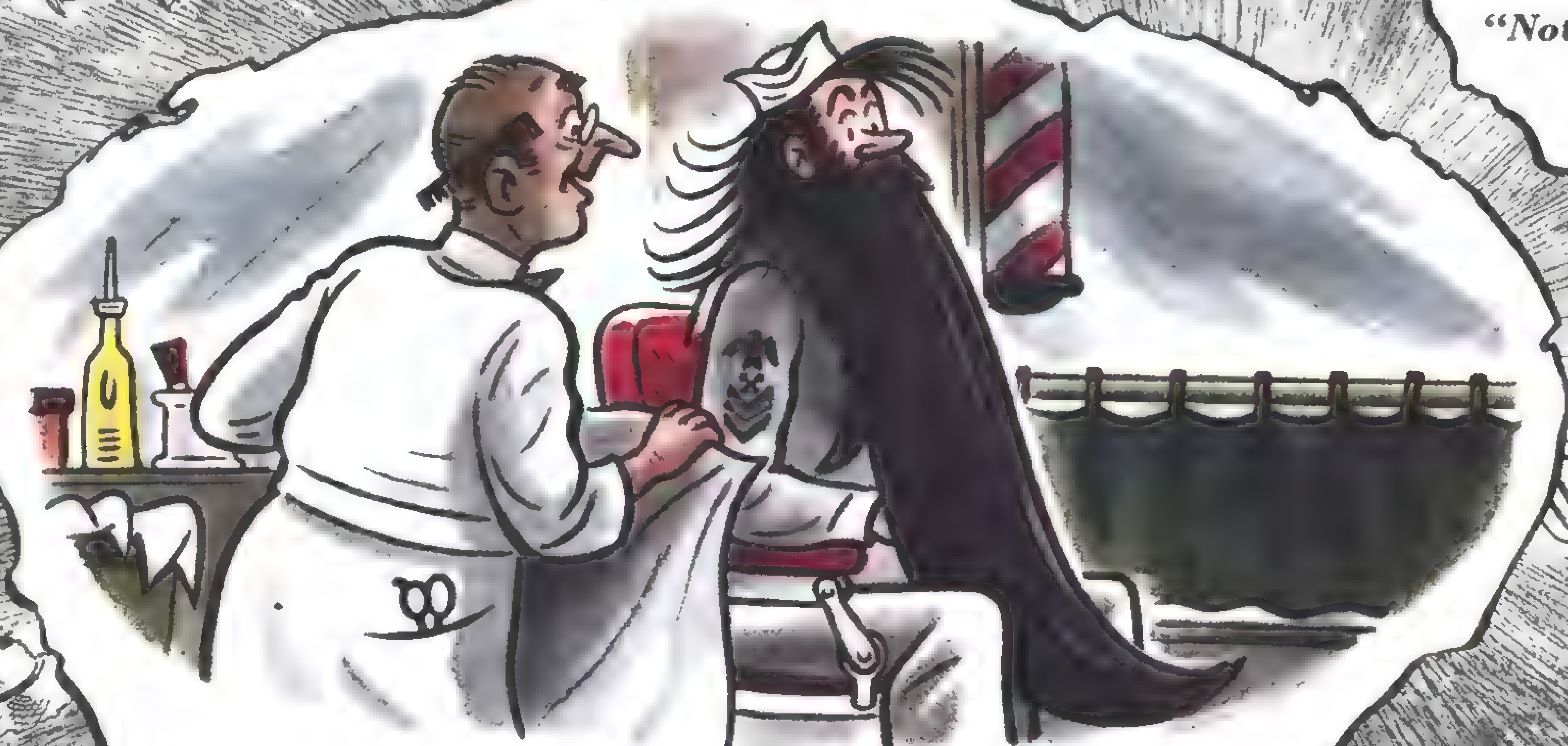
"It's the butler—killed himself, no doubt"



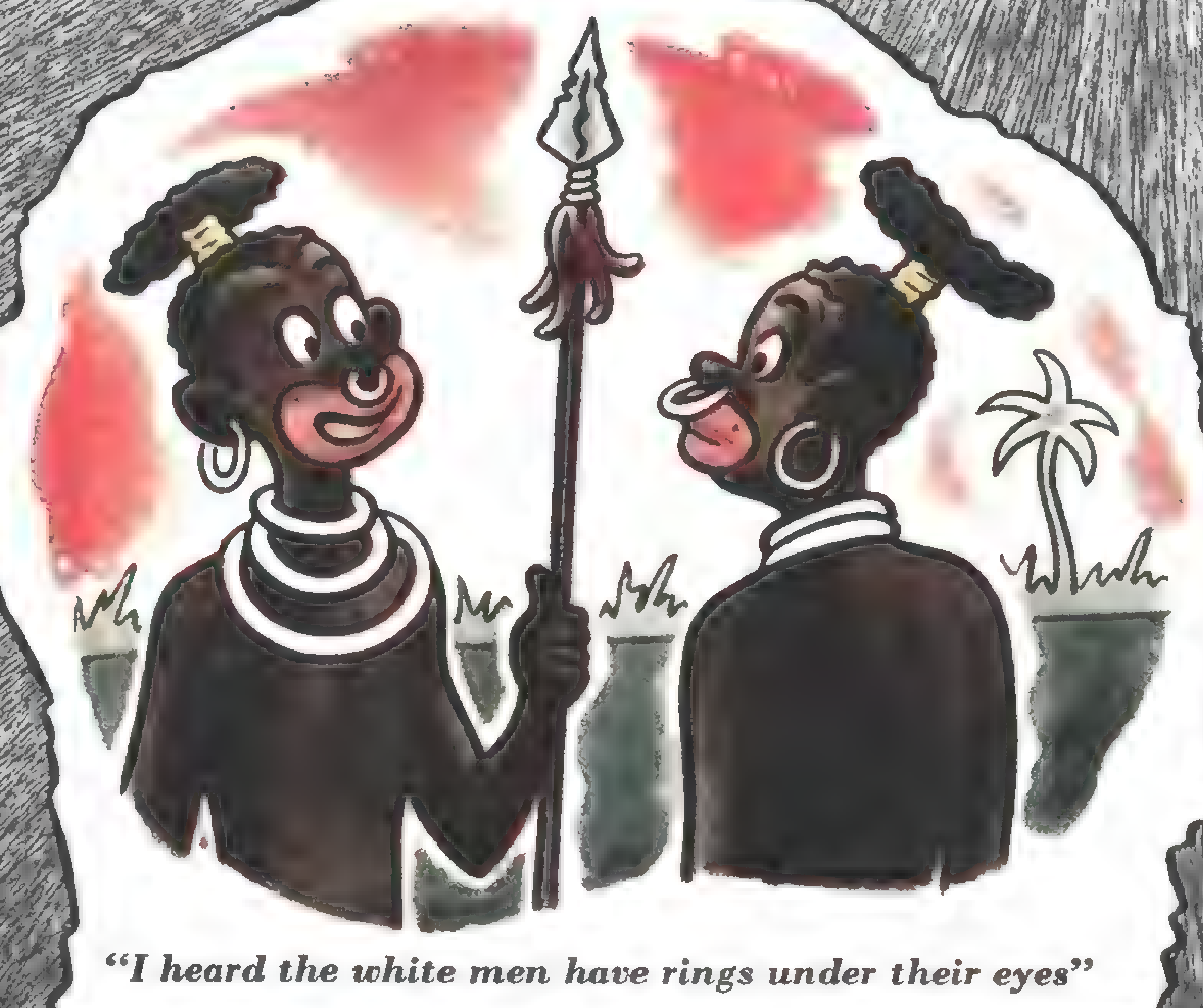
"I cut up this letter myself—just to give you an idea how yours look when I receive them!"



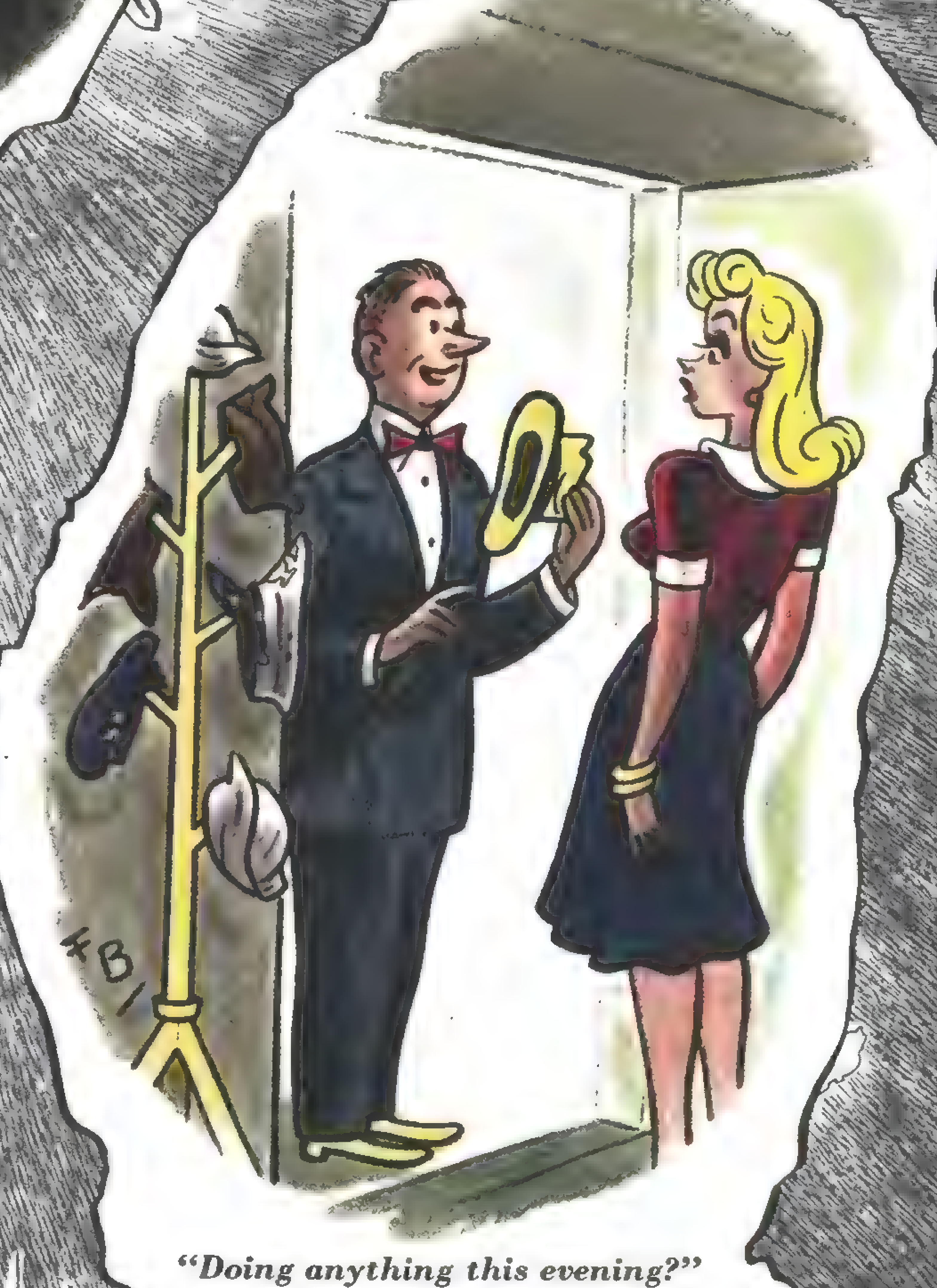
"Nothing to worry about—who's got old shoes to throw these days?"



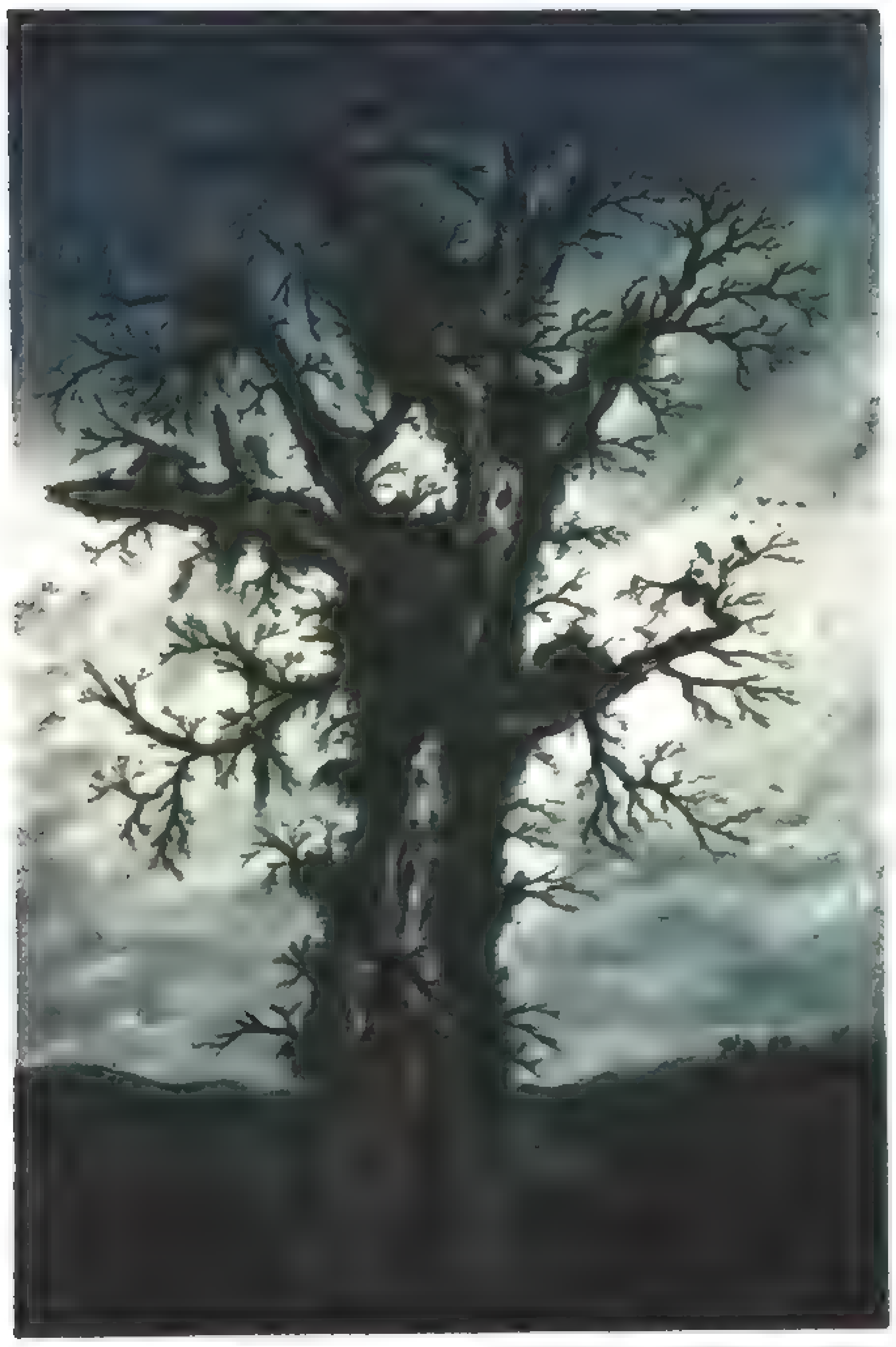
"Out quite awhile on this trip, eh, Maurice?"



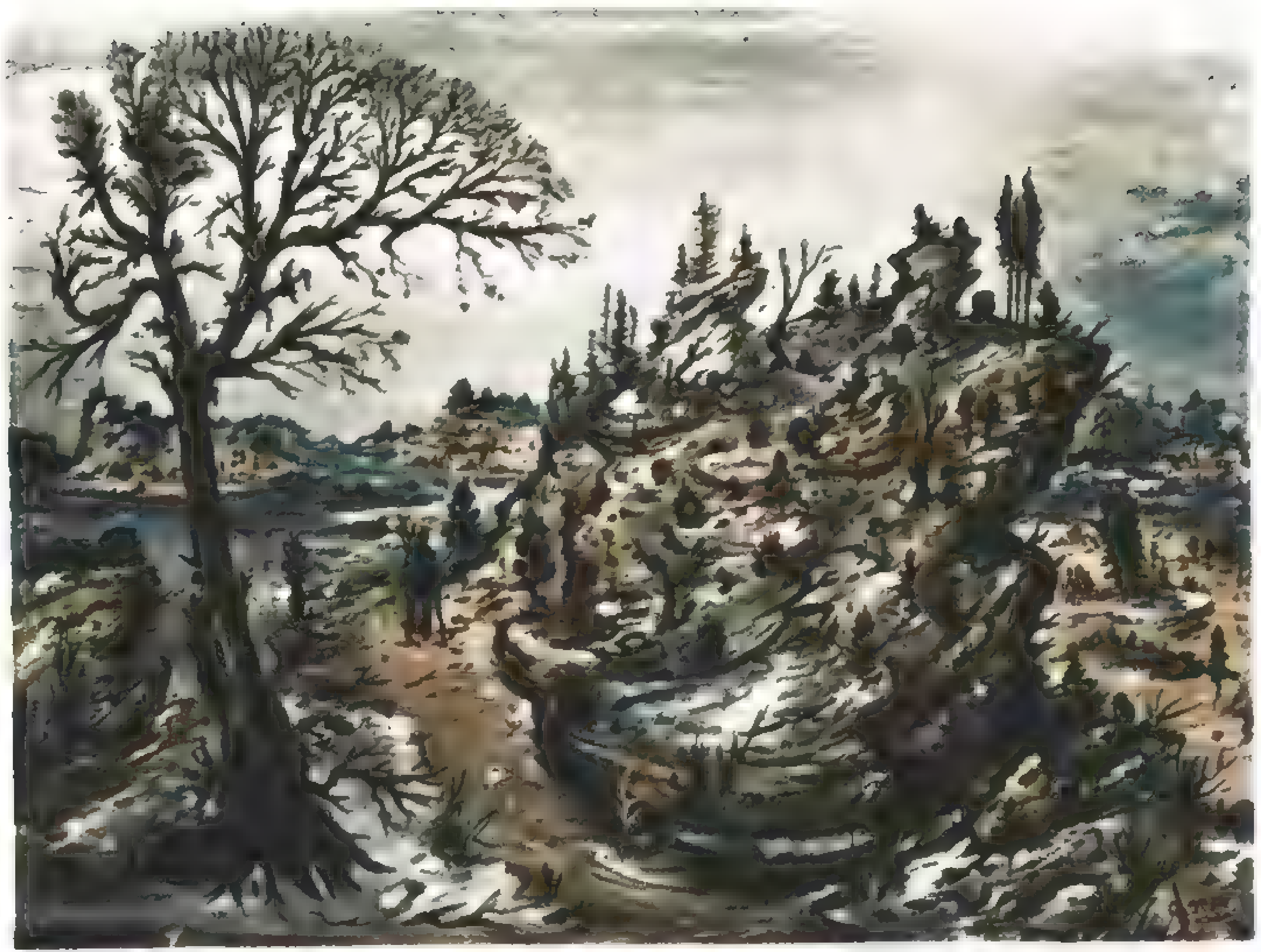
"I heard the white men have rings under their eyes"



"Doing anything this evening?"



TREE WITH VIEW



WINTER LANDSCAPE

A Group of Six Paintings

by MARSHALL GLASIER

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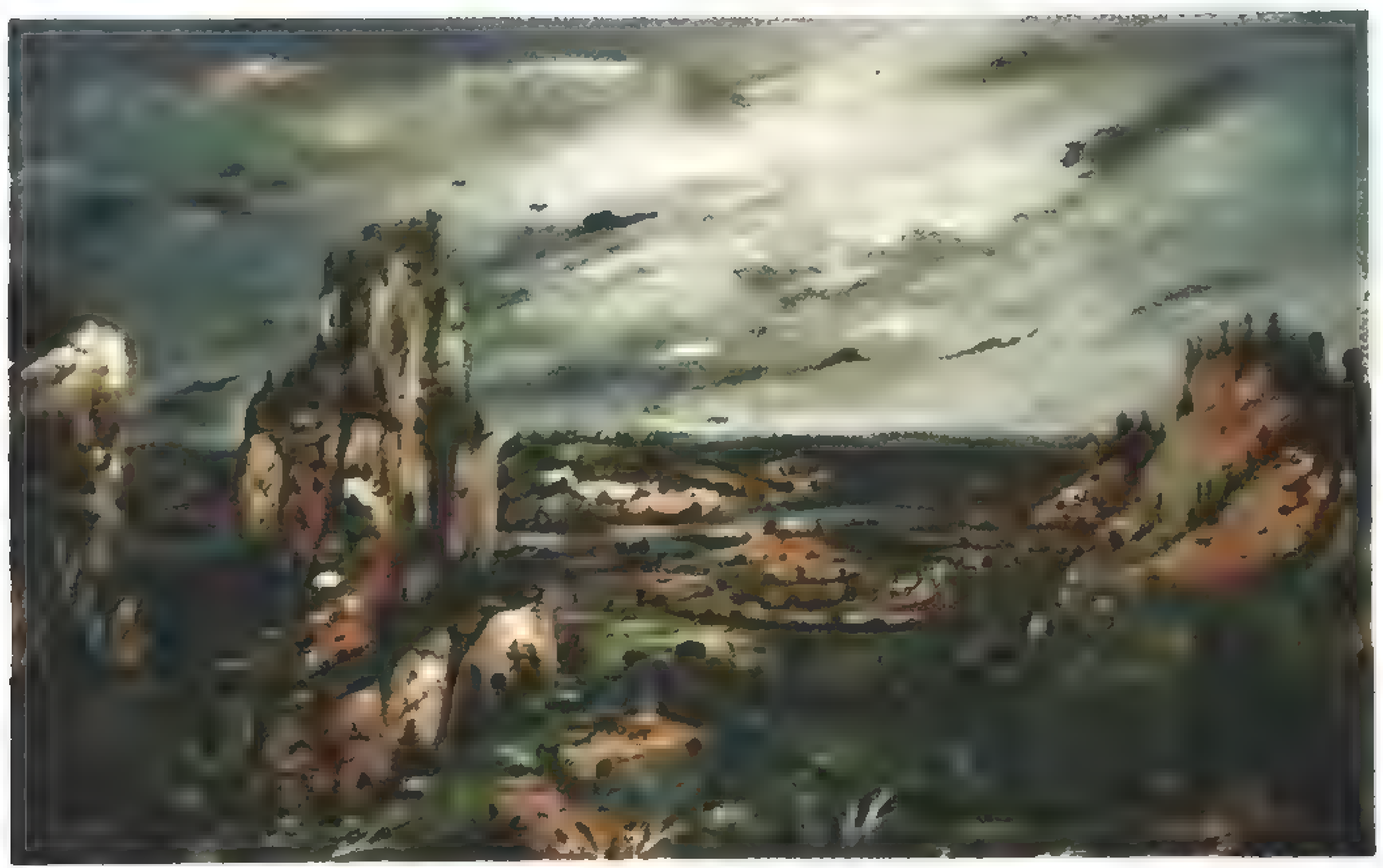
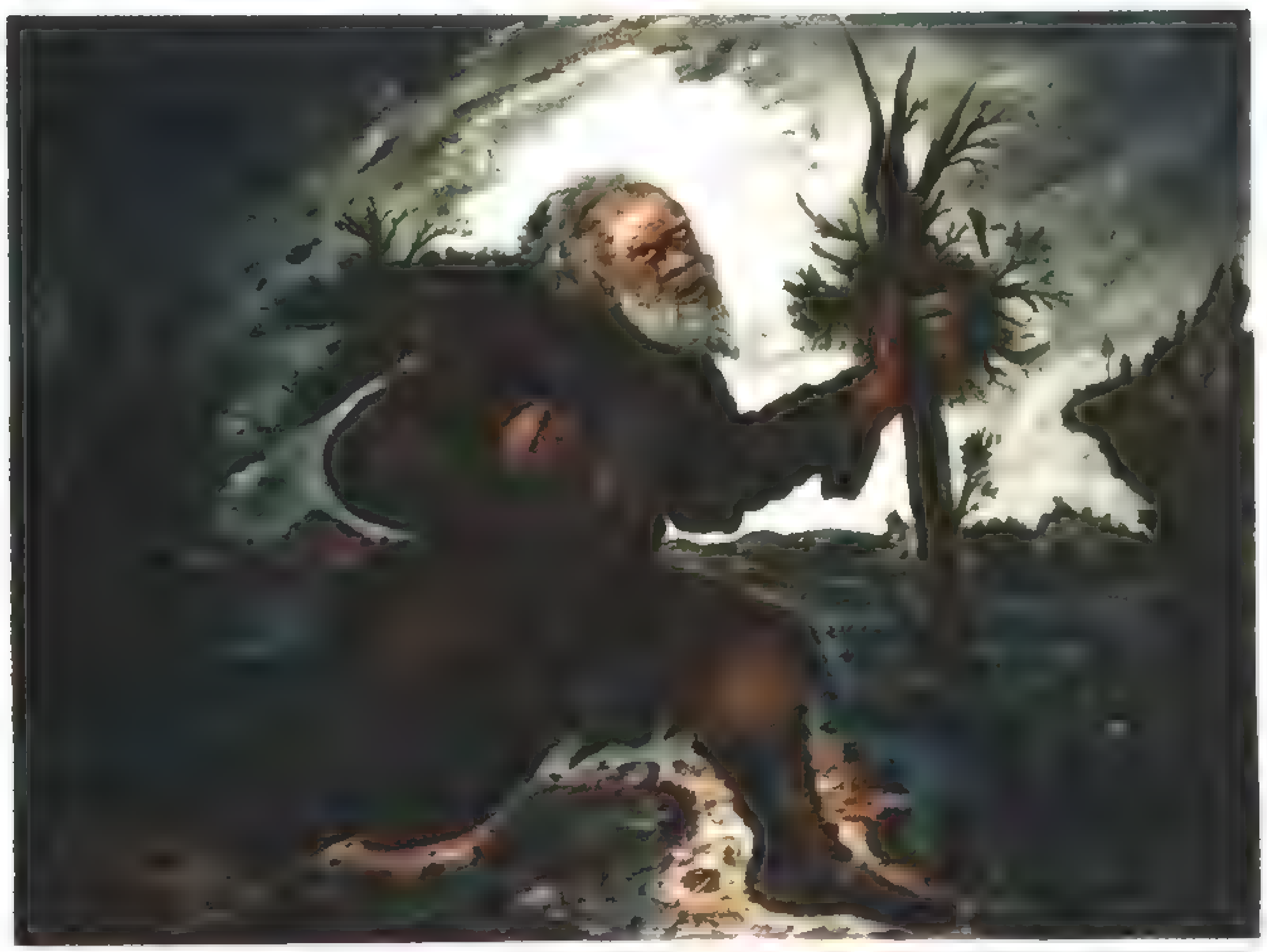
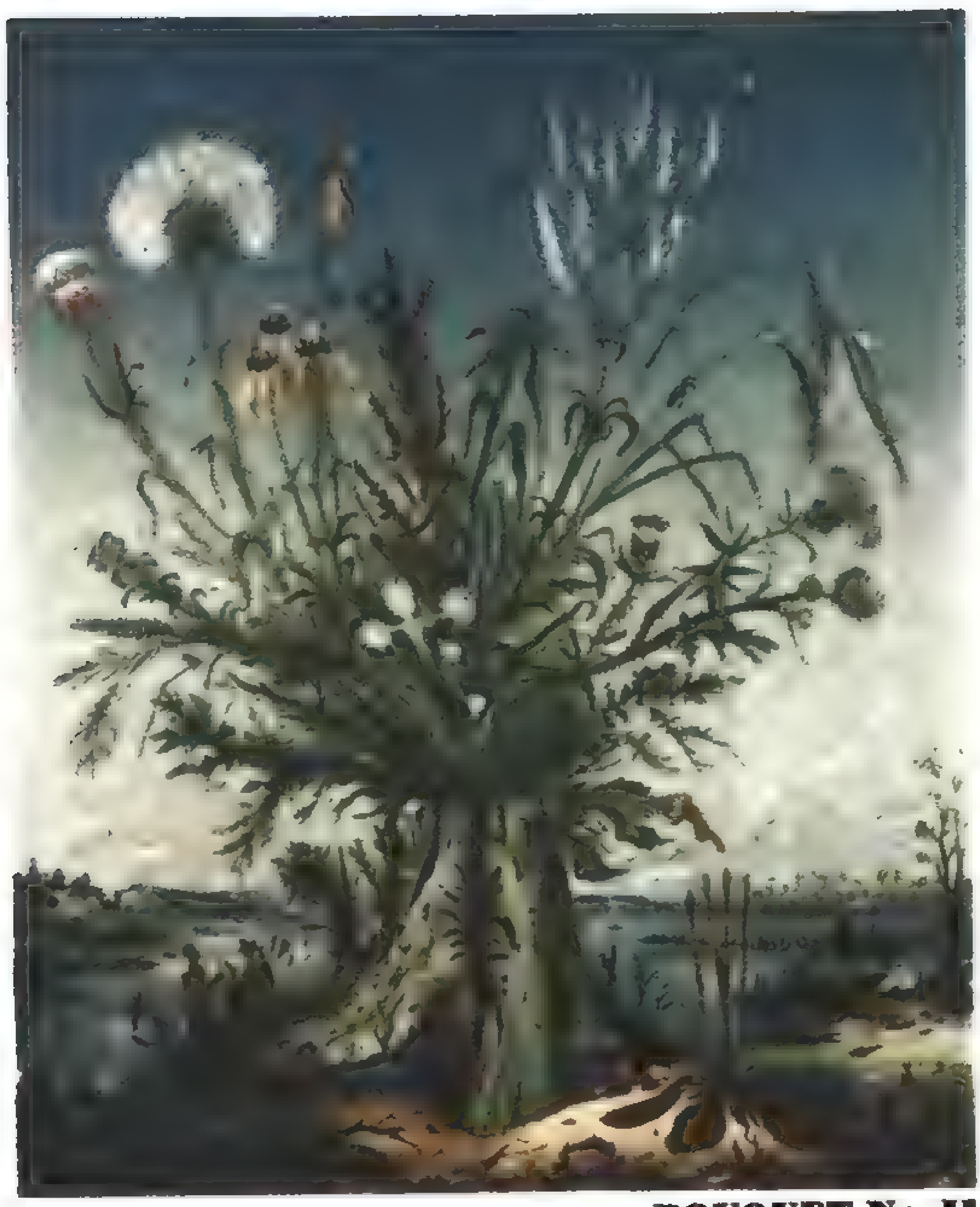


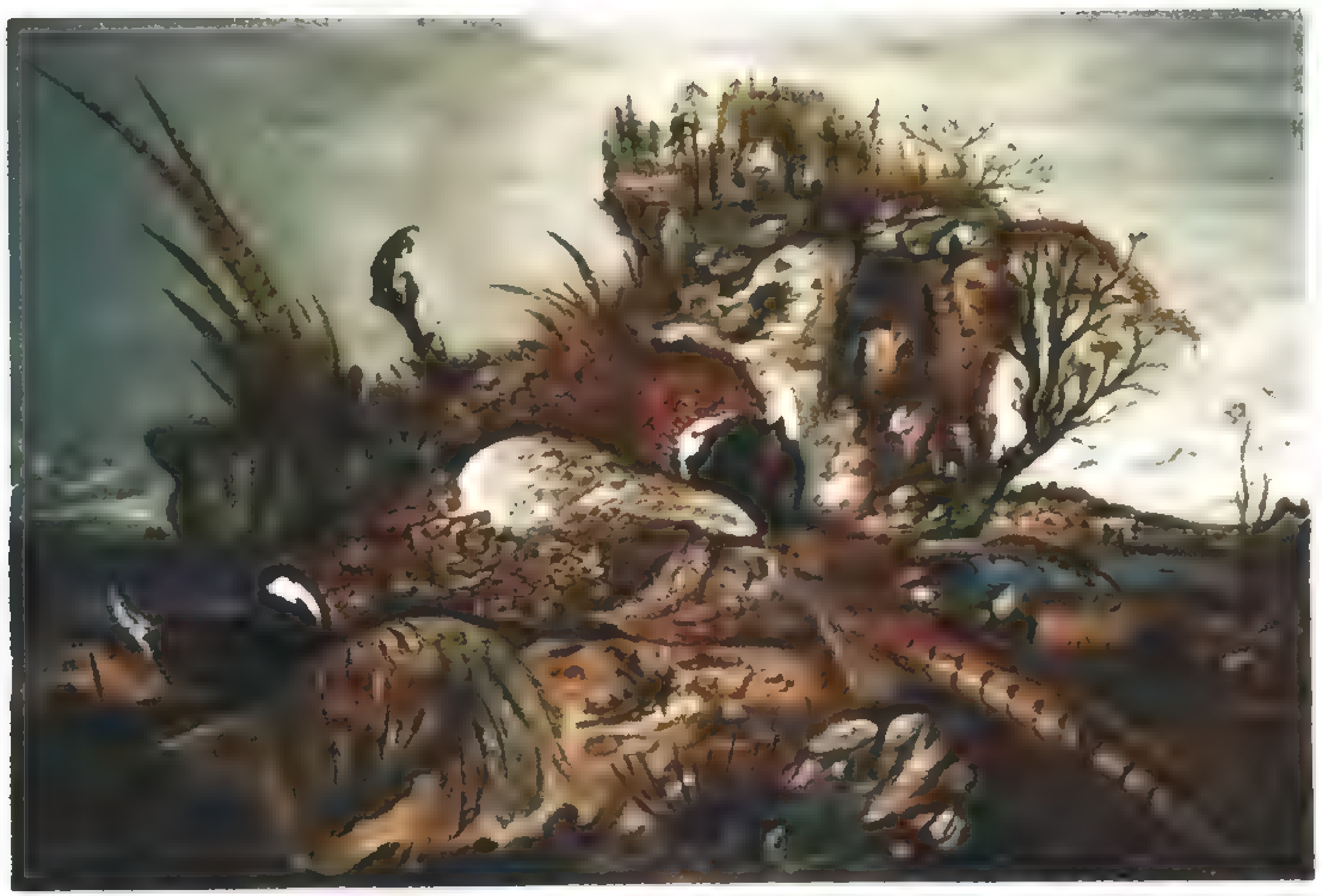
DARK DAY



RETURN OF ST. CHRISTOPHER



BOUQUET No. II



PHEASANTS IN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

The Research Magnificent

How Marshall Glasier labored for many years and on many planes to achieve his dream, *as related by the artist*

to HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Over the piano in our living room is a picture of two ten-year-old boys in sailor suits. One of them is me, the other is my twin brother. I think I'm on the left, but I'm not sure. I mention this first because I think it had a great deal to do with my becoming an artist. We looked so much alike, were always in trouble, and it was always "Which is which?" and "Aren't they cute!" and one of us was always being taken for the other. I remember that once my twin pushed the principal over a chair in high school and I got the bawling out. After that I set out for myself. Later I was to realize that my being an artist was a continual search for an identity, since I never was sure of having one—at least, I had to share it. Well, it's all right now because about every ten years or so I visit my twin, and I can say he's the guy I was supposed to be—what we know as a capable "good" guy, a success and married (as I am not) and with a child. Well, this sets me free.

Let's get down to chronology. I was born—maybe we should say *we* were born—in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, in 1902, and soon moved to Madison, where we have been living ever since in that white Cape Cod house in that residential district called Nakoma. I went to grade and high school and was the usual bad student, but I liked to draw. I was the typical average American boy. I had a habit of cutting pictures of automobiles out of ads, drew car designs and even sold one to *Motor Age*. I played the usual sports, but I was best at basketball and tennis. I entered the University of Wisconsin, class of 1927, but didn't last long. I must have been a hell of a student. Then I went to the Chicago Art Institute where I learned that fifteen circles equals a man, then tried summer art school at the University, drew for the *Octopus* and had an early drawing in *College Humor*—stylized stuff, not very good. I returned to Chicago to work in Alexander Green's book shop on Cass Street—he specialized in limited editions, Irish myths, poetry and belles lettres—and there I got my first real taste for books. I met the literati like Guido Bruno and all the others who came to the Dill Pickle Club, and had an exciting time—it was the Chicago of Ben Hecht's *Thousand and One Afternoons*, remember!—and although I didn't get much out of it then, it was to be important later on.

This may sound terribly romantic and old-fashioned but it happened, it's part of the story, so why slur it: my best friend married the girl I was engaged to and when I had come up for air from my sorrow-drowning project, I was in Nashville, Tennessee, a 1924 enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps and off for training in South Carolina. I spent a year and a half of the four in Haiti, had plenty of time to read and study and did get some feeling for the soldier now at war. Let it go at that. I felt as if someone else were living my life in those days—the days I should have been in college—and came home like Ulysses to take up my civilian life. I was twenty-six years old and still didn't know what I wanted to do.

Again, summer art school at the university, studying commercial art and advertising, learning to write copy as well as draw and make layouts. Things looked set, but I had a narrow escape from a lifelong entanglement and ran off to Washington where I found I could make a satisfactory living and be nearly bored to death. I began to question life and its purpose and my function, and developed contempt for the money I was making. So I came to New York where I talked to the big shots in advertising. One big fellow from Park Avenue looked at my drawings and gave me perhaps the most important lecture of my life. "Look," he said, "this is the depression; the time of sophistication is over. Things aren't going to be the way they were—see! No more tricks. More natural drawings. Now, the time to stylize is *after* a sound academic training, not before. Have you got any life drawings?" "No," I said. "Well, I would advise you to go back to school, humiliate yourself. It's a good time, no one has any money, anyway; besides, you're too old for a commercial art course. Bring me some good life drawings and I'll give you a job. So long and good luck!"

I never claimed that job because when I went to the Art Student's League, I ran into a man who was to influence my whole future—George Grosz.

I often wish to draw a line through all my life which leads to Grosz and the Art Student's League. I am shocked when I realize how long it has taken me to get to the beginning, but I am somewhat relieved when I think of all the good painters who have started late in life. I was and still am one of those Americans possessed by the great loneliness, swayed and buffeted with every wind, yet hanging on somehow to a kind of honest instinct and intuition, hoping to bring their lives to some kind of meaningful end. I should have fitted in with the lost generation of Malcolm Cowley and Glenway Wescott, the expatriate boys—sure, I wanted to write! All this time I was educating myself for the life of the artist, but I didn't know it. It was just my luck that I arrived at the League when I did and that along came a man I could call my master, who was to give my life direction and make it worthwhile.

The man was Grosz, the place was the League, and the time was the John Sloan-Jonas Lie debate about the influence of a foreigner on young American artists.

Benton, Curry, Wood and Marsh were on the ground floor of American art consciousness. Rivera was soon to start the mural craze, and everyone was being subjected to many influences, new ideologies. Street scenes predominated, and if you went out to Kansas and painted a telephone pole on a deserted road with an old Ford running along it and named it Route 45, you were pretty sure of becoming a future American regionalist. John Sloan brushed his thick mop of hair back over his forehead and his long arms gestured that Grosz was a fine draughtsman and we could learn from him, but Marsh and Lie and Curry certainly weren't sure; they had heard of Grosz's *Ecce Homo* and of his *Simplicissimus* caricatures, and imagined us turning out cartoons of the fat man with money-bags—all talent for the *New Masses*. The school was afire with controversy and excitement, while we waited for the man who was to arrive from Europe. This was in the Summer of 1930 and instead of a man with a beard and an unwashed look, there appeared before us a conservatively dressed, businesslike fellow who bowed to the class and said: "Good afternoon, I am your new teacher," one of the first English sentences

Continued on page 120

"How much would you charge if I supply the paint?"

The Rhythm Section

Of the National Jazz Foundation, a newly formed champion for good jazz, and some opinions on swung classics

by **PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER**

• JAZZ •

For ten years, now, the social and aesthetic acceptance of jazz has gained momentum on ever-widening horizons. During the past several years in particular, jazz has been granted an active voice as an art-form in cultural circles, but here it has met with a meager factual knowledge of jazz music itself and of the men who make it. Many persons claiming an interest in jazz apparently deem it unnecessary to hear the music except in its watered down and commercial forms—as represented, for example, by the orchestral performances of the latter-day Tommy Dorsey or Harry James and of the late lamented Glenn Miller.

Yet, in other departments of cultural activity, these same persons pride themselves on their factual knowledge and understanding appreciation—details and nuances included. Mention Eugene O'Neill, Fritz Lang, John Steinbeck, William Gropper, Norman Corwin or Bernard Herrmann and they are eager and alert to identify those personalities. Or ask for opinions on the *Ox-bow Incident*, *The Devil and Daniel Webster Suite*, *Invitation to Learning*, *Studs Lonigan*, *Air Raid* or *The Children's Hour*—such titles easily might provoke hours of commentary and philosophizing among persons who would consider unfamiliarity with these creations a cultural sin. In short, earnest and sincere efforts are put forth to grasp both the intellectual and emotional qualities of the various facets of literature, the theatre, painting and even the movies and radio. This is accomplished, it is obvious, by concentration on gaining the completest possible understanding of the art-form. In classical music, this means listening and reading on a broad scale.

But what about the subject of jazz? After years of socially accepted sneering at jazz as low-brow, noisy, escapist, erotic-massaging, etc., the culturally-minded now make numerous concessions to jazz as an art-form, admit it to serious discussion—but rarely do they bring to that discussion (as in the case of other arts) the easy familiarity and thorough knowledge which must be possessed if they are to understand and appreciate jazz on a basis commensurate with their understanding and appreciation of classical music or literature or any other classification in the realm of art. Too frequently they preface their remarks with the hoary apology: "I don't know much about jazz, but I know what I like." Then they add: "But I'm willing to listen," whereupon they assume a half-skeptical, half-condescending attitude which suggests that they still suspect that jazz is mere noise. Even the fact that certain classical musicians (such as Leopold Stokowski, José Iturbi and Hector Villa-Lobos) have proclaimed, in essence, that "Jazz! *C'est magnifique!*" does not alter the actual circumstance that neither these gentlemen nor the music lovers who patronize them bring to their appreciation of jazz a comprehension equal—in kind—to that which they offer classical music. When one speaks of jazz to such persons, he invariably finds it necessary to preface his statements with numerous qualifications, with explanations of the simplest factual material on the subject and with warnings that all is not jazz merely because it is written or played in four-four tempo. That the ultimate test of the best jazz, as with any music, is its feel, its flavor, its emotional *quality* seems never to occur to the willing-to-listen neophytes. Such an approach implies and requires long hours of listening to all kinds of jazz, and the eventual application of critical methods to determine the qualitative from the mediocre or merely commercial.

In the symphonic field, such a process of selection goes on endlessly among lovers and supporters of classical music. Yet, music lovers though they are, they regard jazz as "conversation music," and after an evening at the symphony or opera they more than likely will find their way to a hotel supper room or "fashionable" nightspot where, both by applause and monetary approval, they sanction and lend social prestige and moral support to drooling, sentimental music—and this, they think, is jazz. Of course, they admit that the emotionally more intense music which initiates recognize as jazz sounds different, and recently they have given the latter more serious attention. But the bulk of their applause and support is for musical organizations which perform popular tunes, both old and new, without regard for either the emotional or musical quality of the rendition. This is the equivalent of lending greater support to schmalzy, musically-mediocre performances of the Tschaikowsky Fifth than to crackling, musically-inspired versions of the *Eroica*.

Considering, then, the attitude of the classical-minded toward jazz, there can be no doubt that the newly formed National Jazz Foundation unquestionably will play an important role in the dissemination of the kind and quality of information which the willing-to-listen jazz public needs. The Foundation is the first major organizational attempt on a national scale to break down widespread misconceptions about jazz and to aid that breakdown by giving a salient voice (through national membership) to practical considerations.

Healthy and farsighted in its intent and comprised of New Orleans businessmen who seem to be sincerely appreciative of jazz, the executive board of the N.J.F. wants to help put jazz in spots where jazz has never had a chance to show its wares. It wants to establish a museum for the preservation of jazz history and jazz lore. It wants to fly the banner for real jazz, to help overcome the idea that to be successful at the box office, jazz must be corny. It believes, with many jazz musicians, that the best jazz is also the most commercial jazz, because, if the finest jazzmen are allowed to play without being hampered by what the public thinks of the latest popular song, then the public will accept good jazz, since it posesses directness, simplicity and universality of appeal.

I can assure jazz fans the world over that so long as the executive board of the Foundation is comprised of men such as Scoop Kennedy, Red Mackie and Wilson Arnold, jazz possesses the kind of champions which it sorely needs at this stage of its development. In short, jazz needs more practical opportunities for giving the public its best, rather than its mediocre or commercial performances. Fully conscious of this, the N.J.F. recognizes the necessity for familiarizing the willing-to-listen neophyte with the best jazz by making it more accessible—just as the best in other art-forms is made accessible. —P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

When "the Golden Anniversary of Jazz" was celebrated in New Orleans last January, that historical occasion marked the Crescent City's first big-scale recognition of the significant role which jazz has played in the American cultural scene. For that event, the National Jazz Foundation sponsored a jazz concert (in conjunction with Esquire's All-American Jazz Band awards) attended by slightly less than three thousand persons who packed the Municipal Auditorium—on the site of Congo Square. Here slaves once were bought and sold. Here, decades later, descendants of those slaves appeared as free men on a concert stage before an audience which honored them as Americans and as artists. They personified the forward movement of the social acceptance of jazz and jazz performers over the half-century from 1895 to 1945.

Now, the broad aim of the National Jazz Foundation is to push the boundaries of that acceptance beyond its present limitations. For one thing, the best jazz still does not find enough opportunities to make itself heard in an atmosphere conducive to the fullest enjoyment of good music. The Foundation wants to do something about that by going directly to the men who hire the musicians. That, without question, is the place to go, and to wield power, such a move must emanate from an organization. What better efforts could be made in that direction than support of the Foundation? I say, none, for I know that the Foundation not only is open to suggestions from jazzfans, but wants their active support, too, as associate members at three dollars a year. You can do either or both by writing the N.J.F., 407 Cotton Exchange Bldg., New Orleans 12, Louisiana.

What would the associate member receive for his annual dues? To be honest, his immediate derivative would not be precisely tangible. But, among other things, the Foundation hopes to establish a Jazz Museum; a Bureau of Information and Advice for hotel, ballroom and night-club owners; and local chapters in other cities where the same pressures may be brought to bear on local acceptance. All associate members will gain some benefits now, but potential future benefits are incalculable. If what I learned about the men who are behind the Foundation means anything, be assured that they will concern themselves *exclusively* with jazz. Personally, I offer my unhesitating approval both of what the Foundation is doing and of its potentialities.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Jazz Symposium

Do You Approve of Swinging the Classics?

Désiré Defauw, conductor and musical director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra:

I approve of everything in art when it is inspired. The question that is put to me: "Do you approve of swinging the classics?" is a simple one to answer for that particular reason. Inspiration is the sole guide to everything in art. There have been very fine "swingings" of the classics. There have been very poor ones—in fact most of the recent ones have been bad for they are poor imitations of those that succeeded at the start.

Imitation has no tomorrow—or a very short one.

Good "swingings" of the classics at the start were very pleasing to listen to. They were humorous and cleverly written by fine swing composers and arrangers, but they became poor because most of the jazz composers—that is, the second-rate ones—used the classics as a means of finding a tune. Finding a tune is just as important as discovering a really fine theme for a symphony. Almost every great classical theme has been jazzified. So much of it has been defamation and such defamation of music should not be tolerated any more than if a classic painting or piece of sculpture should be made into a travesty. I realize that the art of genuine caricature has had many masters and has left some fine productions.

Gene Krupa, drummer and bandleader:

Naturally, I approve of swinging anything! In fact, from the swing musicians' point of view, I think that in a way it's paying the masters a hell of a compliment that a jazzman thinks enough of their work to want to play it or improvise on it.

Of course, I think it's a good thing for swing music too, because there are plenty of people who wouldn't even bother to try to dig swing, but when they hear some classical work they recognize it makes the performance that much more interesting to them.

There is a much greater classical influence in jazz than people realize. Swing musicians, when they want to relax, sit at home digging Ravel, Delius and Debussy. These are the composers who inspire swing arrangers, and today you find that some of our richest, cleverest dance-band orchestrations have chord structures inspired by those composers.

My band plays Rachmaninof's *Prelude in C# Minor;* we have a gorgeous arrangement of *Clair De Lune*, and we're at work now on Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony.* I believe the results are good music in every instance.

Billy May, jazz arranger and trumpeter:

It all depends whether the particular number lends itself. The steady beat of a dance-band arrangement kinda ties you down. I mean, there are some classical works that you can't help thinking of in terms of changes of tempo and mood that can't be incorporated in an arrangement for dancing.

I don't think anyone will ever successfully swing *Anitra's Dance*, for instance. And then stuff like Hindemith and Shostakovich—no dance-band arranger can mess with them; they're too intricate, too good in themselves to allow for any changing around.

When I was with Glenn Miller I made an arrangement on *Valse Triste* that I thought was quite tasty; and one of the other arrangers, Bill Finnegan, did *Pizzicato Polka*, but Glenn didn't care for them too much and we played them mostly when he was off the bandstand. But he liked to play the *Anvil Chorus*; that was a very commercial arrangement, though musically I thought the version Matty Malneck's orchestra did was much closer to the spirit of the original.

Anyway, as a lover of the classics and a writer of jazz, I have no objection to the idea in principle.

Stan Kenton, bandleader, pianist and arranger:

Most swinging of the classics consists of just superficial doctoring; they're not really swing arrangements, they're just a mess of chords.

All you need in swing music is a theme. If it happens to lend itself well, that is, if the harmonies rather than the melody make a suitable basis, then a classical work will do as well as anything else.

Duke Ellington, Gold Award arranger and bandleader:

No, I don't approve!

I don't think there are any short cuts to musical success. I've had to do it a couple of times myself because there are occasions when a jazz musician simply does what he's told. I had a movie contract and when I arrived in Hollywood I found out that I had to take part in a sequence where they swung Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*, which was turned into *Ebony Rhapsody.* I didn't like the idea because I'd always been taught to respect the masters and that's all I know.

Of course, I'm more or less an illiterate on the classics. When I was younger a lot of the musicians around me would try to cultivate my interest in classical music, thinking it would improve my jazz writing. Personally I didn't feel that it had any relationship with what I was trying to do, and I thought too much immersion in the classics would only confuse me. So I never felt the urge to study seriously and I've always felt that the two forms should be kept apart. When people try to "improve" on classics by adopting and transcribing them, it gets to be very sad. I don't want any part of it.

Lucky Millinder, bandleader:

Of course I do; it's my first love! All the popular songs that have been stolen from Tschaikowsky and other classical composers in the past few years have helped to build up the public's interest and create a taste for the classics. It's just a matter of progress.

Ten years ago there were certain words you couldn't have written in a paper or said on the air, yet they're permissible today. A few years ago a lot of people thought it was shocking when Maxine Sullivan first swung *Loch Lomond.* It's just a matter of public acceptance, and that comes with time.

Playing a classical adaptation gives you the opportunity for so much more variety of moods and form instead of sticking to the same old routine of one thirty-two-bar chorus after another. You can take Massenet's *Élégie* and play it with all the beauty and fire of the original and it will still be in good taste. I believe in a treatment that has a colored foundation with white surface, combining the talent of the composer with the individual personalities of the performers.

Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan mezzo-soprano:

I'm for anything that will attract more people to good music. For instance, I think *Carmen Jones* was a step in the right direction; I'm identified with the traditional Carmen, but enjoyed recording some of the Bizet arias in the stepped-up English versions. It does the classics no harm to be popularized this way.

On the other hand, I can't help feeling that if swing music is to establish itself as an enduring art-form, it must develop original thematic material and not rely on melodies already set down in another form. Judging by the fan mail I've received through radio appearances over a number of years, I'd say that the listening public reacts with equal enthusiasm to any music that's really good in its own class.

Fletcher Henderson, arranger, pianist and bandleader:

Frankly, no! There's plenty of good jazz material. The classics should be left alone. Jazz is not so weak-kneed that it has to go begging and end up with swing versions of tunes which people are accustomed to hearing in other versions—and thus add fuel to the fire of a controversy which makes it possible for a question like this to be asked. If jazz arrangers and composers actually develop to the ultimate the original jazz melodies which already are comparable in quality to classical melodies, nobody would ever think of asking this question. I feel that a great deal can be done in that direction, and that a great deal has been done already, but about which the general public knows little. I will say that listening to the classics stimulates my musical thinking. Remember that many old masters wrote the equivalent of riffs and licks.

Jay Blackton, symphony and concert conductor:

No, don't do it. There's a wealth of good original material to draw on, so why rob the long-haired repertory? Swing bands can find so much more appropriate music to play that they don't have to rely on classical sources. —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON THE SCREEN—Find out when Warner Brothers' one-reeler *Jammin' the Blues* is coming to your theatre, and don't miss it. It's the first time real jazz like this has been filmed, without gaudy settings or cutaways to dialogue. The musicians just ad lib informally, with magnificent photography and lighting by Gjon Mili. A young Hollywood jazzfan, Norman Granz, deserves lots of credit for selecting the musicians and keeping the whole thing in good taste.

Lester Young and Illinois Jacquet (tenors), Harry Edison (trumpet), Marlowe Morris (piano) and Barney Kessel (guitar) are well in evidence, and Marie Bryant sings in an aptly ginny voice. This ten-minute gem is a commercial and artistic success, to the surprise of everyone (especially, no doubt, the brothers Warner). May it be a lesson to Hollywood that you don't have to hoke up jazz with Uncle Tom dialogue and settings to sell it to the public.

ON THE AIR—Too bad nobody reviews transcriptions just like regular phonograph records. Some of these 16-inch discs, available only to radio stations, have a lot of great jazz you can't hear elsewhere. If one of your local stations has the C. P. MacGregor transcriptions by the King Cole Trio (some alone, some accompanying Anita O'Day, Anita Boyer and other singers) you're in for a treat. There are 78 tunes, most of them only waxed for these king-size platters. And some of Duke Ellington's best numbers can be heard on World transcriptions.

ON RECORDS—Harry James' trumpet, Willie Smith's alto, Arnold Ross' piano make *Confessin'* (Columbia) the best James record in aeons. Also on Columbia: Basie's *Red Bank Boogie* and the first, very pleasant discs by Benny Goodman's quintet. Artie Shaw's *'S Wonderful*, a startling and exciting arrangement, is the best bet on Victor. In the good-music-and-good-humor department there's the O.P.A. lament, *You Can't Get That No More*, lamented by Louis Jordan on Decca. Capitol has some good vocals coming up by Peggy Lee, and some more by Anita O'Day, whose *Are You Living Old Man?* with Stan Kenton is the lyrical enigma of the year.

Small labels, in New York: Ike Quebec's *Tiny's Exercise* (Blue Note), the Joe Marsala and Linda Keene sides (Black & White); in Chicago, Pete Brown's *Pete's Idea* and Trummy Young's *Talk of the Town* (Session); on the Coast, Charlie LaVere's *Lazy River* (Jump). Things are slowing down—only fifty-seven new record companies were formed last week.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Cousin Willie Is a Card

Willie had a talent for poker and he knew why Little Mendel suddenly lost fourteen grand in that one game

by PAUL GARDNER

• FICTION •

My cousin Willie is a card—in fact, he is a whole deck of cards. I am at his house in Bay Ridge one evening when he asks how I would like to play a little two-handed pinochle. I am very low in the dumps because the week before I have dropped nearly three grand in a poker game to one Little Mendel. I am still brooding over this when Willie invites me to pinochle.

We play. Pinochle is a game which I have practically invented, but I lose by a big score. We play some casino and I am horsewhipped. We try stuss and klabish, two little-known card games of which I am a master, and I am soundly trounced. I am severely amazed at all this because my cousin Willie isn't fourteen yet, and he is only a sophomore in high school.

"Willie," I request politely as he rakes in the last twenty-four dollars and thirty-seven cents I have in my possession, "where did you learn to play cards like that? You are the Yehudi Menuhin of pinochle."

"And that ain't all, Alex," declares Willie, "I am good at any game. You would not know that because I am only in Brooklyn for eight months after losing most of my life in Chicago. I spend most of my time with my late Uncle Benny, who is my uncle on my father's side. You never knew him. My late Uncle Benny was the greatest card player in the world. He taught me all his tricks. He knew that I wanted to go to college to be a doctor, and he said that if I knew how to gamble it would help me through college."

"Your Uncle Benny knew something," I reply quickly, taken with a thought, "and I predict that you will graduate cum lottsa—cum lottsa money. What are you doing this Friday night?"

"Well, I usually do an hour of card practice, some geometry homework, and then I got a date for rug-cutting," answers Willie. He is a tall kid with long, thin fingers, thick glasses and the look of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

"Willie," I urge him gently, as a parent to his son, "all you have is a mother, a little insurance from your old man, and ambition. I think I can do us some good. I would like to take you up to a friendly poker game Friday for a joust with Little Mendel, Big Chowderface and Slug Lewis. Between you and me, I think that Little Mendel cheats, but I can't spot what he does. Neither can the experts. I am so impressed with you that I will borrow some dough and we will take a chance."

I know where I can get five grand for twenty per cent and a part of my left leg, but I am willing to risk all on Willie. In fact, I have to do something. I am one Alexander Sxzsk, a Broadway talent scout for the Finnegan agency. I become involved in a few friendly poker games and soon they are not so friendly. I am getting in deeper than the Sixth Avenue subway. I must pull out—if I can. And now I bunk into Willie. Being a talent scout, I recognize talent all right. You have seen nothing until you see Willie handle cards. And when a growing boy does card practice an hour a day, I am interested in his future.

Willie has been considering my invitation. Finally he decides.

"You have something there," he says, "I will break the date. But I must be cut in fifty-fifty when we win."

"If you win," I remind him fast, "Little Mendel is a peacherino."

"He is no better than my late Uncle Benny," asserts Willie.

So the next evening we are seated around the table of a cozy joint behind a restaurant in the Forties. A fine representative group of men are with us—Little Mendel, Big Chowderface, an old-time collector and bouncer, and Slug Lewis, who uses nothing but a lead pipe when he is irked. I am strictly a kibitzer, watching my cousin Willie with this bunch of former Eagle scouts. Big Chowderface gazes reproachfully every once in awhile at Little Mendel because he does not like him and would prefer to do him bodily harm. But he can pin nothing on Mendel—if he did, the little one would never worry any more about how he looked in elevator shoes.

Just before the game begins Big Chowderface says to my cousin Willie, "Son, there ain't nothing in the rules which says a kid can't play this game. But you are in with a bunch of bad boys. I like youngsters. I send my Joe and my Moe to camp every year. Believe me, son . . ."

And he actually has a sad look on his big chowderface. He is a very tough guy, but he feels sorry for Willie. Slug Lewis also looks sentimental. Little Mendel says nothing. But what can you expect from a guy who used to steal from little children's piggy banks?

"Chowderface," I put in for the blushing Willie, "my cousin has been around. He loses his father at an early age in a crap game. The dice and one gun were loaded. So Willie knows the score. And to me, fellows, he is my lucky cousin."

Little Mendel surveys us scornfully.

"Okay," he squeaks, opening up a brand-new deck.

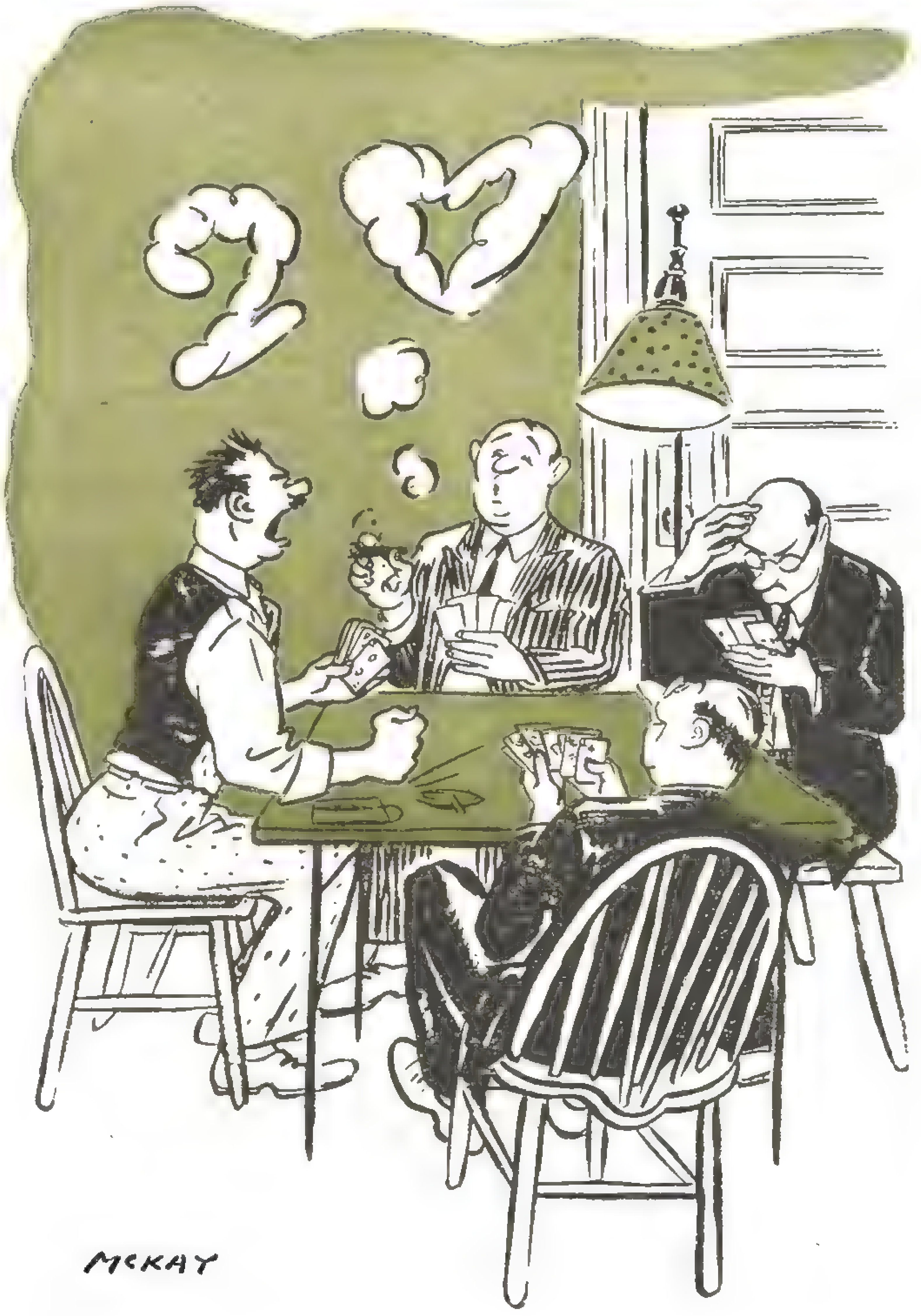
Well, the game begins and we are doing fairly well, only Little Mendel is doing better. Then we are doing poorly, but Little Mendel keeps improving. Comes a moment when Little Mendel is dealing and my cousin Willie holds three kings and two jacks. My blood pressure goes down as I think my bank account will go up. Willie opens by betting a hundred. Little Mendel raises him a hundred and Chowderface and Slug get in on the big pot. Willie and Little Mendel continue boosting until there is a fortune piled in the center of the table.

On the draw Chowderface takes two cards. Slug and Willie stand pat.

"I would like two cards," says Little Mendel.

We all study Little Mendel as he takes two cards. Nobody watches him closer than my cousin Willie. Little Mendel holds the deck in his right hand and I see nothing wrong at all. Not that I am concerned. Our three-king full house seems to me harder to beat than Joe Louis.

To my surprise Willie does not bet. Instead he passes. Chowder-



"I'll come right out and say it, Harper—somehow I think you're signaling"

face puts in fifty, Slug Lewis covers, and then Little Mendel raises two hundred. I am prepared to see my cousin Willie fight back.

But my cousin Willie drops out—with three kings full! You could knock me out with a fly swatter. I wonder if I am crazy. There is some more betting and at the showdown Chowderface bobs up with three tens and two threes, Slug has three queens and two nines, and Little Mendel quietly presents four aces. He rakes in the huge pile of money and I am thinking about how fast I can get out of town. That five grand I borrowed is now one grand and the outlook is far from grand.

It is my cousin Willie's turn to deal the cards. I am still wondering how he knew when to drop out, when he pipes up innocently, "Little Mendel, did you ever know my late Uncle Benny? He had a little goatee beard, but he was nobody's goat. His last name was Bonomo. He played a lot in California and Miami, and I thought you might have run into him years ago. He was an inventor."

"So was Edison," frowns Little Mendel. "No, I never knew no Benny Bonomo. Hey, Alex," he continues, addressing me direct, "isn't it past this kid's bedtime? I am surprised at you, a grown man, letting this boy play with your money."

I am, too, but I will not give Little Mendel the satisfaction. My cousin Willie is still shuffling.

"My Uncle Benny was such an inventor," smiles Willie, "that when he is a young fellow he invents a little harness. It is the most wonderful harness in the world. But only two or three people have such skillful hands to use this harness. It takes years of study, Little Mendel." And there is a dreamy look in Willie's eyes.

Now Little Mendel is looking closely at my cousin Willie. Where Little Mendel's face was a happy pink before, it has now become white like tooth paste. He is breathing like a race horse. Something is bothering Little Mendel.

"My stomach," he gasps, "I never shoulda had those oysters."

"Forget it. Get on with the game," breaks in Chowderface. He resents Little Mendel and Little Mendel knows it.

But from here on the game changes like a woman's mind. Within an hour Little Mendel loses fourteen thousand bucks, and says good-bye in a hurry. All the time in front of Cousin Willie the chips are mounting like the American war production.

"Will you be back?" I whisper to Little Mendel.

"Not tonight," he mutters, as he almost breaks a leg scurrying out of the door.

It is exactly one A. M. and Willie has not lost too much sleep when the game folds up. So do Chowderface and Slug. My Cousin Willie is seven thousand to the good and to me he has the face of an angel. Going home in a cab we divide the spoils.

"You're the best poker player I ever see," I repeat. "What's more, I think we should go in business together, I always wanted a house in the country."

"No," says Willie, "this is enough for me. I have made enough for college and will retire for awhile. But I do not think that you will be troubled by Little Mendel again."

I am most serious.

"This is how it is," continues Willie, "during the game I have managed, in a quiet way, to mark the cards—a trick I learned from my late Uncle Benny. On that first big pot, I notice that Little Mendel has two fours, two aces and a seven in his hand."

"But he comes up with four aces while we all look," I gasp.

"Yes," says my Cousin Willie, "he is a wonder. He is one of the two guys in the world who can use my late Uncle Benny's harness. In some sets it is called a cuff-machine. You strap the harness around you like a corset and a little contraption fits down the sleeve to do the job. Your hands are over the deck and the jigger snaps up the cards you need and puts back those you don't need. You can switch a card hand and not be caught even if the whole Yankee Stadium is watching. But it takes years of practice."

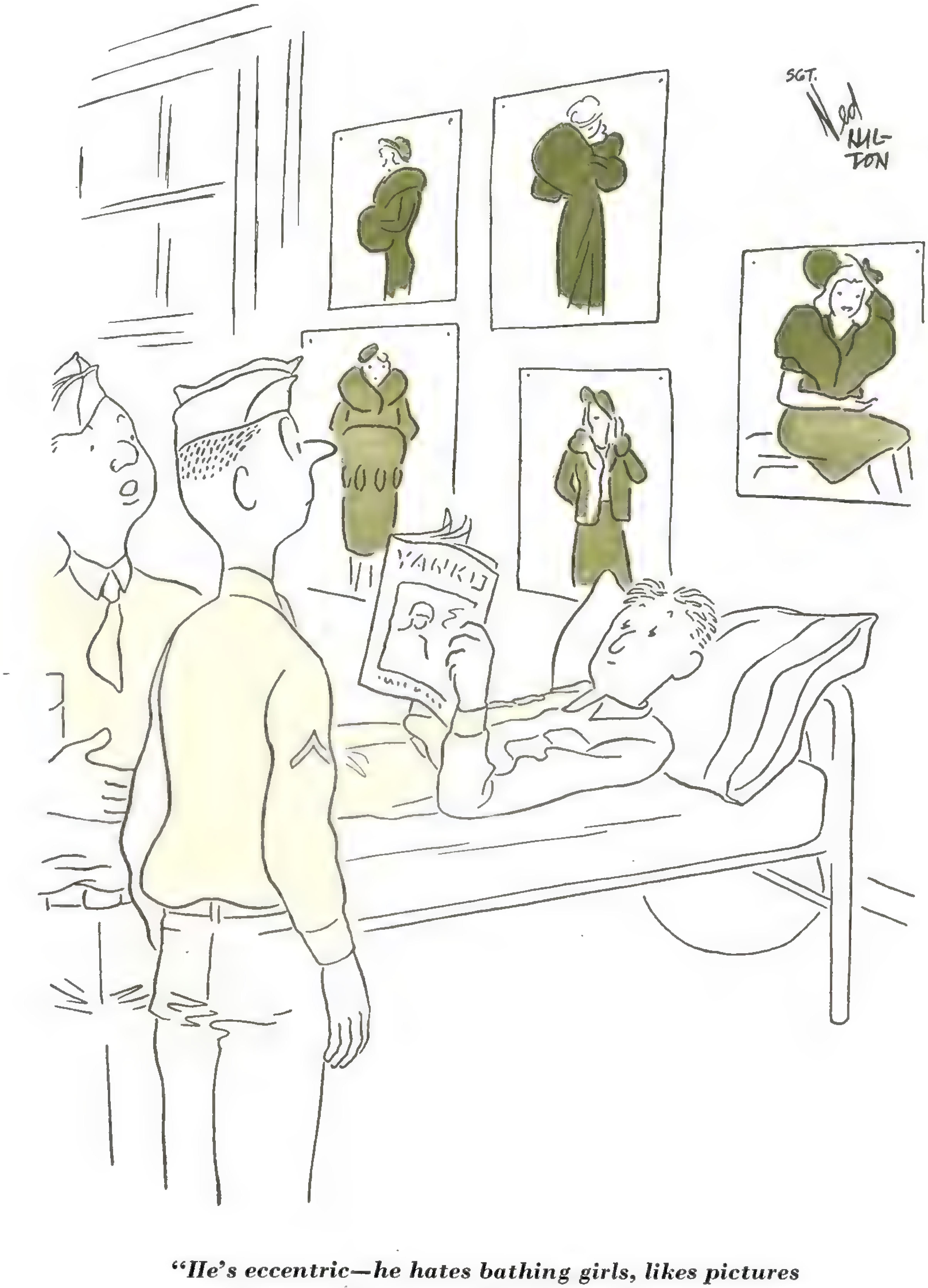
"How did you spot Little Mendel?" I question.

"It is just a hunch," replies my Cousin Willie, nobody could have ever made such a slick switch without such a gadget."

"You are tops in the league," I come in, "and it was wonderful to see how your luck got better after that big deal."

"That is not luck," corrects my Cousin Willie, unbuttoning his shirt, "when Little Mendel gets out I figure it is time for me to try my own harness. I am the other guy in the world who knows how to use one."

Say, you can't blame a kid for wanting an education—can you? My Cousin Willie should make a great surgeon. A boy who can cut cards like him can certainly cut an appendix. #



"He's eccentric—he hates bathing girls, likes pictures of women with clothes on"

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak French III

Rounding out the course with the ready-made phrases and idioms that you will most often want to use

by FRANK HENIUS

• EDUCATION •

WORDS are the bricks, grammar the mortar, and the two serve to build the sentence. We can bring you only the combinations of words most commonly used and most necessary. When reading the sound-writing, follow the same instructions as in the preceding two lessons: speak each syllable separately, distinctly, putting the accent on the syllable printed in CAPITAL letters. You will have seen from the first French lesson what sounds the sound-spelling represent. The sentences are selected in such a manner that you can extend them or "fill them in." They will enable you to ask directions, get some of the things you will want in city and country, obtain information and express your wishes as well as the compliments of the day. Even though your pronunciation will not be perfect, it will be near-correct, and besides being able to understand, the people to whom you speak in French will appreciate your good will and friendliness which they will recognize by the fact that you are taking the trouble to address them in their own language. This will get you better and quicker response to anything you may wish to do, have or know, whether in France or any other country where French is the people's tongue. For French is one of the most widespread languages of the world and is spoken not only in France, but in Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, French Africa and French Indo-China. The more opportunity you have to speak and hear French spoken, the better your own pronunciation, the greater your vocabulary and the quicker your ability to make best use of the highlights of grammar, vocabulary and sentence structures. Only Practice makes the Master!

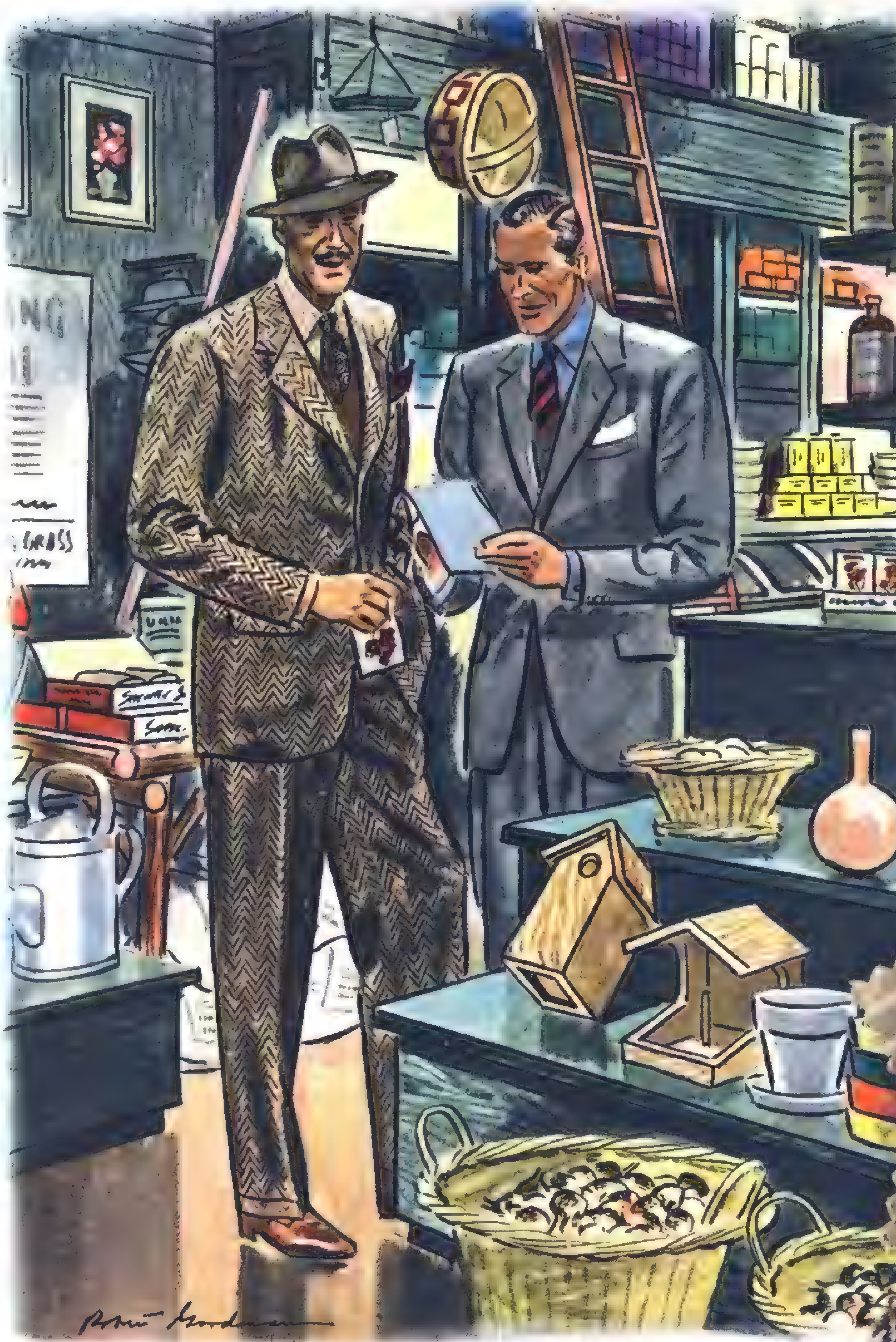
	English	French	Sound-spelling
GREETINGS	good day	*bon jour*	BAWN ZHOOR
	good evening	*bon soir*	BAWN SWAR
	how are you?	*comment ça va? comment allez-vous?*	kawm-MAHN SA VA? kawm-MAHN tahl-lay-VOO?
	thanks, very well	*merci, très bien*	mayr-SEE, TREH BYEN
	sit down, please	*asseyez-vous, s'il vous plaît*	ahs-say-YAY-voo, seel-voo-PLAY
	excuse me, pardon me	*excusez-moi, pardon*	eks-kew-ZAY MWA, par-DAWN
	I am glad to see you	*je suis content de vous voir*	zhuh-SWEE kawn-TAHN duh-voo-VWAR
	to meet you	*de faire votre connaissance*	duh-fayr-VAWT-ruh kawn-nays-SAHNS
	permit me, allow me . . .	*permettez-moi . . .*	payr-met-tay-MWA . . .
	come in!	*entrez!*	ahn-TRAY!
	you are always welcome	*vous êtes toujours le bienvenu (m)*	voo-ZET too-ZHOOR luh-byen-vuh-NEW
	with whom do I have the pleasure?	*avec qui est-ce que j'ai le plaisir?*	ah-VEK KEE AY-suh-kuh-ZHAY luh-play-ZEER?
	what can I do for you?	*qu'est-ce que je peux faire pour vous?*	KAY-suh-kuh-zhuh-pU-FAYR poor-VOO?
	happy holidays (vacation)!	*bonnes vacances!*	BAWN va-KAHNS!
SMALL TALK	I regret very much . . .	*je regrette beaucoup . . .*	zhuh-ruh-GRET bo-KOO . . .
	it does not matter	*ça n'a pas d'importance*	sa-na-PA dem-pawr-TAHNS
	I am very happy . . .	*je suis très heureux . . .*	zhuh-SWEE TREH-ZU-RU . . .
	I am sorry I cannot . . .	*je regrette de ne pouvoir . . .*	zhuh-ruh-GRET duh-nuh-poo-VWAR . . .
	when does it suit you?	*quand est-ce que cela vous convient?*	KAHN tays-kuh-suh-LA voo-kawn-VYEN?
	it does not suit me . . .	*cela ne me convient pas . . .*	suh-LA nuh-muh-kawn-vyen-PA . . .
	I will be grateful . . .	*je serai reconnaissant . . .*	zhuh-suh-RAY ruh-kawn-nays-SAHN . . .
	my regards to . . .	*mes amitiés à . . . mes hommages à . . .*	may-za-meet-YAY AH . . . may-zawm-MAHZH AH . . .
	you are very kind	*vous êtes très gentil*	voo-ZET TREH zhahn-TEE
	I beg of you . . .	*je vous en prie . . .*	zhuh-voo-zahn-PREE . . .
	will you be good enough . . .	*ayez la bonté . . .*	ay-YAY la-bawn-TAY . . .
	do I disturb you?	*est-ce que je vous dérange?*	AY-suh-kuh-zhuh-voo-day-RAHNZH?
	is Mr. . . . at home?	*est-ce que M. . . . est visible?*	AY-suh-kuh-muh-SYU . . . ay-vee-ZEEB-luh?
	Mr. . . . went out	*M. . . . est sorti*	muh-SYU . . . ay-sawr-TEE
	all right, I will come back	*très bien, je reviendrai*	TREH BYEN, zhuh-ruh-vyen-DRAY
	what is your name? My name is . . .	*comment vous appelez-vous? Je m'appelle . . .*	kawm-MAWN voo-zahp-PLAY-voo? zhuh mah-PEL . .
	how old are you? How old is he?	*quel âge avez-vous? quel âge a-t-il?*	kel AHZH ah-vay-VOO? kel-AHZH ah-TEEL?
	I am . . . years old	*j'ai . . . ans*	ZHAY . . . AHN
	where do you come from?	*d'où venez-vous?*	DOO vuh-NAY-voo?
	are you coming with me?	*venez-vous avec moi?*	vuh-NAY-voo-zah-VEK MWA?
	I came to tell you that . . .	*je viens pour vous dire que . . .*	zhuh-VYEN poor-voo-DEER kuh . . .
	I thank you, many thanks	*je vous remercie, merci beaucoup*	zhuh-voo-ruh-mayr-SEE, mayr-SEE bo-KOO
	I am much obliged to you	*je vous suis très obligé*	zhuh-voo-swee-TREH-zaw-blee-ZHAY
	where is . . . ? It is there	*où est . . . ? C'est là*	OO AY . . . ? SAY LA
	here is . . . , there is . . .	*voici . . . , voilà . . .*	vwa-SEE . . . , vwa-LAH . . .
	I regret I have not . . .	*je regrette je n'ai pas . . .*	zhuh-ruh-GRET zhuh-nay-PA . . .
	I have seen . . .	*j'ai vu . . .*	zhay-VEW . . .
	well, we will see	*eh bien, nous verrons*	ay-BYEN, noo-ver-RAWN
	go and get . . .	*allez prendre . . .*	ahl-LAY PRAHN-druh . . .
	what shall we do today?	*qu'allons-nous faire aujourd'hui?*	kahl-LAWN noo-FAYR o-zhoor-DWEE?
	when is your birthday?	*quand est votre anniversaire?*	KAHN-tay VAW-truh ahn-nee-vayr-SAYR?
	my congratulations	*mes félicitations*	MAY-fay-lee-see-tahs-YAWN
	bring me, give me . . .	*apportez-moi, donnez-moi . . .*	ahp-pawr-TAY MWA, dawn-NAY MWA . . .
	I have to write to . . .	*je dois écrire à . . .*	zhuh-DWA zay-KREER ah . . .
	there is a letter for . . .	*il y a une lettre pour . . .*	eel-YA ewn-LET-truh POOR . . .
	there is no letter	*il n'y a pas de lettre*	eel-nya-PA duh-LET-truh
	do you understand . . .?	*comprenez-vous . . .?*	kawm-pruh-NAY-voo . . .?
	I understand a little (everything)	*je comprends un peu (tout)*	zhuh-kawm-PRAHN zun-PU (TOO)
	I understand nothing	*je ne comprends rien*	zhuh-nuh-kawm-PRAHN RYEN

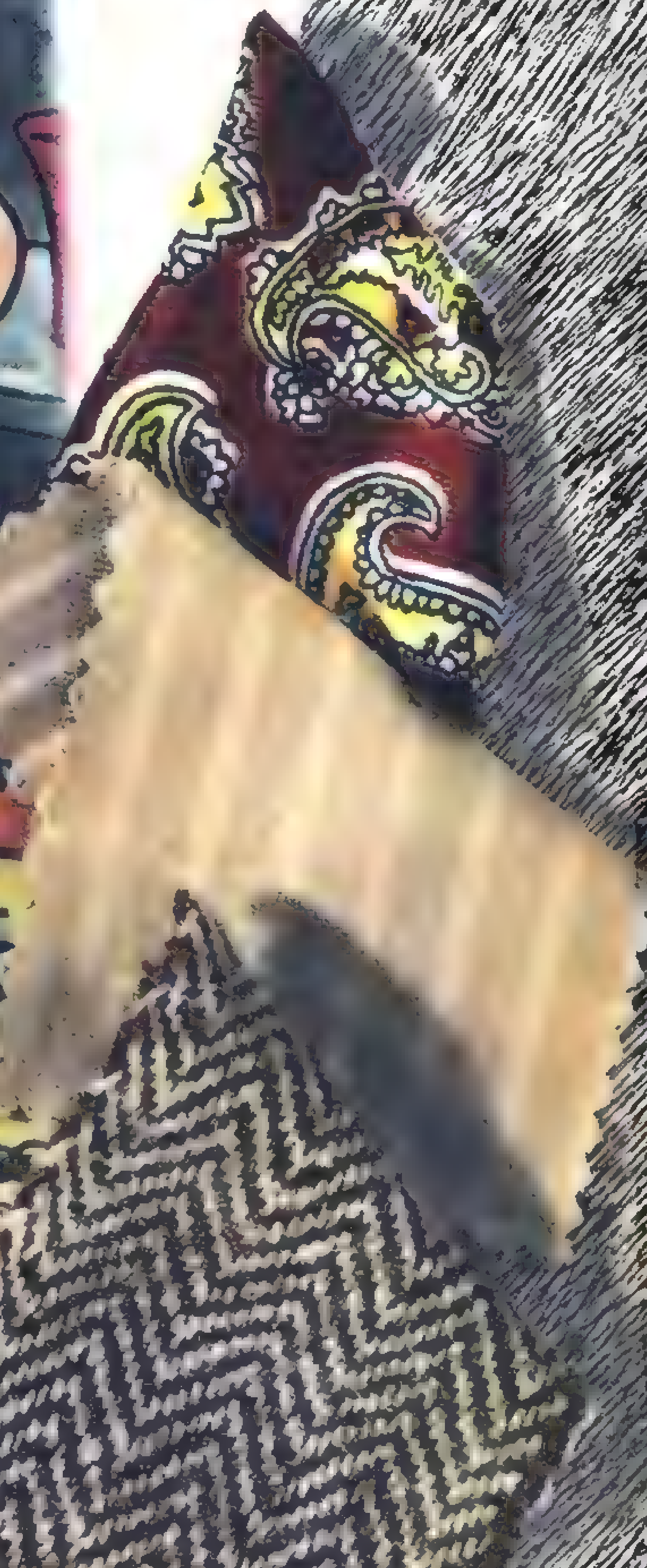
	English	French	Sound-spelling
SMALL TALK	speak slowly (not so fast)	*parlez lentement (moins vite)*	par-LAY lahn-tuh-MAHN (MWEN VEET)
	how do you pronounce . . . ?	*comment prononcez-vous . . . ?*	kawm-MAHN praw-nawn-SAY-voo . . . ?
	how does one say in French?	*comment dit-on en français?*	kawm-MAHN DEE-TAWN ahn frahn-SAY?
	can you tell me?	*pouvez-vous me dire?*	poo-VAY-voo muh-DEER?
	explain to me . . .	*expliquez-moi . . .*	eks-plee-KAY MWA . . .
	do you know . . . ?	*connaissez-vous . . . ?*	kawn-nays-SAY VOO . . . ?
	I know . . . very well	*je connais . . . très bien*	zhuh-kawn-NAY . . . TREH BYEN
	I do not know	*je ne connais pas*	zhuh-nuh-kawn-NAY PA
	come quickly (here)	*venez vite (ici)*	vuh-NAY VEET (ee-SEE)
	I want to take . . .	*je veux prendre . . .*	zhuh-VU PRAHN-druh . . .
	wait a moment	*attendez un moment*	aht-tahn-DAY zun-maw-MAHN
	don't mention it (you're welcome)	*il n'y a pas de quoi*	eel-nya-PA duh-KWA
	repeat that word	*répétez ce mot*	ray-pay-TAY suh-MOH
	goodbye, and thanks	*au revoir, et merci*	o-ruh-VWAR, ay mayr-SEE
TRAVEL	show me the way to . . .	*montrez-moi le chemin de . . .*	MAWN-tray MWA luh-shuh-MEN duh . . .
	which is the shortest way to . . . ?	*quel est le chemin le plus court pour . . . ?*	KEL AY luh-shuh-MEN luh-PLEW KOOR poor . . . ?
	follow the . . .	*suivez le . . .*	swee-vay luh . . .
	cross the . . .	*traversez le . . .*	tra-vayr-say luh . . .
	the center, the main street	*le centre, la rue principale*	luh-SAHN-truh, la-REW pren-see-PAHL
	the square, the city hall	*la place, l'hôtel de ville*	la-PLAHS, lo-TEL duh-VEEL
	to take a walk	*se promener*	suh-praw-muh-NAY
	a drive in a carriage (car)	*une promenade en voiture*	ewn-praw-muh-NAHD ahn-vwa-TEWR
	when does the . . . leave?	*quand part le . . . ?*	KAHN PAR luh . . .?
	the . . . leaves at . . .	*le . . . part à . . .*	luh . . . PAR AH . . .
	when will we arrive?	*quand arrivons-nous?*	KAHN-tar-ree-VAWN NOO?
	a ticket for . . .	*un billet pour . . .*	un-bee-YAY POOR . . .
	a return-ticket	*un billet d'aller et retour*	un-bee-YAY dahl-LAY ay ruh-TOOR
	do you go to . . . ?	*allez-vous à . . . ?*	ahl-lay-voo zah . . . ?
	does the . . . pass here?	*est-ce que le . . . passe ici?*	AY-suh-kuh-luh . . . PAHS ee-SEE?
	please, where is . . . ?	*s'il vous plaît, où se trouve . . . ?*	seel-voo-PLAY, oo suh TROOV . . . ?
	bring my baggage to . . .	*apportez mes bagages à . . .*	ahp-pawr-TAY may ba-GAHZH AH . . .
	to live in the country	*habiter la campagne*	ah-bee-TAY la-kahm-PAHN-yuh
	to take a trip	*faire un voyage*	FAYR un-vwa-YAHZH
	where are you going?	*où allez-vous?*	oo ahl-lay VOO?
	we will leave tomorrow	*nous partirons demain*	noo-par-tee-RAWN duh-MEN
	drive (go) slowly (quickly)	*allez doucement (vite)*	ahl-LAY DOOS-mahn (VEET)
	turn to the right (left)	*tournez à droite (gauche)*	toor-NAY zah-DRWAHT (GOHSH)
	let us go to . . .	*allons à . . .*	ahl-LAWN zah . . .
	where is the hotel?	*où est l'hotel?*	OO AY lo-TEL?
	can you give me a room?	*pouvez-vous me donner une chambre?*	poo-VAY-voo muh-dawn-NAY ewn SHAHNM-bruh?
	I have a room with . . .	*j'ai une chambre avec . . .*	ZHAY ewn-SHAHNM-bruh ah-VEK . . .
	single bed, twin beds, bath	*un lit, deux lits, salle de bain*	UN LEE, DU LEE, SAHL-duh-BEN
	call me at . . .	*appelez-moi à . . .*	ahp-PLAY MWA ah . . .
	where is the elevator?	*où est l'ascenseur?*	OO AY lahs-sahn-SUR?
	we will be here . . . days	*nous serons ici . . . jours*	noo-suh-RAWN zee-SEE . . . ZHOOR
	the bath is ready	*le bain est prêt*	luh-BEN AY PREH
	on the . . . floor	*au . . . étage*	oh . . . ay-TAHZH
	how far is . . . ?	*quelle distance est . . . ?*	kel-dees-TAHNS AY . . . ?
EDIBLES	I recommend to you . . .	*je vous recommande . . .*	zhuh-voo-ruh-kawm-MAHND . . .
	can I offer you . . . ?	*est-ce que je peux vous offrir . . . ?*	AY-suh kuh-zhuh-pu-voo-zawf-FREER . . . ?
	I take, we will take	*je prends, nous prendrons*	zhuh PRAHN, noo-prahn-DRAWN
	it tastes nice (is good)	*c'est bon*	say-BAWN
	nothing more, nothing else	*rien de plus, rien d'autre*	RYEN duh-PLEW, RYEN DOH-truh
	I want to eat something	*je veux manger quelque chose*	zhuh-VU mahn-ZHAY KEL-kuh SHOHZ
	have you had dinner?	*avez-vous diné?*	ah-VAY-voo dee-NAY?
	where can one eat here?	*où peut-on manger ici?*	OO PU-tawn mahn-ZHAY ee-SEE?
	the meal is ready	*le repas est servi*	luh ruh-PA ay-sayr-VEE
	I am hungry	*j'ai faim*	zhay-FEN
	have you enough?	*avez-vous assez?*	ah-VAY-voo-zahs-SAY?
	tell me what you have	*dites-moi ce que vous avez*	DEET-mwa suh-kuh-voo-za-VAY
	allow me to offer you . . .	*permettez-moi de vous offrir . . .*	payr-met-TAY-mwa duh-voo-zawf-FREER . . .
	give me . . .	*donnez-moi . . .*	dawn-NAY-mwa . . .
	do you wish anything else?	*désirez-vous autre chose?*	day-zee-RAY-voo O-truh SHOHZ?
	that is all, thanks	*c'est tout, merci*	say-TOO, mayr-SEE
	the check; how much is it?	*l'addition; combien est-ce?*	lahd-dees-YAWN; kawm-BYEN AY-suh?
POTABLES	I drink, we drink, you drink	*je bois, nous buvons, vous buvez*	zhuh-BWA, noo-bew-VAWN, voo-bew-VAY
	empty your glass	*videz votre verre*	vee-DAY VAW-truh VER
	your health	*à votre santé*	ah-VAW-truh sahn-TAY
	I am thirsty	*j'ai soif*	zhay-SWAHF
	I only had . . .	*je n'avais que . . .*	zhuh-na-VAY-kuh . . .
	do you take . . . ?	*prenez-vous . . . ?*	pruh-NAY-voo . . . ?
	pour me . . .	*versez-moi . . .*	vayr-SAY-mwa . . .
AMUSEMENT	when can the . . . be visited?	*quand peut-on visiter le . . . ?*	KAHN PU-tawn vee-zee-TAY luh . . . ?
	when is the . . . open?	*quand est-il ouvert, le . . . ?*	KAHN-tay-teel oo-VAYR, luh . . . ?
	is the admission free?	*est-ce que l'entrée est gratuite?*	AY-suh kuh-lahn-TRAY AY gra-TWEET?
	you have to have a ticket . . .	*il vous faut un billet . . .*	eel-voo FOH-TUN-bee-YAY . . .
	at the cashier's	*à la caisse*	ah-la-KAYS
	when does the movie start?	*à quelle heure commence le film?*	ah-KEL UR kawm-MAHNS luh FEELM?
	the theatre, the opera	*le théatre, l'opéra*	luh-tay-AH-truh, lo-pay-RA
	the dance, the show	*le bal, le spectacle*	luh-BAHL, luh-spek-TAHK-luh
	let us see . . .	*allons voir . . .*	ahl-LAWN VWAR . . .
	you will see . . .	*vous allez voir . . .*	voo-zahl-LAY VWAR . . .
	where is there . . . ?	*où y a-t-il . . . ?*	OO ya-TEEL . . .?

Continued on the next page

	English	French	Sound-spelling
BUYING	made to measure (order)	*fait sur mesure*	FAY SEWR muh-ZEWR
	ready-made	*tout fait*	TOO FAY
	what size?	*quelle taille? (quelle pointure?)*	KEL TA-EE-yuh? (KEL pwa*n*-TEWR)
	a little shorter	*un peu plus court*	u*n*-PU PLEW KOOR
	they are too . . .	*ils sont trop . . .*	eel-SAW*N* troh . . .
	I want to see . . .	*je veux voir . . .*	zhuh-VU VWAR . . .
	I must have them	*je dois les avoir*	zhuh-DWA lay-za-VWAR
	I need . . .	*j'ai besoin de . . . , il me faut . . .*	ZHAY buh-ZWE*N* duh . . . , eel-muh-FOH . . .
	you have to make . . .	*vous devez faire . . .*	voo-duh-VAY FAYR . . .
	measure me for . . .	*prenez mes mesures pour . . .*	pruh-NAY may muh-ZEWR poor . . .
	it fits very well	*ça va très bien*	SA VA TREH BYE*N*
	will you show me . . . ?	*voulez-vous me montrer . . . ?*	voo-LAY-voo muh-maw*n*-TRAY . . . ?
	when do you want them?	*pour quand les voulez-vous?*	POOR KAH*N* lay-voo-LAY-voo?
	that suits you well	*cela vous va bien*	suh-LA VOO VA BYE*N*
	how much is a pair?	*combien la paire?*	kawm-BYE*N* lah-PAYR?
	that is cheap	*c'est bon marché*	SAY BAW*N* mar-SHAY
	that is too expensive	*c'est trop cher*	SAY TRO SHAYR
	here is one at . . .	*en voici un (une) pour . . .*	ah*n*-vwa-SEE U*N* (EWN) poor . . .
	shall I send the . . . ?	*dois-je envoyer le . . . ?*	DWA-zhuh ah*n*-vwa-YAY luh . . . ?
	how much do I owe you?	*combien vous dois-je?*	kawm-BYE*N* voo-DWA zhuh?
	I want something to . . .	*je veux quelque chose pour . . .*	zhuh-VU KEL-kuh SHOHZ poor . . .
	what have you?	*qu'est-ce que vous avez?*	KAY-suh kuh-voo-za-VAY?
	do you like? prefer?	*aimez-vous? préférez-vous?*	ay-MAY-voo? pray-fay-RAY-voo?
	I will take it with me	*je le prendrai avec moi*	zhuh-luh-prah*n*-DRAY ah-VEK-mwa
	what is the price of . . . ?	*quel es le prix de . . . ?*	KEL AY luh-PREE duh . . . ?
	I do not like that	*je n'aime pas ça*	zhuh-NAYM-pa SA
	do you sell?	*vendez-vous?*	vah*n*-DAY-voo?
	can I buy?	*puis-je acheter?*	PWEE-zhuh ahsh-TAY?
	what do you need?	*de quoi avez-vous besoin?*	duh-KWA ah-VAY-voo-buh-ZWE*N*?
	cut my hair	*coupez-moi les cheveux*	koo-PAY-mwa lay shuh-VU
	which . . . do you wish to take?	*quel . . . voulez-vous prendre?*	KEL . . . VOO-LAY-VOO PRAH*N*-druh?
	there are no more . . .	*il n'y a plus de . . .*	eel-nya-PLEW duh . . .
	it will be finished . . .	*il sera fini . . .*	eel-suh-RA fee-NEE . . .
	where can I get . . . ?	*où puis-je trouver . . . ?*	OO PWEE-zhuh troo-VAY . . . ?
	we have, have you?	*nous avons, avez-vous?*	noo-za-VAW*N*, ah-VAY-voo?
	we do not have	*nous n'avons pas*	noo-nah-VAW*N* PA
HEALTH	where do you feel the pain?	*où sentez-vous la douleur?*	oo sah*n*-TAY-voo la-doo-LUR?
	I do not feel well	*je ne me sens pas bien*	zhuh-nuh-muh-SAH*N* PA BYE*N*
	take me to a doctor	*conduisez-moi chez un docteur*	kaw*n*-dwee-say-mwa shay-zu*n*-dawk-TUR
	can you recommend . . . ?	*pouvez-vous me recommander . . . ?*	poo-VAY-voo muh-ruh-kawm-mah*n*-DAY . . . ?
	I have pains in . . .	*j'ai des douleurs dans . . .*	zhay-day-doo-LUR DAH*N* . . .
	I must examine . . .	*je dois examiner . . .*	zhuh-DWA-zek-sa-mee-NAY . . .
	show me your . . .	*montrez-moi votre . . .*	mawn-TRAY-mwa VAW-truh . . .
	you must (will be obliged to) . . .	*vous serez obligé de . . .*	voo-suh-RAY zaw-blee-ZHAY duh . . .
	this hurts	*ça fait mal*	SA FAY MAHL
	that does (one) good	*ça fait du bien*	SA FAY dew-BYE*N*
TIME	when will you be at home?	*quand serez-vous à la maison?*	KAH*N* suh-RAY-voo-zah-la-may-ZAW*N*?
	when will he come back?	*quand est-ce qu'il sera de retour?*	KAH*N* tay-suh KEEL suh-RA duh-ruh-TOOR?
	in one hour	*dans une heure*	dah*n*-ZEWN UR
	I am a little late (early)	*je suis un peu en retard (en avance)*	zhuh-SWEE zu*n*-PU ah*n*-ruh-TAR (ah*n*-ah-VAH*N*S)
	what day is this?	*quel jour sommes-nous?*	KEL ZHOOR SAWM-noo?
	it is the first, second, third of March	*c'est le premier, deux, trois, mars*	SAY luh-prem-YAY, DU, TRWA MARS
	it is late	*il est tard*	eel-ay-TAR
	the whole day, once a day	*toute la journée, une fois par jour*	TOOT-la-zhoor-NAY, EWN FWA par-ZHOOR
	in . . . days, . . . days ago	*dans . . . jours, il y a . . . jours*	DAH*N* . . . ZHOOR, eel-YA . . . ZHOOR
	from day to day, these days	*de jour en jour, ces jours-ci*	duh-ZHOOR ah*n*-ZHOOR, say-zhoor-SEE
	my watch is fast, slow	*ma montre avance, retarde*	ma-MAW*N*-truh ah-VAH*N*S, ruh-TARD
	your watch has stopped	*votre montre s'est arrêtée*	VAW-truh MAW*N*-truh SAY-tar-reh-TAY
	according to my watch	*d'aprés ma montre*	dah-PREH ma-MAW*N*-truh
	it is almost . . .	*il est presque . . .*	eel-AY PRES-kuh
	between three and four	*entre trois et quatre*	AH*N*-truh TRWA-zay KA-truh
	it just struck one (o'clock)	*une heure vient de sonner*	EWN UR VYE*N* duh-sawn-NAY
	an hour ago . . .	*il y a une heure . . .*	eel-YA EWN UR . . .
	when shall I return?	*quand est-ce que je dois revenir?*	KAH*N* tay-suh-kuh-zhuh-DWA ruh-vuh-NEER?
	come again in the month of . . .	*revenez le mois de . . .*	ruh-vuh-NAY-luh-MWA duh . . .
	the last few days . . .	*ces jours derniers . . .*	say-ZHOOR-dayrn-YAY . . .
	what time (hour) is it?	*quelle heure est-il?*	KEL UR ay-TEEL?
	one (2) o'clock (it is one hour)	*il est une heure, deux heures*	eel-AY tewn UR, DU-ZUR
	ten past three (three hours ten)	*trois heures dix*	TRWA-ZUR DEES
	quarter past four (4 hours and quarter)	*quatre heures et quart*	KA-truh UR ay-KAR
	half past five (5 hours and half)	*cinq heures et demie*	SE*N*-KUR ay-duh-MEE
	quarter of six (6 hours less the quarter)	*six heures moins le quart*	SEE-ZUR-MWE*N* luh-KAR
	five minutes to seven (7 hours less 5)	*sept heures moins cinq*	SEH-TUR MWE*N* SE*N*K
	the . . . will arrive in . . . minutes	*le . . . arrivera dans . . . minutes*	le . . . ar-ree-VRA DAH*N* . . . mee-NEWT
	the . . . will be . . . minutes late	*le . . . aura . . . minutes de retard*	luh . . . O-RAH . . . mee-NEWT duh ruh-TAR
WEATHER	how is the weather?	*quel temps fait-il?*	kel-TAH*N* fay-TEEL?
	it is nice (bad)	*il fait beau (mauvais)*	eel-fay-BO (mo-VAY)
	I am hot (cold)	*j'ai chaud (froid)*	zhay-SHO (FRWA)
	it is going to rain (snow)	*il va pleuvoir (neiger)*	eel-va-plu-VWAR (nay-ZHAY)
	the weather will change	*le temps va changer*	luh-TAH*N* VA shah*n*-ZHAY
	it is raining (snowing)	*il pleut (neige)*	eel-PLU (NAYZH)
	it has stopped . . .	*il a cessé de . . .*	eel-ah-ses-SAY duh . . .
	we will have . . . weather	*nous aurons du . . . temps*	noo-zo-RAW*N* dew . . . TAH*N*
	it is beginning to . . .	*il commence à . . .*	eel-kawm-MAH*N*S ah . . .

This and the previous two French articles are now available in separate indexed booklets. See ad on page 159 of this issue

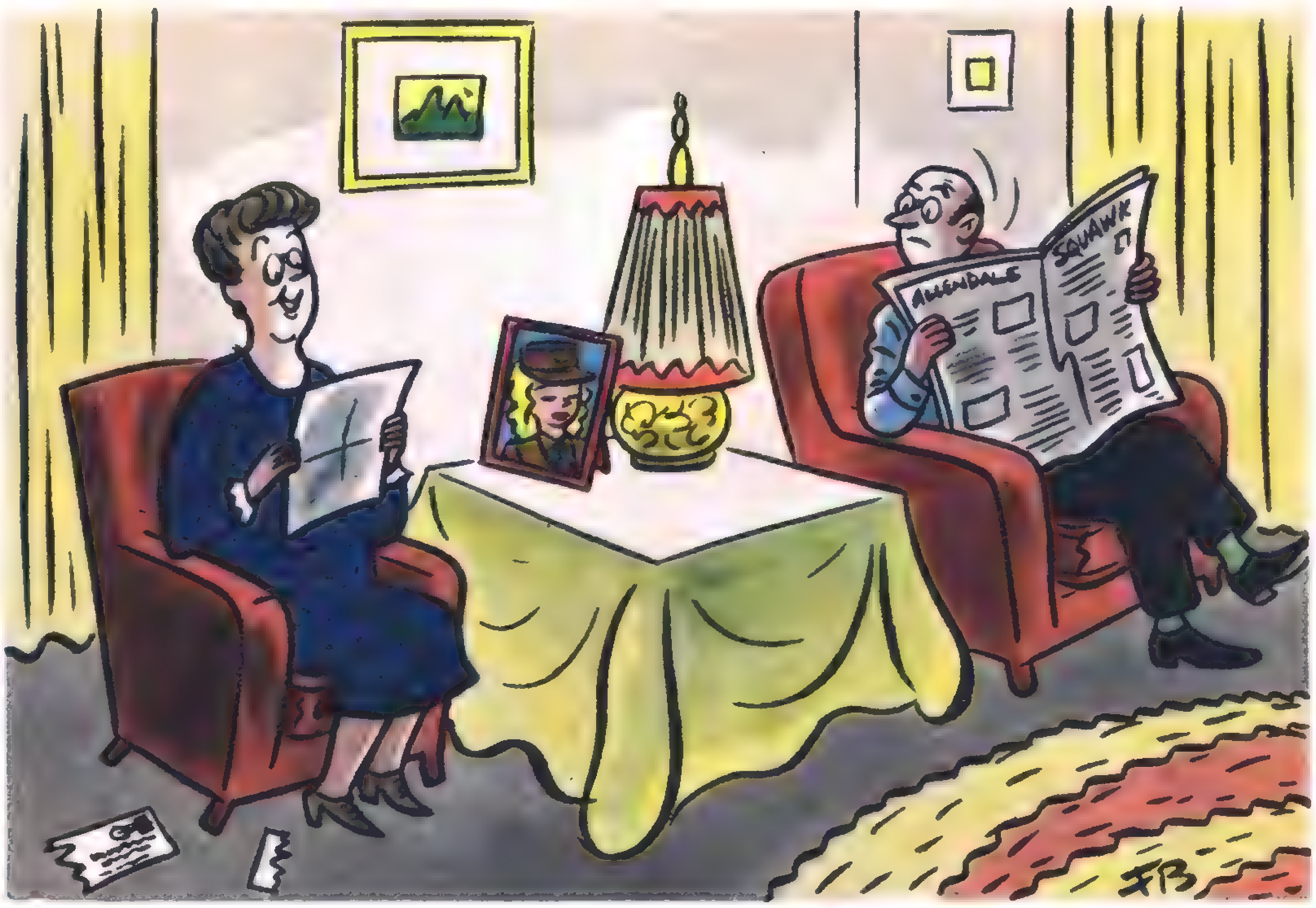




tweeds and seeds

The victory gardener ordering seeds that will eventually add to the nation's food supply is wearing a tri-tone herringbone tweed suit, twill shirt, foulard tie, copper color sweater, grey-brown lightweight felt hat, blucher shoes. Swatches at side show pattern details.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)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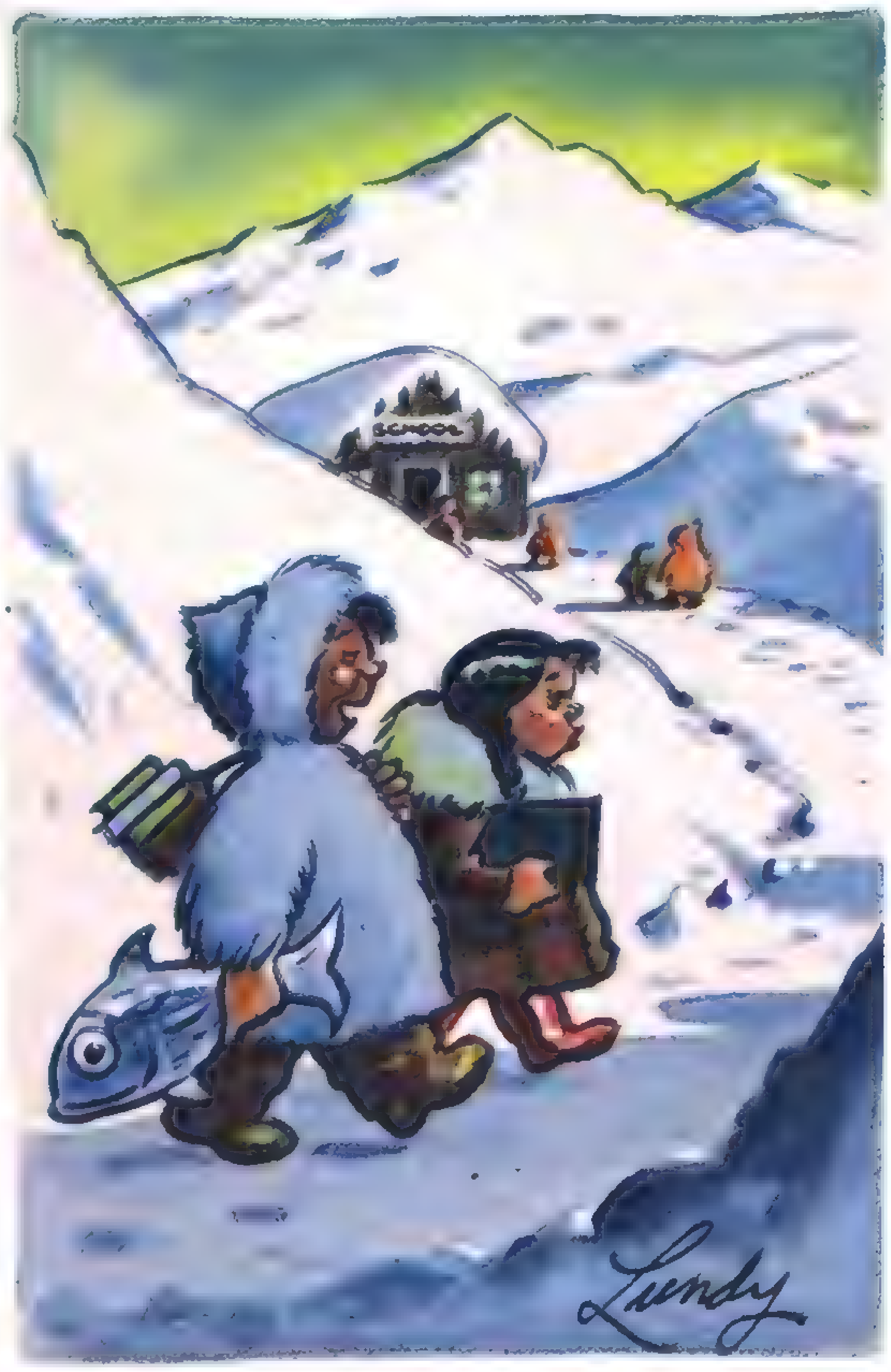
"Marguerite's regiment voted her the one most likely to hook a General"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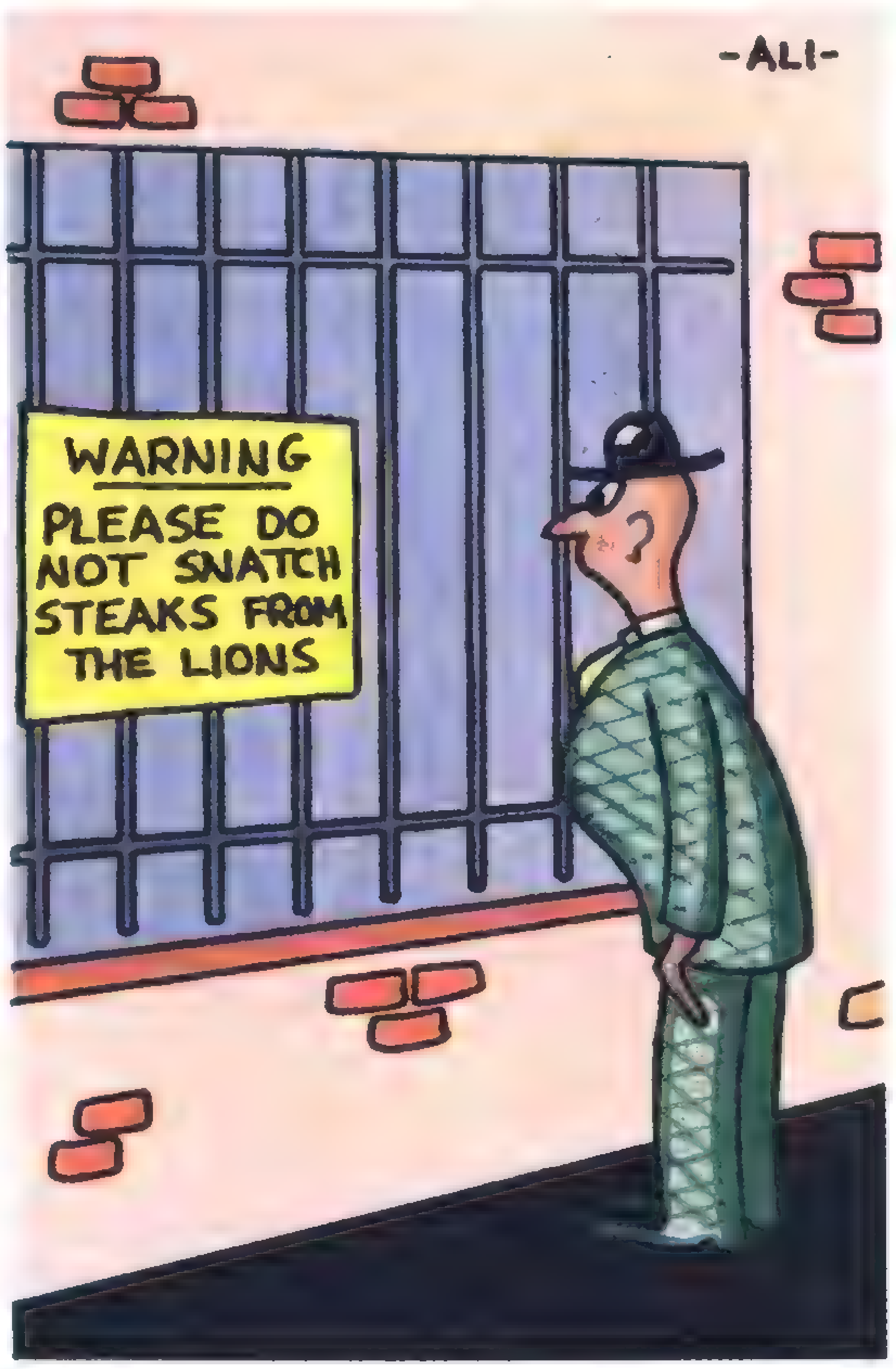
"School children in the United States have a funny custom—they bring their teacher an apple"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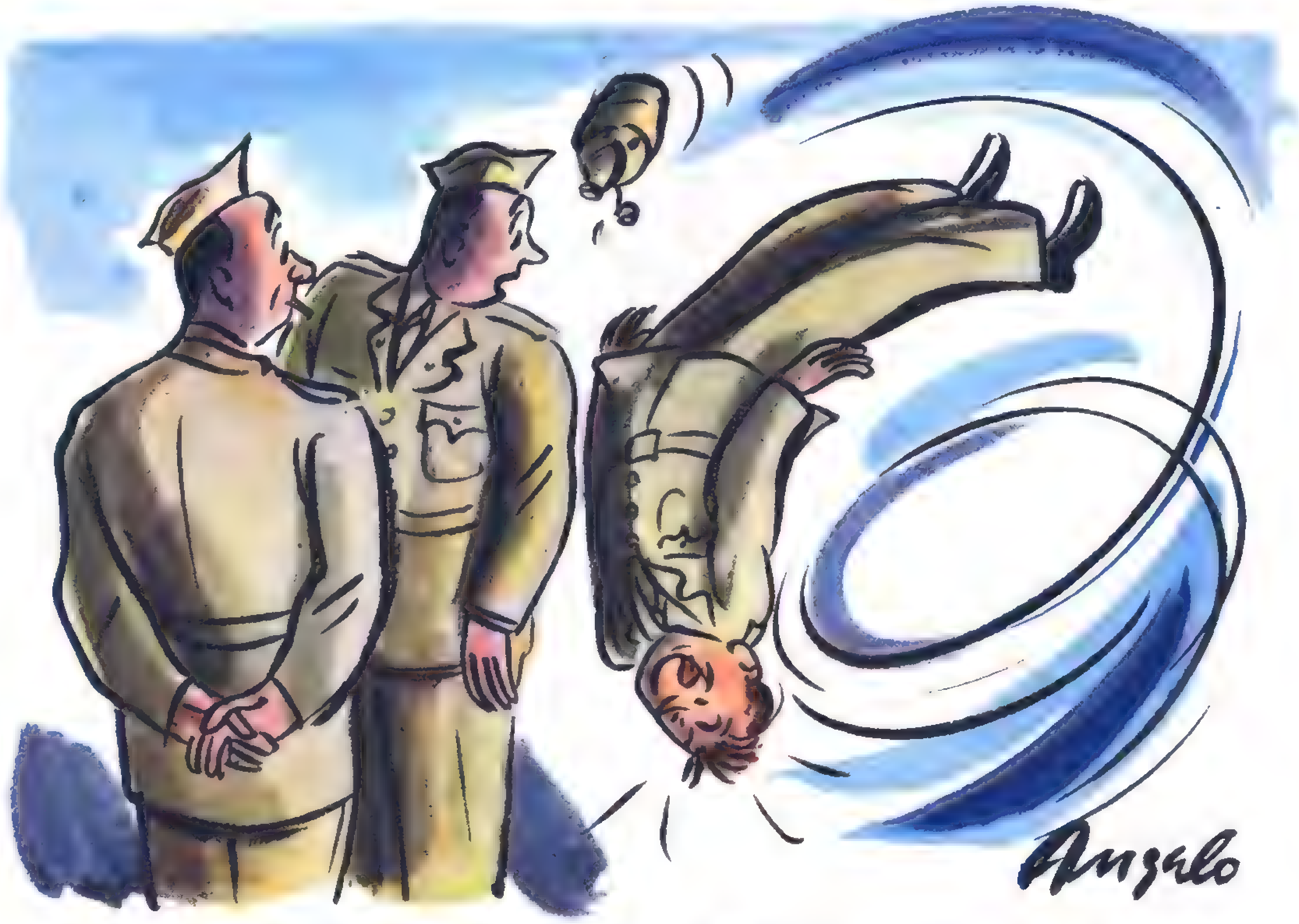
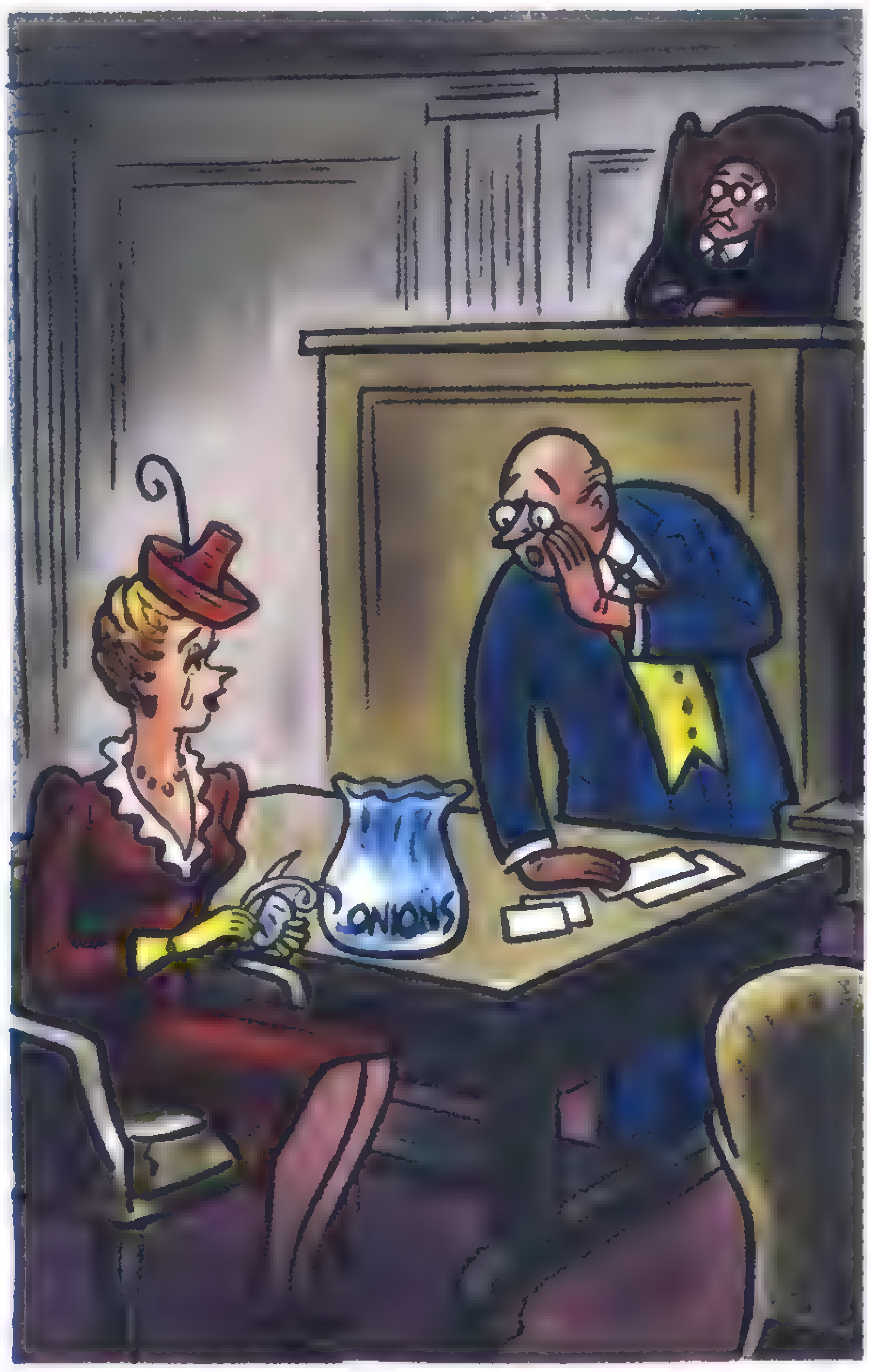
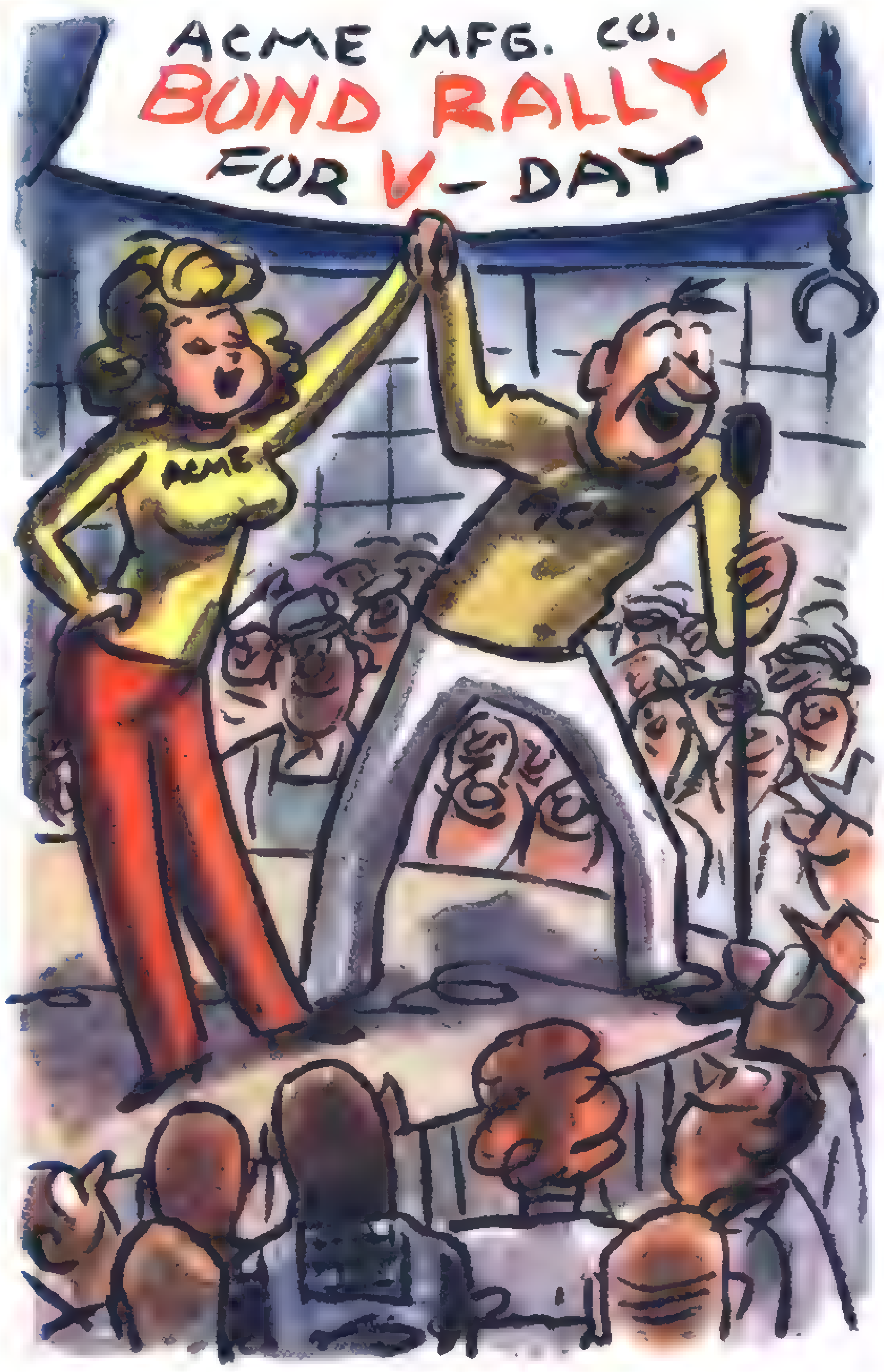
WARNING
PLEASE DO NOT SNATCH STEAKS FROM THE LIONS



"He thought it was water in the sergeant's canteen"



"Ready with the tears?"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Botany Can Be Bracing

Recounting how life can be beautiful with gin, and its several aromatic berry, root and seed participants

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Like all expeditionary forces, Marlborough's men, campaigning in Holland around 1700, were quick to establish contact with the swigables of the country. It was found that by uttering the Dutch word *jenever*, which they broke down to "geneva," they could obtain a spot of the national tipple—potent, colorless and pungent of the juniper whence it got its name. No need of mixing with anything. You just flung it into the eager hatch and reveled.

This liquor's flavor had been borrowed from France, where wine made out of the huckleberryish fruit of the juniper tree was in use medicinally. Early Dutch distillers, with primitive equipment and only the faintest glimmers of chemistry, couldn't turn out the controlled quality ultimately achieved. Meanwhile, friend juniper covered up taste and aroma flaws so pleasantly that consumers acquired a fondness for it, with the result that Dutch gin has remained redolent of it through the generations.

When samplers came marching home with souvenir jugs, the take-to was tremendous. Casks of "Hollands" couldn't be yanked out of the holds of broad-bellied ships rapidly enough to suit the subjects of Queen Anne, who began their own gin making. Under the Georges of our George Washington's lifetime, everybody was making it—out of moldy grain, wine dregs, etc.—to prove that nothing is easier to produce than bad gin. There was no government regulation of manufacture and sale, no bona fide industry with social responsibility. Just a lot of slop-shoddies turning out burps-a-daisy to retail for as little as a penny a glass. The situation was a mess comparable only to the U.S.A. under Prohibition when "gin" was a plumbing product.

And, meanwhile, earnest Hollanders in Amsterdam and Schiedam tended polished kettles with devotion. For them, craftsmanly distilling was a matter of honor of the House. Hookered in the far Indies, their *echte Hollandsche jenever* tasted like good times at home.

Then, suddenly, passion for perfection struck England, causing London Dry (precursor of American Dry)—delicate, subtle, ethereal—the moonbeam that turned out to be a crowbar.

No mixer is a more fastidious shunner of contacts than this purer-than-thou. Starting off with selected grains and malt, finely ground and fermented by yeast of proper breed, it soars through the still at high proof. Body it wouldn't bother with; hence no need of the tedious charred-oak routine that whiskey has to undergo to unload liabilities and take on riches. Born housebroken, it's stored in glass-lined tanks till bottled. Schnozzle snare put forth at ten years is identical with what's uncorked at the ripe age of ten minutes.

Where did it get this bouquet? From botany, right in the kettle, as per brand formula. Selfish secrecy veils the list of participants and their proportions, but we can be reasonably certain that among those present are juniper's deep-blue berries (puckered with maturity), fibrous angelica roots (even pungenter than juniper), buff-hued coriander seed (rated medically as unscramblers of consolidated gas on the stomach), and dried orange peel.

Still operation isn't just a matter of putting the heat on and collecting the gin that comes out. "Head" and "tail" of run have to be redone. The aromatics come in, one by one, according to the individual boiling points of their essential oils.

Procedures and paraphernalia vary. I've gaped at copper columns that, huge as the pillars of a temple of the Pharaohs, must scare the hell out of a coriander seed. And stills whose simplicity emulates ye olde-fashioned kerosene can. And batteries of hatboxes batching swelldom or the boss wants to know the reason why.

The weird-tasting gins and near gins that cropped up during the liquor shortage last year weren't any too gratefully received by the American palate. Yet they cured us of the Prohibition-born notion that "gin is gin, never mind what kind you get hold of." Indeed, treatment was so drastic, many of us were put off gin entirely. Millions of might-have-been Martinis never got to be poured. But last fall, thanks to the August furlough of the distilleries, the bracer with the botany came flooding back to us in its tried and true flavor, and re-acquaintance rites have been cheery.

The weather bureau tells me that thermometers will soon be calling for Tom Collinses, hoping they will be tall ones, not the tiny Toms in glasses of little more than Delmonico size that thirsts are affronted with nowadays. This competent cooler was originally made with Old Tom gin (dry gin to which simple syrup has been added), but as traditional Tom is not to be had in many brands, your regular bottle of dry is likely to pinch hit for him: juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 oz. gin, couple of ice cubes; fill with sparkling water, stir lightly. Or you may do a preliminary job on the juice, sugar and gin in a shaker with cracked ice, and then pour without straining, and add the fizz, plus bitters if desired.

For a briefer quencher, there's the Rickey (old Waldorf-Astoria Bar invention in honor of one Col. Rickey): squeeze ½ lime into a highball glass and toss in the green shell; add ice cubes, 1 jigger gin, fizz to fill. In England they withhold the shell and call the drink a Gimblet (not to be confused with the Gimlet Cocktail consisting of gin and lime juice cordial 50-50). Ever reliable refreshers, too, are Gin-and-Ginger Ale, which becomes a Gin Buck when given the half lime routine à la Rickey; and the Gin Fizz (1 oz. lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, jigger gin, shaken, strained, fizzed, which 1 oz. grenadine, replacing sugar, will pink into a Gin Daisy).

Gin's nosegay looked to be out of luck when war shut off botanical imports, for there was no coriander flourishing beside Mr. Distillers' doorstep, nor any angelica in his backyard. But up in the air-conditioned attic he had bins and bins, full. By now, of course, some of those stocks held for maturing have dwindled, and there's fancy bidding for re-enforcements. Yet I know of at least one leading concern that is all set on berries, roots and seeds for the next three years; which gladdens me on account of the excellence of Martinis made of its product.

But right here within our shores there's quite a bit of land able to grow things, and quite a few climates to pick from, as mappers of areas of acclimatization are doing. By taste tests of the results of experimental plantings, they've pioneered the way to beverage-herb independence and shown that the per-acre payoff on a botanical crop is more than twice what the same farmer would get from corn, and more than treble the amount he'd get from King Cotton, plus stability of market. For the returned G.I. mulling farmer-in-the-dell possibilities, it's the berries from every angle, with nice smell thrown in. ###

A MARINER TAKES A FLYING LEAP

Streaking upwards in a JATO-leap—or jet-assisted take-off—and trailing a cloud of smoke goes a heavily-laden Martin Mariner. First flying boat in the world to take advantage of aviation's newest power source, the JATO-equipped PBM's are reportedly airborne after a thirty to sixty per cent shorter take-off. JATO jets are of the rocket type, containing their own fuel and oxygen. JATO leaps also make possible heavier bombloads, use of smaller airstrips, and quick getaways from small lagoon areas or crowded flight decks. It requires a strong frame to withstand the added thrust of the rockets. That the Mariners have such a frame has been demonstrated not only in combat, but in such unscheduled performances as the rough-water rescue of forty-eight survivors of the S. S. *Cape San Juan*, and the recent dry landing and subsequent take-off from the arid alkali flats of Willcox Dry Lake, Arizona.

These twin engine, metal, high gullwing monoplane flying boats are operated as patrol bombers or transports. They have a maximum speed of over 200 m.p.h., a maximum range of over 3,000 miles, and carry cargos averaging four to four and one-half tons. In nearly a million miles of flying over pioneer routes, Mariners of the Naval Air Transport Service have never lost a man. Over-ocean hops that would have warranted a Distinguished Flying Cross not so many months ago are almost a daily occurence. There is the record of a pioneer PBM squadron of the Naval Air Transport Service, which took a couple of aerial tramp steamers and opened up a supply route that has played a vital part in the increasing tide of Allied victories in the Southwest Pacific. Then there is a PBM combat squadron which covered more than a million miles, whose itinerary reads like a check list of the United States invasions of the Japanese Pacific possessions. "Nickle Boat," another PBM, proudly carries two white submarines on her nose for two outstanding U-boat sinkings, the second of which resulted in the capture of Germany's most famous U-boat commander — Kapitänleutnant Friedrich Guggenberger.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Appraising three popular musical shows in which critic and the public are not on speaking terms, and other verdicts

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

It is sometimes argued that, in one respect at least, dramatic critics are the most useless creatures in existence. In proof of the contention it is pointed out that those plays which they endorse often fail, and those which they condemn frequently run for years and make their producers millionaires. While I am more than willing to admit that what the pointers-out point out is perfectly true, any analogous argument, it seems to me, would also in part establish as among the world's useless creatures most doctors of medicine, all men of the cloth and all poets, fully half the philosophers, and every culinary artist who knows how to prepare really first-rate *rognons de veau à la casserole*.

For time on end doctors have been enthusiastically endorsing cold cures, trigeminal neuralgia cures and dozens of other cures that have failed. Men of the cloth have been endorsing the gospel of God and the brotherhood of men, and look at the world. Poets have endorsed the emotion called love and the divorce courts are jammed to the doors with those who followed their advice. Philosophers have philosophized themselves into a state of exhaustion and the great masses of the people still think like backward school children. And really first-rate, or for that matter even second-rate, *rognons de veau à la casserole* can't compete in the average man's taste with a hot dog or a hamburger.

If, therefore, a drama critic writes that such plays as *Abie's Irish Rose, The Two Mrs. Carrolls, School For Brides* and *Catherine Was Great* are rubbish, and if the public sniffs and packs into them and adores them, remember that that same public squeezes lemon on oysters, esteems Bette Davis an actress superior to Réjane, and subscribes en masse to the theory that a bachelor can't properly enjoy Christmas because he hasn't a lot of children running around the house. And, contrariwise, if a critic whoops it up for plays by Yeats, Synge and O'Casey and again the great public sniffs and will have nothing of them, remember if you will that not one in twenty thousand of that same public has ever read a line of Dostoievski, or heard a composition by Bach, or seen a painting by Velásquez, or tasted a Château Haut Brion—or would appreciate or even remotely tolerate any of them for a moment even if he had. The end cultural triumph of most people remains an acquisition at length of a taste for olives.

Don't think for a moment that I am setting myself up as a superior dog, leastwise in various directions. I like a lot of things that the public likes. I like a glass of cold beer, a pretty girl with a colored ribbon in her hair (or even without the ribbon), one-decker cheese sandwiches, two-decker cheese and ham sandwiches, three-decker cheese, ham and turkey sandwiches, football games, sleigh rides in the moonlight, burlesque shows, clambakes and sprawling in the sun. I also like soft collars, women who don't make a noise, prize fights, Jerry Kern's songs, corned beef and cabbage, William Steig's drawings of kids, automobile rides, Bobby Clark, Grimms' Fairy Tales, loose trousers, a boat deck in the starlight, sauerkraut, walking through the dead leaves in autumn, dogs, and all kinds of other such things. My tastes are catholic. But they do not embrace bad plays. In that respect lies what little superiority I have.

Not only do I not like bad plays, I don't even like bad musical shows. Take, for example, two of the more recent ones: *On the Town* and Olsen and Johnson's *Laffing Room Only!* Both are big hits with the public and both seem to enchant the latter no end. Yet they leave me cold to the point of chilblains. Unlike the public, I find, in the case of the first named, that my idea of matchless humor doesn't include the species of jokes in which a sailor asks a woman taxi driver if she can show him the road to the Museum of Natural History, and she says she would rather show him the road to ruin. Nor does my idea of a beautiful ballet consist in a lot of female dancers violently agitating their fundaments, or my idea of witty lyrics in such as have to do with a push-over's apology that she is nevertheless a good cook, or my idea of wonderful staging in the frequent employment of rapidly flickering lights to give the actors the appearance of being engaged in a foot race.

What is more, liberal as my tastes are, I somehow can't see anything particularly inventive in a travesty of a night-club floor show that was done a hundred times better several years before in *Pal Joey*, or anything especially funny in a woman's measuring a man's head with the purpose of determining his affinity with a gorilla, or anything exceptionally novel in the old dance number wherein the two principals are supposed to be fighters in a prize-ring.

The public and I are similarly not on speaking terms when it comes to the latest Olsen and Johnson show. I was on speaking terms with it in the case of their first show, *Hellzapoppin*, which seemed a very amusing ruckus to me, as it did to it. But a coolness began to develop between us when a poor imitation of that show called *Sons o' Fun* came along, and the coolness has become almost arctic now that this even poorer one called *Laffing Room Only!* has come along.

I can, in short, no longer be overwhelmingly entertained by Mr. Olsen's appearance in loudly colored underdrawers, or by indiscriminate pistol shots, or by such witticisms as "It's very eerie on this railroad" with the retort "This is the Union Pacific," or by being hit over the head with a rolled newspaper by one of the migratory ladies of the chorus, or by two blackout sketches whose climactic moments involve an outhouse. I may not be a superior fellow, but I begin to have my doubts when all around me I hear people roaring their heads off over a man in one of the boxes proclaiming that he is going to shoot the rat who invaded his home and who entered into undesired proximity to his wife and then, when the lowered lights go up again

MADAME'S SHOES
FRANK BEAVEN

"Now that's what I call a flat foot"

after the crack of a revolver, is seen dangling in his fist an oversized dead mouse.

Those doubts, furthermore, become considerably stronger upon observing a houseful of my otherwise respected fellow citizens holding their sides in uncontrollable mirth when Mr. Johnson carries a goose off the stage with the remark that such obscene divertissements are not allowed in his show, when Mr. Libuse starts to play a fiddle and it comes apart in his hands, and when a woman made up as Eleanor Roosevelt is caused to cross the stage at ten minute intervals and flash her teeth at the audience. And the doubts are resolved into something that pretty closely approaches fact when the greater part of the audience, requested by the Messrs. O. and J. to accompany a song number by waving their handkerchiefs, duly obeys by waving the moist rags so frantically in one another's faces that everybody in the house who already hasn't a bad cold ends up with one.

Public reaction one way or the other, however, is of no more concern to a critic than it is to a man choking on a fishbone. The critic's business is, or properly should be, theatrical and dramatic art, and theatrical and dramatic art have nothing to do with that of the Messrs. Gallup and Roper. If the public follows the critic's experienced and considered opinions, good. If it doesn't, the world won't come to an end. As one such critic I am paid to tell people what they should like. If they don't like it, I am paid just the same. So there is no reason for me to lose any sleep, however much I might prefer that, for the betterment of the theatre and drama, they would subscribe to my views. Nevertheless and even so, were they to believe exactly as I do, it probably wouldn't be long before I was out of a job, as there would no longer be any practical reason for hiring me to tell them what they already felt and knew.

Under the existing circumstances, all I can do, therefore, is to record my opinions of some of the recent plays and shows, whether they follow the opinions or not.

The Theatre Guild's *Sing Out, Sweet Land!*, by Walter Kerr, is designated a cavalcade of American folk and popular songs. Employing as its central figure a blade banished from old Puritan New England for his levity, who wanders in the many following years throughout the growing nation and seeks to bring contentment, happiness and unity to its diverse peoples through their common melodies; its scheme is obviously fertile in possibilities, but the whole has been handled with so much archness and so little imagination that what results is something closely resembling the kind of pageant put on annually by school children for the delectation of their mothers and the politely suppressed agony of their fathers.

Trio, by Dorothy and Howard Baker, a dramatization of the former's novel of the same title, is an exercise in the same Cyprian theme maneuvered with such consummate skill some years ago by the late Bourdet in *The Captive*. Compared with that play the Bakers' exhibit is a third-rate job, but it nevertheless on its own is an almost equally honest one and, when it does not descend to extrinsic melodrama, which it destructively does on at least two occasions, provides an evening not without interest. It is not in any remotest sense a dirty play and the advance fears on the part of some that it would be susceptible of police interference and court prosecution proved warrantless. A company including Lydia St. Clair, a Gallic importation, in the role of the sexual menace, Richard Widmark as the resolving god out of the machine, and particularly Lois Wheeler, a most promising young actress, as the sexual victim, provided the play with highly effective performances. But its run was short.

John Patrick's *The Hasty Heart* is an overly sentimentalized exhibit about a cynical, selfish and mean-spirited young Scotch soldier who finds himself among an assortment of military men who know what he does not, to wit, that he hasn't long to live, and who exert themselves to make friends with him. Fighting against their overtures he is yet gradually brought around to them, only to discover the motivation of their proffers of comradeship and to spurn them in disgust. In the end, however, he comes to learn that there was fundamental good nonetheless in them, and surrenders. There are moments that are moving, but the drama as a whole is invalidated by a succession of gags that need only tambourine bangs at their conclusions to serve as available material for an 1895 black-face minstrel show. The performances of John Lund as a tough Yank ambulance driver and, to a degree, of Richard Basehart (surely a name right out of old 10-20-30 melodrama) as the Scot are commendable.

Clare Kummer's *Many Happy Returns*, an overnight failure, was apparently one of her typical, elliptical comedies so botched by rewriting on the part of outside hands and by bad casting and even worse stage direction, that to criticize it as a work of her own and representing her idea of stage presentation was the privilege of those alone who arbitrarily believe that every time a curtain goes up on a play the author of it is as proud and happy as a lark.

". . . and may the superior combatant emerge triumphant"

Let's not do anything about a musical show called *A Lady Says Yes*. After all, the author, composer, lyric writer, scene designer, costumer and actors didn't.

The New Opera Company's production of Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne* suffers from an attempt to modernize the book, which includes feeble, humorous allusions to Oshkosh and the Republican party; from new musical arrangements intent upon making Offenbach's already sufficiently lively score even more lively and which often lend to the stage the aspect of a zoo peopled entirely by kangaroos; and from several male and female performers supposed to be very tony French whose accents are lush Tenth Avenue. Too bad. The operetta, properly handled, might again have provided a gay and spirited evening.

Cyrus Wood's *Good Night, Ladies*, derived from the quarter-century old Hopwood-Andrews farce, *Ladies' Night In a Turkish Bath*, is vulgar claptrap in which the women take their clothes off and the men in turn put them on, all in the interests of a humor that never develops. What emerges is two hours of stupefying tedium, hardly relieved by such lines as "Women are a closed book to me"—"All you need is a paper-cutter" and "I'm afraid I'm just old-fashioned"—"Yes, just one old-fashioned after another."

Daphne DuMaurier's *Rebecca*, dramatized from her novel of the same name, is essentially Bertha M. Clay bound in half-Morocco. The psychological aspects of the book have been reduced to commonplace melodrama; the specter of the defunct first wife which haunts the second becomes in the stage treatment a kind of Harvey with a villainous false black mustache; the sinister housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, at least as acted by Florence Reed, is Mother Goddam right out of *The Shanghai Gesture*; and the play as a whole suggests nothing quite so much as Alfred Hitchcock directed by the Bertha M. Clay aforesaid in conjunction with Laura Jean Libbey.

Harold J. Kennedy's corpse, *A Goose for the Gander*, was a dismal paraphrase of the kind of comedies that Grace George frequently used to appear in, which in turn, when they weren't *Divorçons*, were such dismal paraphrases of that comedy as *Sauce for the Goose*. It was without an iota of merit, and the former moving picture actress, Gloria Swanson, who had the leading role in it, exerted herself in vain to persuade herself that it was otherwise. Miss Swanson was pretty bad, too.

In conclusion, Margaret Webster's production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, which offers Vera Zorina and Canada Lee as its featured players, strains so hard for novelty in casting and staging that much of its celebrated beauty is lost. The moments when the director and the scene designer have let the play alone are far the best. #

Man the Kitchenette

Behold the humble sausage cooked in many different ways, and appearing in many delicious shapes and guises

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Go, nay run, to a pork store or your butcher, get some frankfurters, gallop back to your kitchenette and make this dish—with a money-back guarantee:

Chop finely two onions, and brown them in butter to a golden color. Add enough paprika to make it a nice red. Simmer the mixture for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally with a spatula so that it will not burn. Cut your frank (two to a person) into about eight sections, and add them to the mixture. Simmer for ten minutes. Add a green pepper, a tomato, a small clove of garlic and a little black pepper. Simmer for another fifteen minutes. Now add peeled and quartered raw potatoes, a little salt, and cook over low flame for thirty minutes. When the potatoes are done, serve. With your fork mash the potatoes into the sauce on your plate, and you'll find they taste even better than unmashed.

This is an exceedingly cheap yet astonishingly fine dish that is easy to prepare, and, what's more, it does away with the need to humble oneself, whispering, bribing, flirting when one stands before the butcher. No longer will you have to lower yourself to beg for a piece of meat. On the contrary, you will be exhilarated by the thought that you're not robbing the fighting man of his beef, and that you're not impeding the war effort. And armed with this frankfurter recipe the abstention from meat is really nothing.

So, you see, the modest little frank has more sides to it than you think. The trouble here in the United States where frankfurters are adored (nearly a billion pounds are made yearly!) is that the majority of people believe them only edible when grilled. Nothing can be a greater culinary fallacy. European gourmets loved their franks boiled, and eaten with freshly grated horseradish which brought tears of mingled agony and joy to their eyes. This condiment had vigor and character, quite unlike the mild mustard which attempts to hide the slightly burnt flavor of a broiled hot dog in America.

For that pleasure, I'm afraid one would have to go back nearly three thousand years. It was Homer who wrote in his *Odyssey* in the ninth century B.C: "... when a man near a great glowing fire turns to and fro a sausage, full of fat and blood, anxious to have it quickly roast..." Aristophanes took the sausage situation less seriously, in fact he thought the sausage very funny, and humorously advised: "... let them make sausages of me and serve me up to the students..." About eight hundred years later sausage got into serious trouble under the Romans—it became so popular that Constantine the Great prohibited its being made or eaten. In spite of this prohibition, the Roman populace risked their lives to get a tiny frank, and sausage bootlegging was widespread. Finally they protested so violently that the law was repealed.

These ancient sausages, notwithstanding the commotion, could not have been so very fine. Sausage-making only bloomed into a great art during the Middle Ages, and it was then that the various sausages began to be identified by the names of cities where they were made: Frankfurt, Bologna, Gotha, Goteborg, Lyons, etc. Salami is said to have taken its name from a Greek city, and not from the French word *salmigondis*, which stands for a dish of hodgepodge, or *salmis*, a ragout of game.

Chances are that if you had asked in Frankfurt for a frankfurter before the war, they would not have been able to figure out what you wanted. One is seldom a prophet at home, and there, in their native land, frankfurters were called *Wiener Wuerstchen*. Germany, and especially Bavaria, excelled in the art of sausage-making, but they were not the absolute best. Germans were never too scrupulous about what went into their sausages, and history records that when Moltke promoted a Berlin butcher boy to a captaincy, in gratitude he whispered into the field marshal's ear: "Your Excellency, don't ever eat sausages."

"Father! You keep out of this"

The best frankfurters that ever existed were made in Austria. They were called *szepesi*, and they were small, about half the size of our frankfurters. When you bit into them, the skin suddenly broke, giving forth a little cracking sound, and the crimson juice (caused by the paprika) oozed out and ran down your chin if you did not jealously guard against losing even a drop of that divine liquor. Of course, they were boiled! It was fashionable (and oh, so good!) to eat them late at night in front of Vienna's Stephan Church, where a jovial fellow sold them out of his traveling kitchen, and where the ladies of the evening took their after-midnight constitutional.

Franks, bologna, pariser, kielbasa, plockwurst, mettwurst, knoblauchwurst, cervelat—they are mostly made the same way. Mr. Jossef Mertl, one of the finest pork-store proprietors in New York (there are a dozen big firms in the city, and around 250 small pork stores, engaged in frank manufacture) tells me that good frankfurters are made of two-thirds beef trimmings and one-third pork trimmings. The seasonings are merely salt, pepper, garlic and coriander, and the skin, which is kept scrupulously clean, is either sheep or hog guts, or artificial casing made of cellulose. Jewish franks have only lean beef in them and the casing is always sheep. Some larger sausages have beef guts for casing, while still larger ones, like salami use horse casing.

Kielbasa, or as it is popularly known here, Polish sausage, is made of twenty per cent beef and eighty per cent lean pork trimmings, and the seasoning is salt, white pepper, paprika, garlic, but no coriander. The best salami is pure pork, salt, pepper, garlic, but here the procedure is more complicated—the meat has to dry thoroughly for a week before it is encased, or it will spoil. The salami finally is smoked lightly.

The two most important salami producers were the Italians and the Hungarians; the Italian salami's meat was somewhat coarser and was said to contain some donkey meat, no doubt for its obstinately enduring flesh. They cannot make a really fine salami in the United States because, curiously enough, this large sausage, so juicy when you bite into it, requires a dry and even climate.

Although the Bureau of Animal Industry sees to it that every one of the billions of wieners made yearly in the United States contains nothing inedible, there are second-rate frankfurters in which there is lamb or veal, and cereal. These poor franks have naturally a different flavor—rather indifferent to be frank—and they do not keep long. While good franks keep two weeks in the refrigerator, the poor frank is gone in two days. (Salami's span of life is one year.) It is too bad that you cannot tell the first-rate frank from the second-rate one from the outside, and that you have to bite into it to judge its true character and real value.

Mertl often dines on frankfurters or sausages of some kind. For, despite the fact that he works with it all day long, he prefers to eat pork. He says it keeps him energetic without feeling uncomfortably full, and he does not become hungry again shortly after dinner, as he would if he had eaten steak or chicken. Mr. Mertl is definitely sold on pig, esteems it, and believes it to be the king of all flesh-giving animals. The poet agrees with him—Monsieur Monselet wrote a poem to a pig, entitled "*L'Animal-Roi, le Cochon,*" and I cannot resist taking out a verse from it:

Tout est bon en toi: Chair, grasse, muscle, tripe!
On t'aime galantine, on t'adore boudin.

Boudins are fresh blood sausages, best when broiled, and are of two varieties: *boudins noir* and *blancs*. You can find them most often in France and they are exceedingly tasty. The *noir* is made of hog's blood, oatmeal, beef suet, onions and seasoning. The *blancs* in France used to be made of ground chicken, eggs, breadcrumbs, onions, spices, cream and truffles. Montaigne says in his essays that Moses forbade his people to eat coagulated animal's blood purely for sentimental reasons, because the soul dwells in the blood.

Sausage, I tried to show what you are made of. Whatever you are made of, you are more often good than not, whether you are a Swiss *gendarme*, flat in shape, Italian Mortadella, enormous in circumference, a Spanish *estramaduran*, an English Cambridge, a Hungarian salami, a truffled French *saucisson royal*. Only the good Americans should learn that there are other ways to eat you besides broiled. You are marvelous in paprika sauce with potatoes; boiled for ten minutes, accompanied by grated fresh horseradish or sauerkraut; as an hors d'oeuvre with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; or according to the two recipes below. Oh, sausage, I almost forgot to mention your prized Danish name, *medisterpolse*. And that brings me to a Danish proverb, quite appropriate: "Everything has an end, except sausage, which has two."

Brown the sausage slightly in butter. Add a glass of white wine, simmer for ten minutes. Now take the franks out and place them on slices of stale bread fried previously in butter. Go on simmering the sauce, add to it a few drops of lemon juice, the yolk of an egg, a little gravy, a little butter, and season to taste. Pour the sauce over the frankfurters.

Skin the sausages, cut them in half, lengthwise, and place half of them in a buttered pie dish. On top of the sausages lay sliced onions which were slightly browned in butter, slices of raw tomatoes, and season. Lay on top the remaining sausages, cover with consommé (canned), and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Place butter on top and brown in moderate oven. #

My Wife Is a Fat Lady

Testament of a husband immune to the current hysteria over pin-up glamor

by **GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN**

FICTION

It is very doubtful if ever any man said honestly, "I left my wife because she was too fat." I admit unashamedly that my wife is fat, according to Miss America standards. She doesn't have the body of a cotton queen, a corn queen, a wheat queen, or a smelt queen. She has what salesladies call the "Expensive Figure," and must confine her shopping to the division set aside for stouts and ladies in an "interesting condition." It makes no difference to me. And I can't get through my head why such a terrific issue should be made of women's bulk in these United States of America. I can't understand why a woman weighing more than a hundred and thirty pounds is placed (aesthetically) on the wrong side of the tracks.

When the preacher said to us, "Until death do you part," I suppose Tubby had her fingers crossed (I didn't call her Tubby then). But a few pounds of flesh either way would have nothing at all to do with success or failure of our marriage. Tubby soon started putting on weight, but as time passed it became more evident that the preacher had filled in the marriage paper in indelible ink.

Tubby worried terribly about her weight. She bought a bike for her shopping trips, she went for long walks. She joined the Y.W.C.A., "took" swimming and gym. She became solid, but didn't seem to lose any weight. Once I made an innocent joke about her growing heavier and she went out to the back porch and stayed a long time. When she came back I could see that she'd been crying. I could have kicked myself. I told her over and over in different ways that I didn't *care* about the extra pounds; that I cared for her as she was, and that I would care for her no matter what shape or size she became.

The next day she bought a girdle—her first. She had the package when she came home from downtown and when I asked what was in it she started looking foolish and her face got red. We had a dinner date that evening. While she was in the tub, I shaved and chatted with her in the bathroom. A thousand times we'd done this and we thought nothing of it. Then, after she'd dried herself, she went into the bedroom and closed the door. I wanted a fresh shirt, so I turned the doorknob, and Tubby let out a yell that the neighbors across the street probably heard. "Don't you come in here," she said huffily; "I'm getting into my girdle."

I want to say here that Tubby is no bird-brain. She knows her way around in fields of art, literature, contemporary history and homemaking. She cooks like an angel. But in spite of the fact that she has her feet on the ground in every other way and takes everything with extreme calm, she still harbors the nonsensical conviction that there is something disgraceful in obesity.

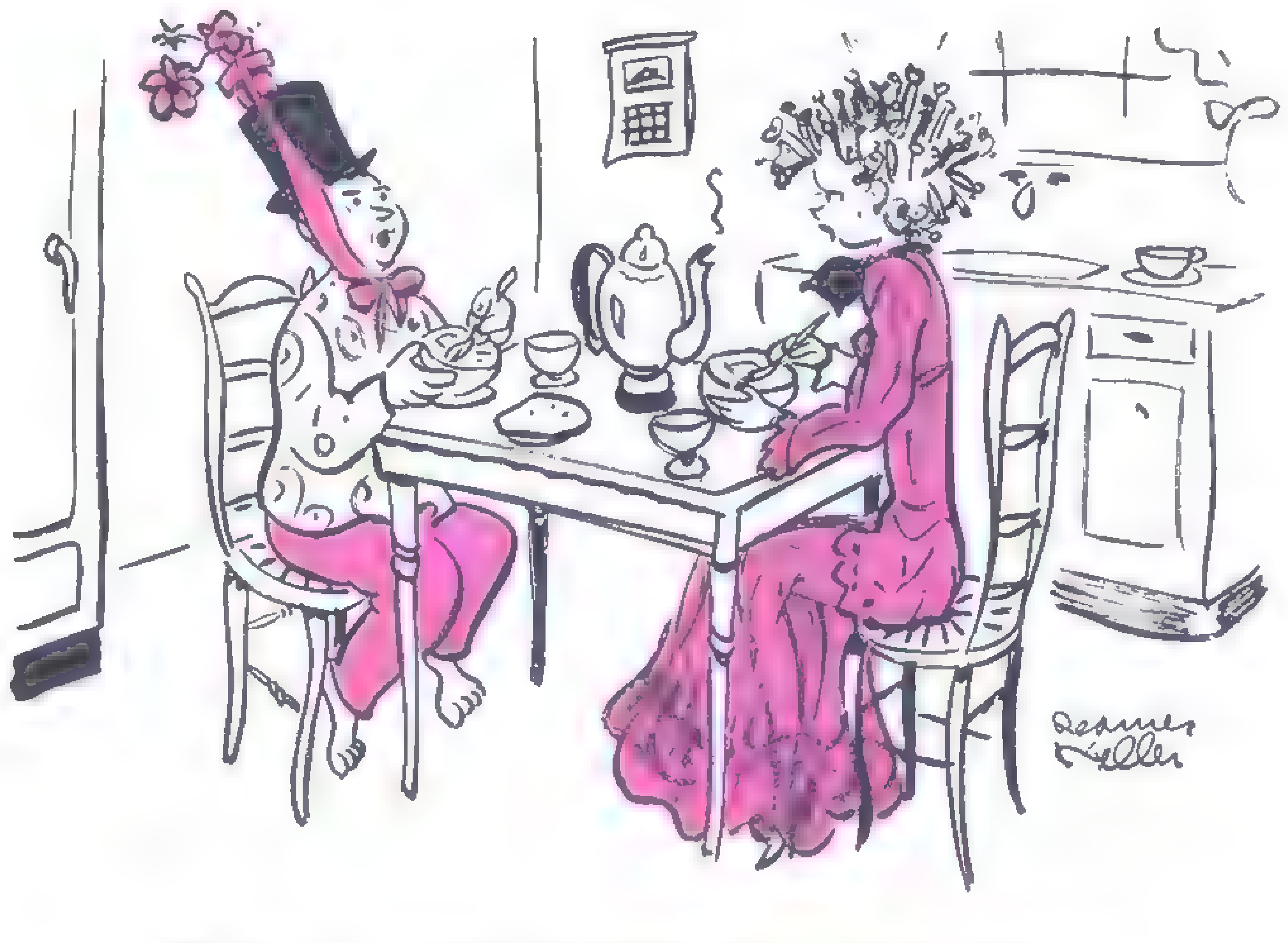
Today she says she's not putting on any more weight, but I can see that she is. However, with the loss of her slim shapeliness she's lost none of her warmth and generosity, none of her quick understanding. Her screwy sense of humor is intact, and her hearty chuckles are as infectious as life. If I were to come home some evening and say I'd gone bankrupt, there would be no hysterics. She'd just say not to let it spoil my day, and mix me a cocktail.

The worst blow ever to happen to us in our twelve years of married life was the destruction of our home. We'd been on a fishing trip and returned late on Sunday afternoon. There had been a terrible fire and only the brick walls of the house were standing. Tubby gave one little yelp of dismay. Six rooms of almost new furniture, our books, heirlooms, typewriters, cameras and darkroom equipment, our clothes, our manuscripts—everything was in ashes. And we had no insurance whatever.

We were still sitting in the car. I looked at Tubby and she pulled a comical rat-tooth grimace. We both knew that it would be several years before we could furnish another home, and that all of our intimate treasures were gone forever. If she shed any tears later, I never saw them.

Tubby got out of the car and I followed. We stood inside the charred doorway and looked up inside the walls. The roof was gone and we saw a rectangle of the evening sky overhead. Our apartment had been on the third floor of this three-story ruin. Suddenly Tubby grabbed my arm. "Darling, *look!*" she cried. "I've always wanted one and now we've got it: a *triplex!*"

No sir. You can have your symmetrical girlies—your dainty bits of femininity. And you can have the pin-ups in the cheesecake sections of the Sunday supplements. Me, I'll take Tubby—my woman dependable. #



"If you can eat breakfast in that get-up why can't I?"

A Ticket to Nowhere

For this journey fraught with known and unknown dangers he had only his wits, a little money, a hunting knife

by CURTIS THOMAS

▪ FICTION ▪

It was deep summer twilight when a man came out of the woods on the hill. He crossed the clearing to stand in the obscurity of a broad maple tree on the bank above the highway. Directly across, he could see everything that was happening in the solitary, brightly-lighted roadhouse and on the wide, graveled turnout in front of it.

To the average observer, this commonplace sunset landscape would have been marred by the sleazy attempts of his kind to create commercial summer enterprises in an undistinguished woodland, but the man in the clearing was on "a peak in Darien," gazing at a world that was entirely new because he had not seen it for eight years. He had been locked behind grey stone walls, isolated in the depths of these woods, and now he was emerging into a world that was dominated by a war which, for him, was only a disturbed echo. He was afraid of this new world not only because it was unfamiliar, but because he was technically an enemy to its society; but he was even more afraid of the grey stone walls behind him because their familiarity had driven him to a despair which he was only beginning to realize now that he was free and in flight.

He fumbled in his pocket for a bus schedule and frowned at the boxed lines of figures creased and soiled with constant fingering. The times were exactly as he had memorized them—it was the end of light, he would not see them again; he crumpled the limp paper and dropped it in the grass, then looked at the illuminated dial of his wristwatch. Ten minutes!—and the bus might be off schedule. Had he missed it while he lingered for twilight in the woods? Perhaps the watch was slow. Perhaps his whole carefully-timed plan was already wrecked by one miscalculation at this obscure way station. If he had to wait for the late bus—!

A ramshackle hotel wagon drove up with a half-dozen women and dumped them from its doors with their luggage. When the fugitive saw the luggage, hope surged up and caught him by the throat—the ticket seller came out from behind his counter to stick a red flag in a socket as a signal for the bus—the confusion drew the man by the tree one step forward from his shelter—one determined step.

Just as he moved, however, two other cars raced to a standstill in a screech of dust and flying gravel, directly behind the hotel wagon. In the first were four sun-blistered boys and a girl, naked till she leaped up to the lights with her shapely, mutton-fat figure compressed in its pink elastic swimming suit, the illusion of her pinkness heightened by the slate-blue uniforms of the troopers who had eased themselves out of the second car. For a split second the man by the tree blinked at the illusion of the naked girl, then threw himself backward in the long grass where his hand fell on the crumpled bus schedule which he ground to a sweaty pulp.

The long wail of the bus' power-horn rounded the curve over the hill, and the women from the hotel absorbed the swimmers in embraces, then struggled loose to grapple luggage. They stood in a line and looked expectantly up the road. The bus bore down among them with a great sigh of compression brakes. The departing passengers set down their bags again for the driver to stow away, while the troopers pushed their authority past the driver into the door. The man under the tree could see the troopers moving slowly along the aisle inside the bus that had blotted out the stage of the ticket counter. He flung his arms over his face, biting into the rough tweed of his sleeve so that the cloth was like wire against his tongue. The schedule had failed and flight was now his own responsibility. He had spent all his hope and all his fortitude—the late bus was only an illusion for going nowhere, on his own. Yet it was the easiest of all the mistakes there were for him to make.

It took many hours for night to claim the lake, the roadhouse, and the highway. The lights went out in the camps beside the lake as, miles away, above the hill, a bus oncoming ate the miles and minutes like the bus that had gone its way hours before. The bus was coming, devouring time with savage haste, drawing closer to the inevitable moment of fearful hope with the slow progression of a slug, dreamed in oversleeping.

His watch dial flamed its yellow-green—ten minutes! Had he slept with open eyes? The watcher sat up and wiped his sweaty face with a cold, wet hand. He started to his feet. His throat was dry, and he imagined coffee as he rubbed his shoulder.

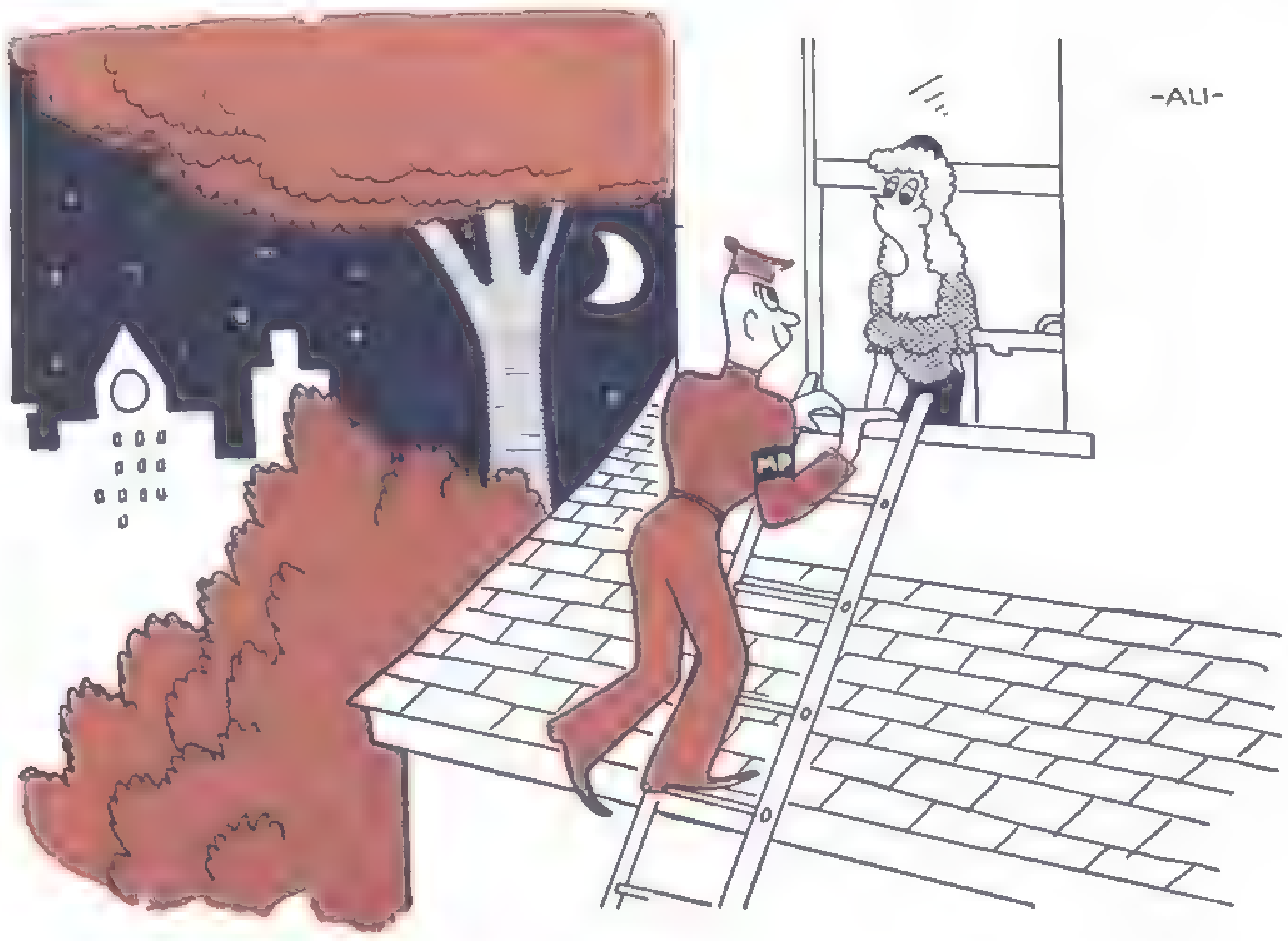
There was coffee in the roadhouse, and he had money in his pocket like all the others. He could see the ticket seller reading a paper, standing to keep awake till the bus was gone—there was a man who could use the big money offered by newspapers. The watcher felt the little money in his pocket—and there was a hunting knife in his pocket, that opened with a spring. A desperate knife could kill the ticket seller and the boy who dozed by the chromium coffee urn; but his own throat was easier to slit than another man's.

He came out into the moonlight to face the lonely roadhouse and the blazing lights, the ticket counter on which he must flash as a lonely star. He slid down the bank and stepped over the ditch into the road, his head empty with hunger, his back cold with sweat. There was a roar, a veering wink of light, and a jolt—the ramshackle hotel wagon had not seen him with its dim eyes, had almost finished him with the swinging fender. It stopped across the turnout in a feeble puff of dust, and the doors fell open. The sleepy driver was helping out a woman with a big, shiny bag.

The man by the road steadied himself—a false step, and now the action must be started again with jarred nerves. He crossed over quickly, coming round the back of the hotel wagon, following the woman and the driver toward the roadhouse stage. "Go on back, Pete—thanks for the ride." She was giving the sleepy driver a quarter. "Leave the bag lay." Her voice was husky, without inflection. It was a voice without consideration or thanks, a voice without sleep or desire, without meanness or hate, a voice of words. She turned away without seeing him any more. The driver drove off in the direction he had come, leaving the man with a knife standing by the woman's bag.

While the woman fumbled with her purse, the ticket seller came out from behind his counter with the red flannel pennant to catch the bus. He looked stupid as he glanced at the man who stood by the shiny bag. There was a glint of blue curiosity in his eyes. It was a friendly glance as though there was an understanding between them. His eyes conceded that a man standing by a woman's bag belonged to the woman. It was great luck, the ticket seller thinking the fugitive belonged to anybody. For a moment it made him feel awkward, but it determined his whole course of action.

There was a friendly complication between the dull ticket seller and the woman that had to be figured on paper. The boy by the chromium coffee urn was awake now, watching the woman with friendly round eyes. She had a figure that sagged into a tight black dress labeled over with white frills, vainly proclaiming smartness. The tightness of the over-short skirt enlarged the solidity of her legs in their sheer black stockings, rocking on shiny heels that were too new to be run over. Her generous blonde features showed so thick a coat of ill-



"Private Smith won't be able to make it tonight!"

applied make up, that the little scarlet hat with its scarlet feather was a clown hat tied over the front corner of her head. Her light hair had the dead fussiness of an uncombed permanent wave, and had tangled at the back where there should have been a drape of sausage curls. It was difficult to ascribe the friendliness of these men to sexual reflex. The sogginess of the woman, the indifference to her sexual accessories cancelled whatever appeal she might have had, and crumbled the basic earthiness of her strong figure.

The watcher tried to hear what the ticket seller was saying to the woman, but they were talking in low monosyllables and he did not dare go nearer for fear the woman would prove she did not know him. There was an exchange of tickets and money. She turned, and her aimless eye was caught by the intricate lights of the music monster. "How about you boys havin' a nickel's worth of boogie-woogie on me?"

She pushed the coin in with a click. Her finger fell on one of the buttons as the glamor box flopped a round black fin. There was a chuckle of broken introduction from the music monster and then it began to sing the newest revival in coquettish, female baritone.

By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea,
You and I, you and I,
Oh how happy we'll be

Slowly the voice galvanized the woman; she had stared down at the revolving lights till the words brought her chin and breast up with a stiffening of the spine as her purse slid from spreading fingers. The boy knew why the words had hit her—he vaulted his counter and pulled the plug of the glamor box as she turned and backed against it. The machine strangled and the lights went out. It stood ash-grey, bloated and dead, with the woman leaning magnificently against its blank panels. Then slowly she sagged down into the cheapness of her dress as the two men watched her with dismayed embarrassment. The boy picked up the purse and put it in her indifferent fingers. The ticket seller shook his head profoundly at the boy as she came out toward her bag and looked along the road. The watcher saw the boy nod cryptically and wondered what they were being so mysterious about. The secret this woman shared with the strangers was precarious to the pretended intimacy he had contrived. He *must* speak to her now she was so near, or they would begin to wonder. "Bus late?"

"I guess it's late," she answered without looking at him, without a hint of surprise. She opened the purse and took out cigarettes. "Have one?" she asked, and when he had taken it, she wandered aimlessly out across the gravel.

The fugitive lit the cigarette she had given him, inhaled deeply and stepped into the stage, at last. "I want a ticket—" he began and then stopped. The dull ticket seller was looking at him with the suspicion of slow wits confronted by the unexpected.

"She just turned it in!"

The actor inhaled again and the unaccustomed smoke hit his balance. "Yes—I know." He knew nothing, but his actor's voice went on with lines, mechanically. "I wanted her to have the money—she didn't know how much—"

"Oh, sure," the dull man acquiesced. His antagonism evaporated with an explanation. "Three eighty-nine—I'm givin' you the price of a round-trip turn-in." He leaned forward confidentially. "I ought not to—the same one's supposed to go both ways—but considerin'—"

"Thanks." The actor fumbled his money off the edge of the counter into his jacket pocket, with the knife, and turned to the boy by the chromium coffee urn. "I'll take the cup of coffee, and a sinker—" the long wail of the bus' power-horn rounded the curve over the hill "—quick!" The coffee scalded his throat but it was down, and he was cramming the doughnut into his mouth as he hurried out into the glare of the white and yellow headlights. There was a wheeze of brakes as the bumper of the bus stopped inches from where the woman stood hunched over her bag. As the driver swung open the vault door of the bus, with its nickel bar, and slid into the gravel, he said, "You oughta stand back on the step, lady!"

The actor took the bag from the woman, "You got plenty of gravel to turn on," he said thickly to the driver, "without pickin' the spot the lady's standin'!"

The driver flushed with desire to justify his mistake, but the woman passed in front of him and dropped her cigarette. "I ain't makin' no objections, am I?"

The driver was jolted out of his annoyance by her complete indifference. "Sorry, lady. Can I have your ticket?" He took both tickets without looking at the man who had so naturally stood up for the rights of his woman, and then he took the bag, his eyes still averted. The woman stepped up into the door of the bus and the actor paused a moment, dismayed by the smallness of the exit. It was an exit into a trap—but it was the only way, a funnel end to be crawled through. He followed the sagging shoulders of the woman and her hips moving slowly along the aisle, dragging him deeper in.

This bus was not like the buses he remembered. Instead of broad windows and a level floor, there was a trough for his feet, and his head was in another trough among the luggage racks. There were lights on the sleepy-dead faces of the passengers whose squinting eyes were hard with their resentment of discomfort. Eyes were opening curiously, forcing themselves against the painful light, to see and pry. They looked at the woman and him, and mouths began to talk in sleep-glued voices. On he went along the aisle, following deeper into this vault with no exit. The actor was holding a handkerchief to his mouth, ostensibly wiping away the crumbs of doughnut, but there was only the thick paste of sweet dough clinging drily to his teeth, clogging down into his throat. The effort of swallowing was like the effort of being swallowed into the bus coffin, going deeper into the irrevocable aisle. He looked over his shoulder and the driver stood there in his uniform, watching—or was it a trooper? "There's room in the back, folks—" The uniform slid deftly into the basket of the driving seat, and the lights clicked out. The vault ground and shook convulsively, then moved as the actor fell over the woman's feet into his inevitable place beside a small window, his knees boxed against the seat in front.

There were three of them there on the back seat, a drunk with a stubble beard who puffed out little alcoholic clouds, to be dropped into the road when his postage ran out; there was the fugitive himself, and he had postage too, destination unknown. For him there was a return address—only there was a knife in his pocket that could cut off the return address, permanently. His hand closed on it for comfort. The woman was between him and the drunk. She arbitrarily sat facing the aisle—she could spring for the door of the trap in a second, and he could not, any more than he could force himself through the small open window. "Wouldn't you like to sit by the window?"

She didn't look around. "There's nothin' to see."

"It'll be sunrise after awhile."

"I'm all right." She dropped her head sideways, away from him. Her disinterest mortared him into the window cranny of the back seat and he drew slowly into the corner, dropping his head backward on the cushion. The wind flowed over his face with incessant streaming of the bus through night. All the heads in the paired seats waggled like dolls' eyes on wires across the spots of red, green and white illumination dotting the instrument panel at the infinite other end of the bus. The alcoholic puffs of the drunk wafted through the cosmetic aura of the woman, drawn to the streamflow of the wind. The gigantic hypnosis of the plunging tomb on wheels flowed over and over and into the night, and on, into the night, and on—and on.

The snap of lights whipped his open eyes to slits. A sliding shift of bags and heads was punctured through with exclamations, rising, reaching up like knife blades to rip the veil of confusion with glittering shock on shock. The wind

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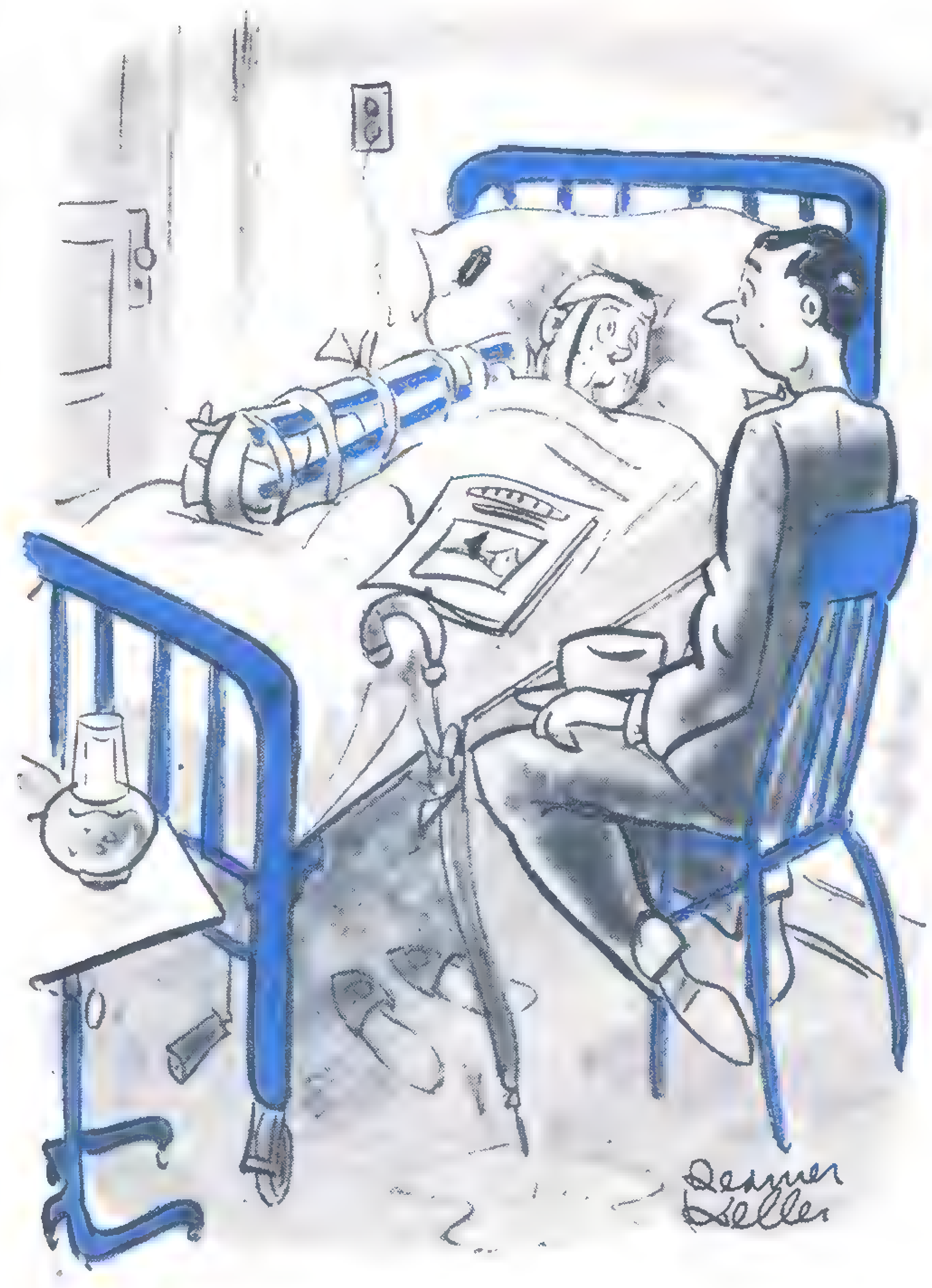

"My etchings get me into more trouble than they're worth"

was gone into a dry burning—the darkness of the window was like a bundle stuffed into the opening beside him. No one but the driver knew what had happened; he was swinging the door open on its nickel bar.

Was that the driver standing in the door?—Two drivers.

TROOPERS!

There was a sick simplicity in the realization. Troopers had stopped the bus in a thick grove of trees. They were coming down the aisle slowly, grunting monosyllables to excited women who fluffed their hair as they looked nervously at whatever strange men were near. Only the sickness in the pit of his stomach reminded the man on the back seat that he had anything to do with a couple of state troopers looking through a busload of sleepy passengers. The troopers were coming on down the aisle slowly and there was no emotion in the man who waited, only the crescendo of a drumming in his ears, like a cymbal rinsed with a vibrant stick. He looked at the soggy woman beside him—for the first time their eyes met. She had grey, brilliant eyes.

He turned slowly away, hunching on one elbow 'round the knife in his pocket. The metal nipple tingled against his finger and the blade clicked open, flecking its point up, out of the pocket flap. There was silence in his ears now for those seconds before the troopers would touch him on the shoulder. They were long, clear seconds that would have been limpid as crystals but for the nausea that strung them slowly together, an ugly thread of splitting mortality.

"Him?—the old guy? He's drunk, boys. Lovey here is sleepy! Can't a guy have too much honeymoon in this country without a couple flatfoots wantin' to look at the pieces?" He could feel her hand fall on his arm, her body slide against him. There was a shiver of titters up and down the aisle. "If he's been spendin' any of the past week in stir, or any place else I don't know about, he's twins! Here's the one-way ticket to Honeymoon Lane if you want it in writin'—"

He could feel her derisive laughter as she held out a marriage license, and the point of the knife blade winked at him with a slow, blue wink. It seemed as though he had been in that one, cramped position for hours, instead of minutes, and his skeleton ached. He would be sick if he couldn't move. But he neither moved nor vomited, holding the arch of his whole body above the point of the knife. There was a rustle of paper, an "Okay, sister—he's all yours!" and the troopers moved away along the aisle as the passengers began to chatter with excited disappointment. He heard a name that had meant something once, before it had become a number, and then the knife clicked shut against its spring as he collapsed upon it. The woman had slid away from him, her hand was gone—he dropped down into a solitude so profound that his idling consciousness seemed the remotest of illusions.

* * *

It was another day, another world, when he became aware that the bus was humming along. He sat up with a convulsive shake, facing 'round. The sun was shining, hard on the clown face of the woman, on the scarlet clown hat, magnificent on her lifted breasts and chin. She was not looking at him as she smoked and blew long violet clouds into the wind, the wind that lifted all the little white ruffles on the tight black dress. There was the purposefulness in her attitude of a woman who had made an appointment, and when at last she looked around, he asked, "Why did you do it?" as though he were late.

She frowned and dropped the butt of her cigarette on the floor as she opened her purse. Among grey-pink powder puffs and little boxes, crumpled handkerchiefs, papers and money, she came upon a clipping and handed it to him. A date, a place, names, and then:

—the honeymooners were enjoying an open-air picnic at Waller's Inlet when the groom who was inspecting the beautiful scene from the ledges must have stood on a soft spot that gave way. The Courier *has long advocated the posting of signs to warn strangers, as this has not been the first accident of its kind on this spot, though usually they got no more than a ducking that spoiled their clothes if they had them on. The bride told the* Courier *reporter when he interviewed her at Bidawee Rest that he could not swim, nor could she. She said she would have jumped in after him only it wouldn't have done any good.—*

"Is this you?" he asked.

"Day before yesterday," she answered and looked away again when she saw he hadn't finished.

Perhaps she was crazy—or maybe there was something at the end of the clipping that would explain.

The bride saw him drown which must have been a terrible experience for both parties. The bride added that she has no future plans beyond going home after the funeral which will be private, though she did not say where she lives.

Warily he handed back the clipping. "I don't get it—what's it got to do with me?" Up to now he had at least been able to calculate his chances. He didn't know what this woman wanted—but she wanted something; everybody did. Reward money was obvious—too obvious. For hours they had been stopping at way stations—the drunk was gone—the woman had got out once or twice, probably, while he slept helplessly. She couldn't have asked for a better chance to turn him over. The clipping said she had lost her man—women used to like him sometimes, on sight. Was she trying to play the sympathy angle? Not a tart like that! What did she care about anybody? He suddenly remembered the act she had pulled over that fool song—only it wasn't an act, she had been in love with the man who drowned. Maybe he'd feel sorry, if he could feel anything but terror and distrust. But *what* did the drowning of some guy she was nuts about have to do with him?

She was folding the clipping carefully, putting it in her bag—and then she turned on him. "It's got plenty to do with you. You understand I seen my man go down the third time, lookin' at me as he went. He was the only break I ever got in one goddamn hell of a life. He was a wonderful guy and there was *no reason* he should of been took from me—." Her eyes flashed and her breasts heaved angrily. "No reason! See?"

Now he knew she was plain crazy. An unsuspected reserve of fortitude crumpled inside him. "There's lots of things ain't got no reason," he answered shakily, hoping to quiet her. Maybe she'd begin to yell or whatever crazy women did. A new kind of panic seized him—and he thought he'd been through everything!

She caught his arm and drew his ear to her lips with cautious ferocity. "I seen him look at me when he went under the last time—sort of surprised—and that's the way you looked when the coppers come in the door." She made him watch her then, though her voice dropped even lower. "I couldn't save my man—see? That's what got me, that awful stupid sittin' on the bank while he was lookin' at me. I been feelin' like I was sittin' on that bank ever since, leanin' over, watchin', like a dame at a pitcher show, chewin' gum. I was chewin' gum all the time—" She drew back but the grip on his arm tightened harder.

He began to wonder if she were crazy after all, there was a kind of sense in what she was saying, but the doubt was not comforting. Whatever she wanted was frightening, no matter why she wanted it—or what it was!—she wanted it so much. The way he wanted freedom. He was too horribly tired and bewildered now to follow out this thing she wanted.

She was talking on at him. "If my man was here, I couldn't have saved you—could I?" Hatred fought with compulsion as her voice went dark. "Maybe your goin' free was *the reason* he was drowned." She was looking at him sideways, calculating chances with narrowed eyes. "There's *gotta* be a reason! See?"

"I got nothin' to do with your man drownin'!" He must get this notion out of her head. She'd want to get even with him!

"That's what *you* think." Her conviction was crystallizing. He was afraid of the calmness settling into her eyes. "You ain't worth it, mister—but that's only what *I* think. We both gotta figure what we're gonna do with you—"

"You ain't got nothin' to do with me! You don't like me—"

She stopped looking at him. "I could say it a lot more forcible ways, only that would be gettin' personal." He watched her light a cigarette and begin to count the money in her purse, muttering private items to herself. "How much *you* got?" she asked abruptly without looking up.

He gave up trying to understand her any more. She was convinced her man had been the scapegoat for his freedom—she didn't bother to hide her hatred. "I ain't got—" he began with ultimate desperation, knowing that his caution and his will power were crumbling between his own exhaustion and the force of her demand for his last reserves.

She'd seen him pay for the ticket. "How much you got?" she repeated with patient practicality, still counting. Blinking dryly he pushed his hand inside his jacket, then fumbled bills from the wallet into her hand. "Any change?" she asked.

He'd dropped change from the coffee and doughnut into the outside pocket with his knife—the *knife*! He pulled it out with the money and stared with stupid pleasure at this forgotten resource. The knife offered him freedom that was certain, without a single further demand. The woman reached out and took it, snapped it open and sharpened a pencil from her bag. He watched her close the knife when she was finished, lean across him, drop it out the window and hold her hand for his change. Blindly he tipped the money into her palm. "Anything more?" she asked.

He fell back against the seat while she began to add figures on the face of an old envelope. At last, the fugitive had reached the end of his flight; the knife had been a symbol of the ultimate escape from himself. Now this woman had cornered him and he turned at last to look at her with still, cold rage. He had been robbed of his fully achieved despair. She was writing on the back of the old envelope again and as he watched her, it slowly became clear to him that his freedom was as necessary to her as to himself. For both of them now, his freedom meant sanity, if not life itself. They were responsible for each other. The only difference was that she was willing to do something about it now, and he had given up. His rage evaporated and, with it, his despair. As he watched her, he saw that she was no longer a haunted woman trapped in the cheapness of her clothes. She was strong and beautiful, sitting there with a purpose.

Becoming aware of his scrutiny, her eyes wavered from the envelope and met his. For the first time, they looked at each other with mutual understanding. Then suddenly she dived into her bag for the newspaper clipping, ran through it quickly and then, holding a deep breath, she tore it into small bits. Reaching across him, she threw the scraps into the wind. They puffed out for an instant and were gone. "Like a shower of rice," she said. "Ashes to ashes," she added and began to cry. Awkwardly he patted her shoulder. He felt very shy about it, but when she didn't draw away, his hand fell quiet on her arm, and he began to wonder where they were going. ⵌ

WE'VE GOT THE GIFT OF GABARDINE!

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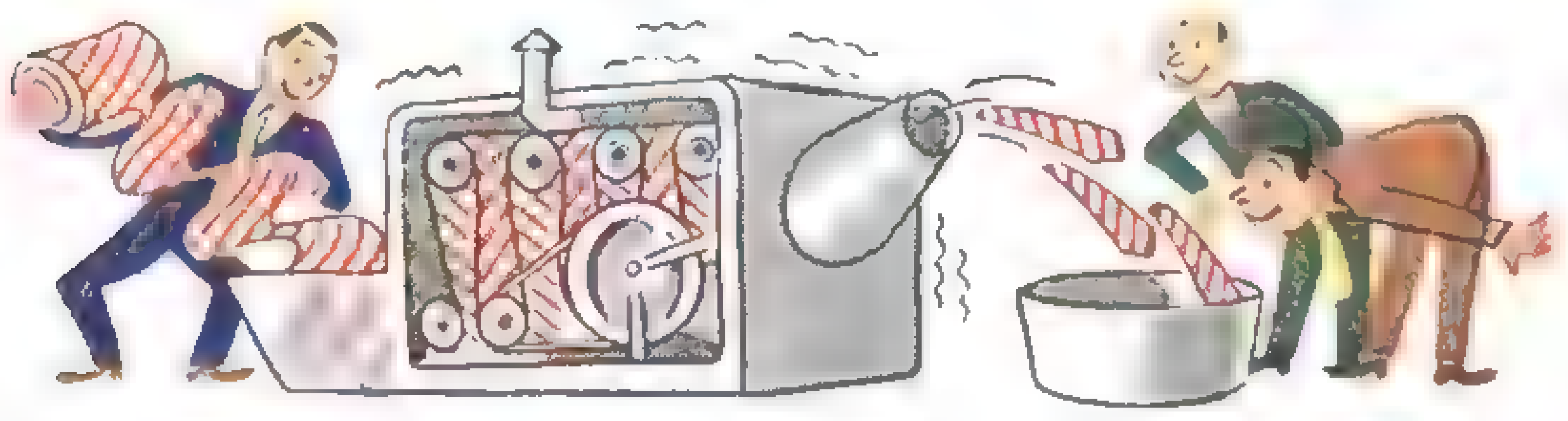

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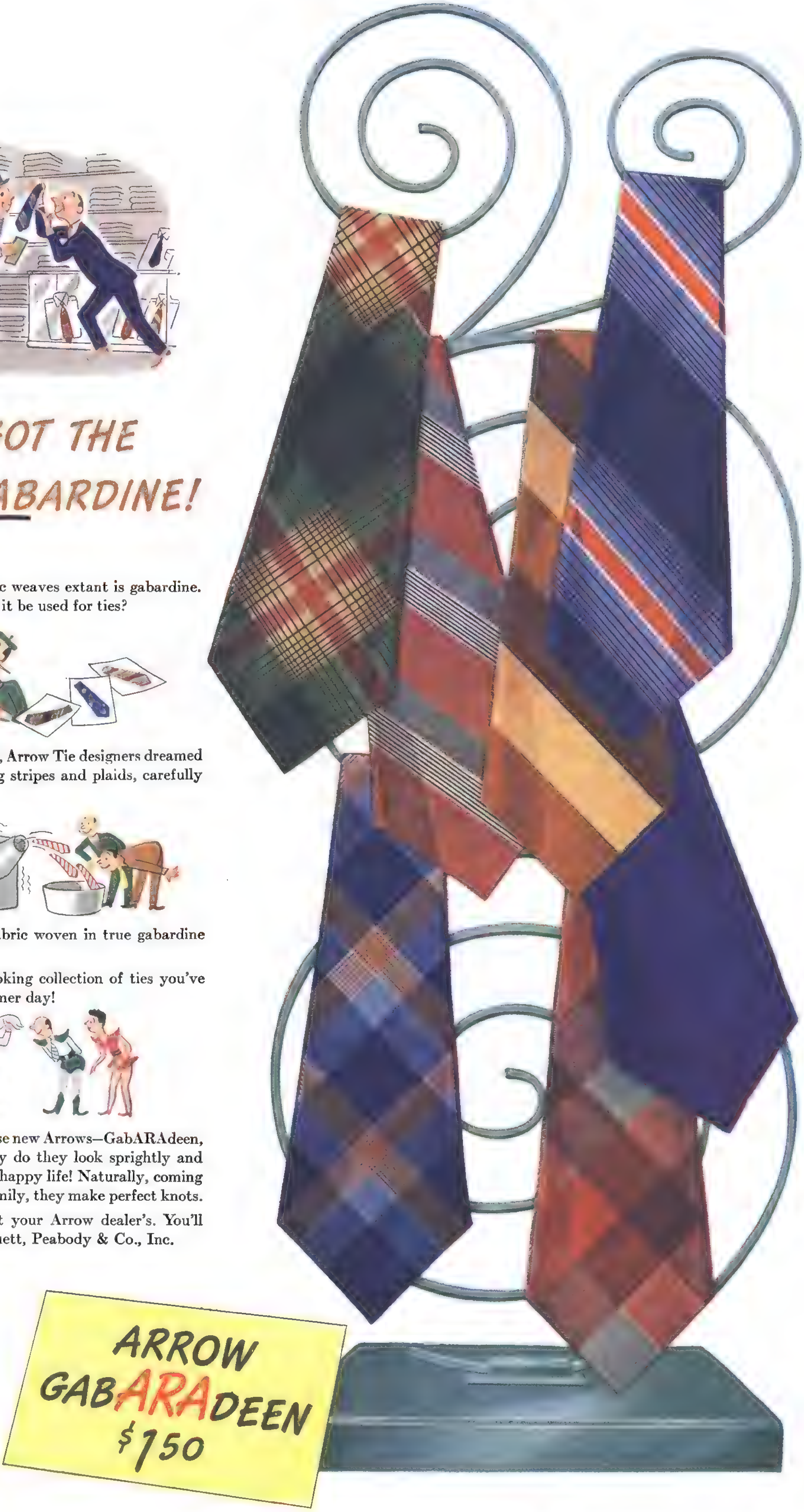
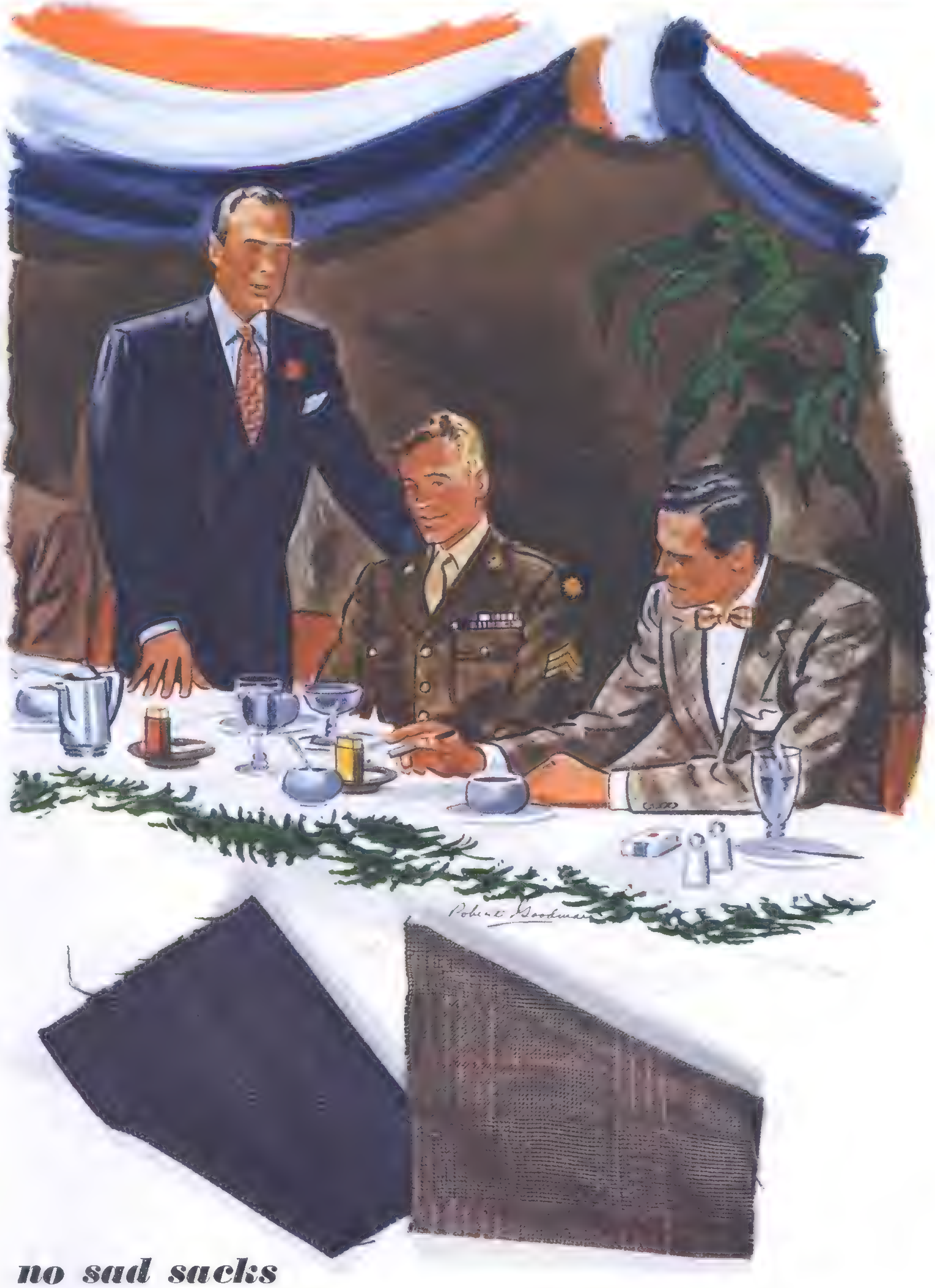
4. The wonderful thing about these new Arrows—GabARAdeen, they're called—is that not only do they look sprightly and cheerful, they also live a long, happy life! Naturally, coming from the famous Arrow Tie family, they make perfect knots.

See Arrow GabARAdeen at your Arrow dealer's. You'll like them. $1.50. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

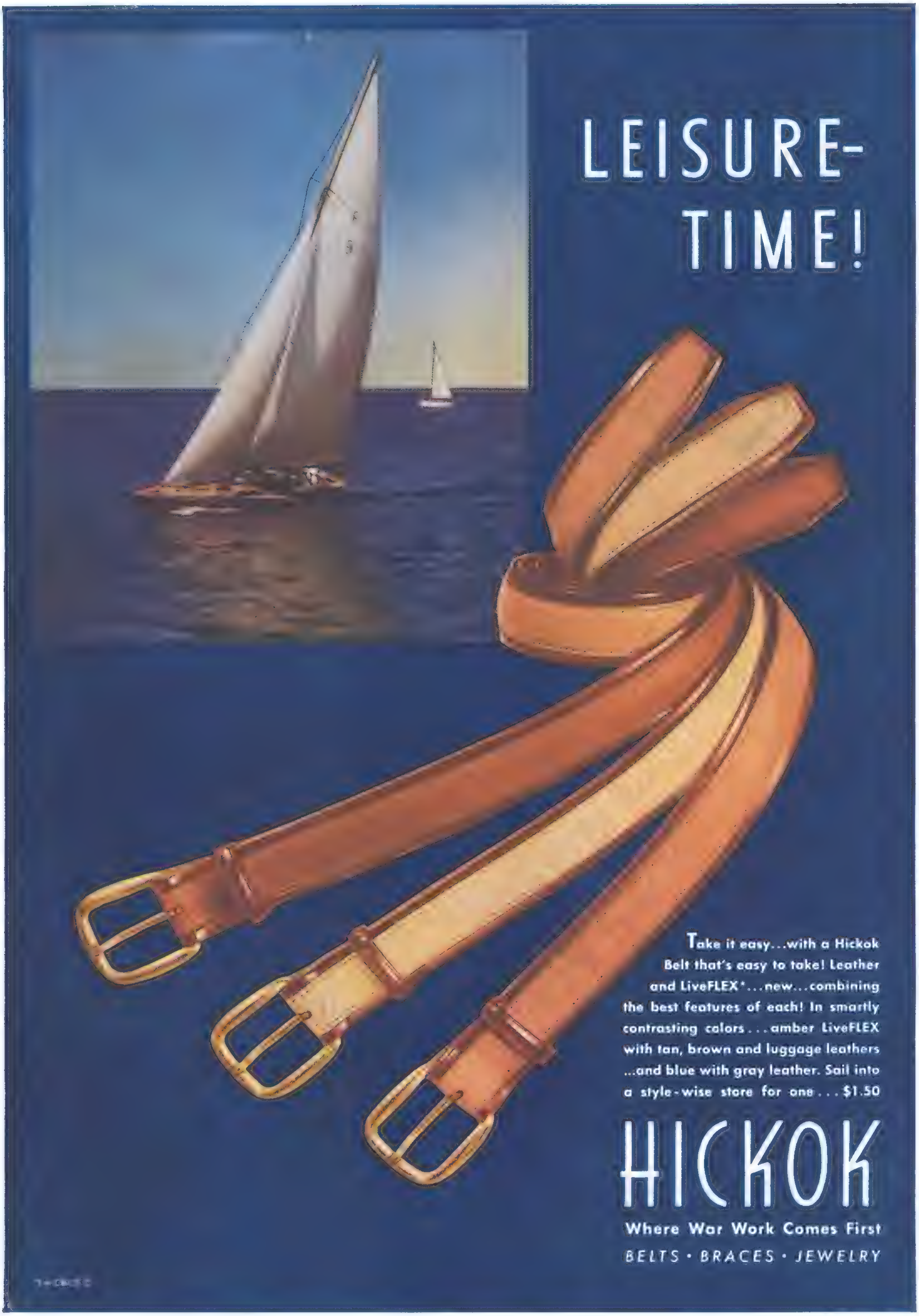




no sad sacks

Sergeant Jim stands the cross fire of home town oratory as bravely as he faced Jap snipers on the jungle islands. Being feted and fussed about by friends is certainly a lot easier to take than mopping up the Pacific. But his cheerful expression shows he is no sad sack about it. And the two civilians are not sad sacks as far as their clothes are concerned. They are wearing two different versions of a single theme, the dark-light effect. The patterns of both suits are accented by the light threads woven with the dark yarns. The chairman is wearing a clear finish worsted suit showing panel stripes separated by the twill weaves, as the sample at left illustrates. Also worn are broadcloth shirt and printed foulard tie. The wearer of the blood donor's button favors the lighter tone Glen Urquhart plaid worsted suit. His shirt is broadcloth and the bow tie printed rayon foulard.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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Summer to Suit

Insure comfort now for those hot summer days by lining up lightweight suits like these

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
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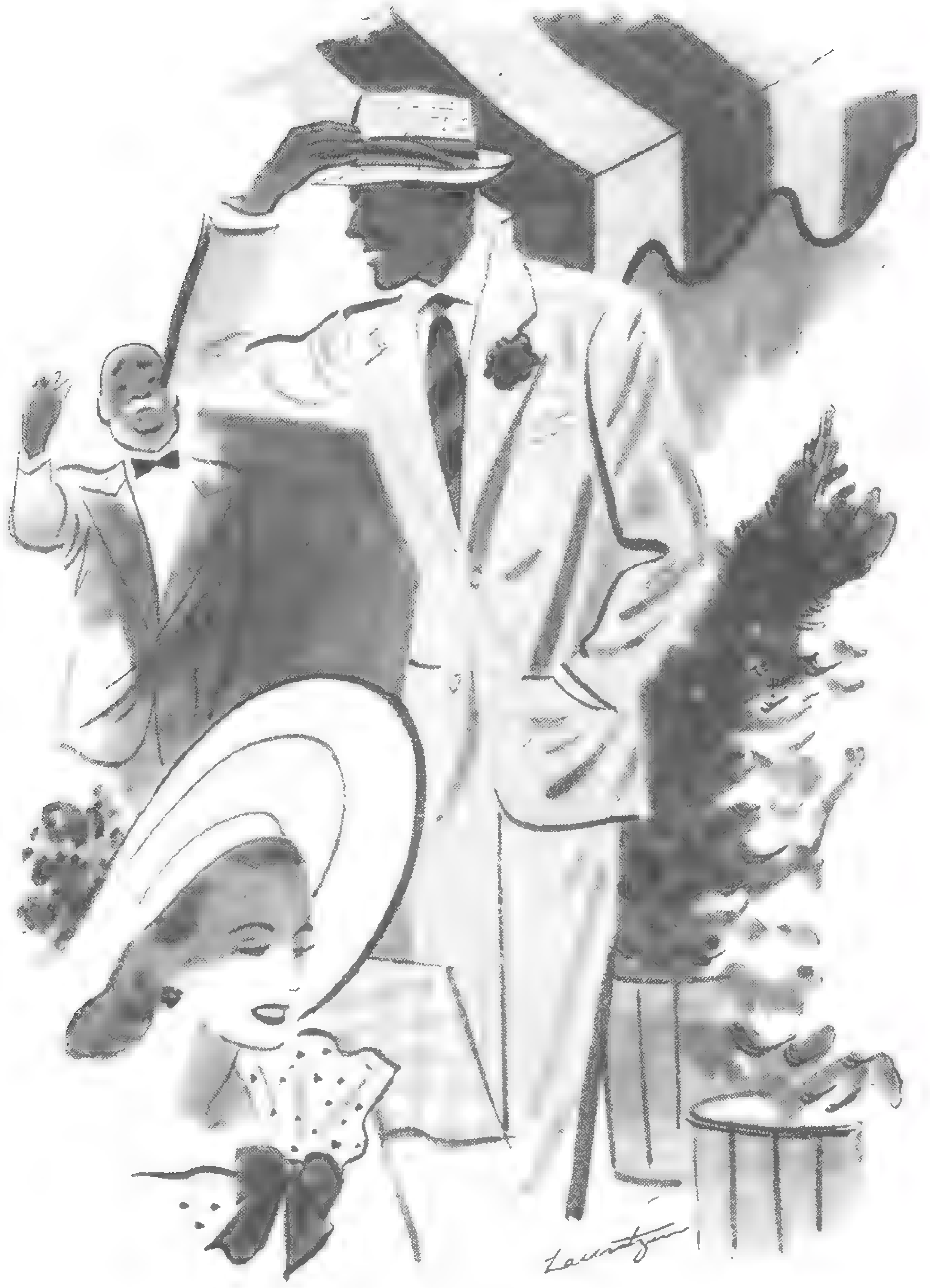


Don't wait until you start to melt before you get around to getting hot weather clothing and accessories. Manpower problems encountered by outfitters make it impossible for them to complete alterations as quickly as they did under normal conditions. Aside from this current problem, there is always the advantage of selecting clothes of these types without too much rush.

In considering suits, the basic types of fabrics have certain desirable characteristics. The gabardine suit, made of worsted in closely-woven twill fabric, has a good fashion rating for spring and moderate summer days. After wearing, it develops a sheen many men like. However, the density of this fabric caused by the high number of threads running horizontally and vertically make it less desirable when the temperature is at highest levels.

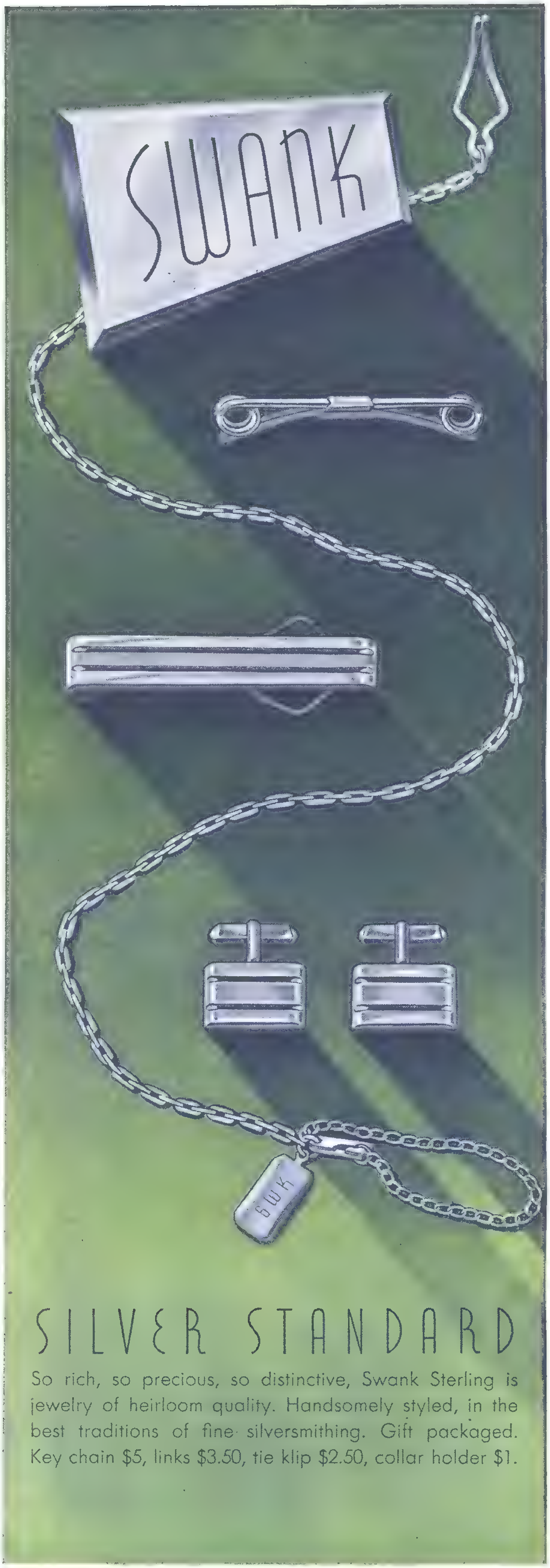
Tropical worsted suits which are made of tightly spun yarns have porosity and are cool. The nature of the fiber causes wrinkles to disappear if the suit is placed on a hanger for a day or more.

Suits made of blends of certain fibers are designed especially for hot weather wear. In one type, combining mohair and cotton, a maximum of area between the threads permits a free flow of air through the fabric. Mohair makes a suit retain its shape. This blend comes in simple stripes and solid colors, both light and dark.

Man-made fibers are playing a more conspicuous role in the summer wardrobe. Suits of a high percentage of rayon are cool to the touch and also cool to wear. These fabrics are processed to resist wrinkles. They look like regular spring suits.

The seersucker suit, popular especially in the south and such centers as Washington and St. Louis, is made entirely of cotton fibers and is very lightweight. It invariably is seen in stripes.

One important change this season is the introduction of lightweight tweed sport jackets. Lighter yarns, resulting from tight spinning, make the fabrics of these jackets cool in appearance and for wearing. They come in plaids, checks and small all-over designs. ⧺



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The Rumba Is Not Alone

Continued from page 73

grew up into the rumba and the samba. In the history of Latin-American music, these dances are soft-cheeked infants; they are only 200 years old.

Negro music was as fiery as the coastal temperatures, and it hit the unhappy Indian laments like white-hot metal falling into a tank of ice water. The effect on Latin music was as permanent as it was sudden. Of course the countries to the south and the mountainous interiors were touched very little by African music, but about the time of Simón Bolívar and San Martín the native Indian music grew fiery for another reason: the Spanish conquerors were thrown out, and South America was free.

Latin-American music has learned some parlor manners, but it is basically the same old heathen. Its pantomimes are as earthy as a peasant's curses and its rhythms as uncivilized as the first drumbeat that ever echoed through the Andes. Each country has its own dances—and North Americans might take notes:

In Argentina, it's the tango—not the Spanish tango, but a tango in two-quarter time with strictly native syncopation. In Brazil, it's the "samba"; in Bolivia, the "kachaspari"; in Peru, the "marinera"; in Chile the "cueca"; in Colombia the "bambuco" and the "pasillo"; in Venezuela the "joropo," a sort of jumping rumba; in Santo Domingo the "merengue"; in Martinique the "beguine"; in Cuba the "conga," "dansón," "cuaracha," "rumba," "son," and "bolero-son," all African rhythms; in Mexico the "jarabe," the "dansón," the "bolero," the "danzonette," the "Chiapanecas"; in Central America, the waltz; in Panama the "Panameña" and the "danza"; in Puerto Rico, all the Cuban dances with the exception of the "danza"; in Paraguay, the "Guaranías." Many of these dances use the Spanish three-quarter time, but otherwise they are on their own. The "pasillo," for example, is the South American version of the Spanish "zamacueca," altered by local temperament. In Peru the "zamacueca" grew into the "marinera," in Chile, into the "cueca"—but these distant cousins are never really on speaking terms.

In this crowd the rumba and the conga raise very small voices, indeed. Of course, many South American dances could not be popularized up north because they are too difficult to perform. But others would be excellent fare for any Yankee appetite.

One of them is the "marinera," the native dance of Peru. It's a kind of high-voltage box step with pantomine. The dancers are separated into lines of men and girls and in the pattern of the dance they flirt with each other.

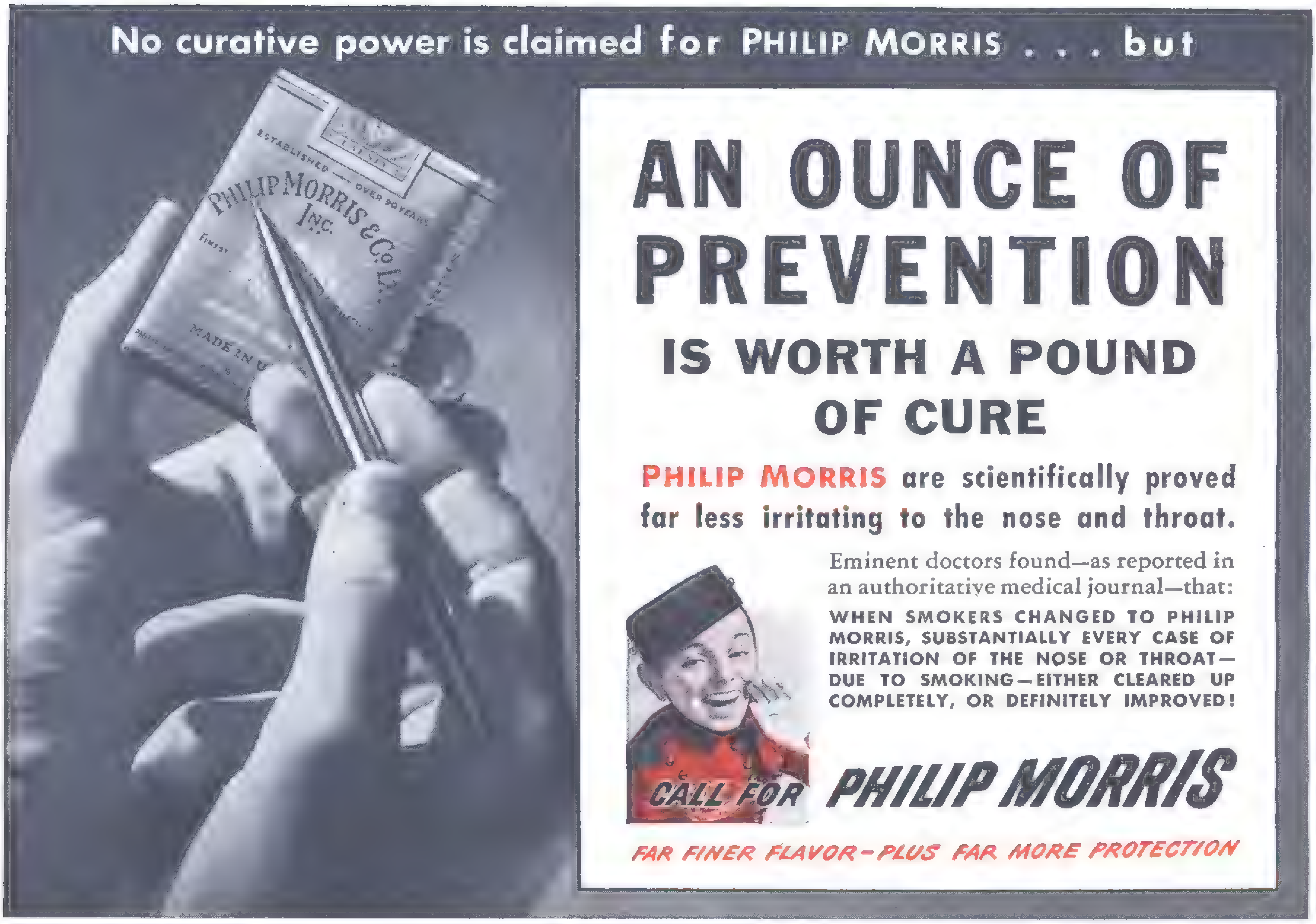
Another is the "danza." It was invented in the days when duennas were formidable and ever present. The dance floor was the only place where the young couple's conversation was not heavily censored; consequently they would dance a few bars, then stop on the floor to talk. The "danza" music rose to the occasion and developed a definite pattern of dance periods and breaks into quieter conversation periods. This is one of the most popular dances in South America today. It should be very popular in the States, too, for although that danceless conversation period is the last thing an American man needs to press his campaign, he could certainly use it to plan where to put his feet next, or how to beat his tax bill, or what to tell his wife when he gets home.

A third is the "pasillo," which is calm and restrained in everything but its innuendo. It's the kind of dance in which the feet move very little but a sombrero-full seems to be going on underneath. You sense the wiggle, you don't see it.

The "marinera," the "cueca," and the "Chiapanecas" (named after Chiapas, a southern state of Mexico), are dances full of pantomime and improvisation. Any American who can do a bad rumba could do them.

I have no case against the rumba; the only trouble with it is that no one does it right except the Cubans, the Puerto Ricans, and other West Indians. What Americans call a "fast rumba" is actually a "cuaracha"; it's danced in Cuba, Trinidad and Puerto Rico, and only by Negro natives with no social aspirations. The real rumba is played in a fast tempo. It came from the rhythm of a waterfall near Santiago de Cuba which, for some reason obscured by folklore, made the drops fall in a 1-2-3-, 1-2 beat. The rhythm is spoken by the "claves" and the guitar imitates the swaying of the palm trees. The so-called "slow rumba" is not a rumba at all, but a "son"; in fact Cuban ladies and gentlemen dance only the "son" and would not dance the rumba.

Other Latin dances—the "cueca," the "marinera," the "danza," the "pasillo," the "Chiapanecas"—would do well in the States, given the proper introduction. This would give the rumba a much-needed rest. After all, she was a good girl, until she left home. ⌗



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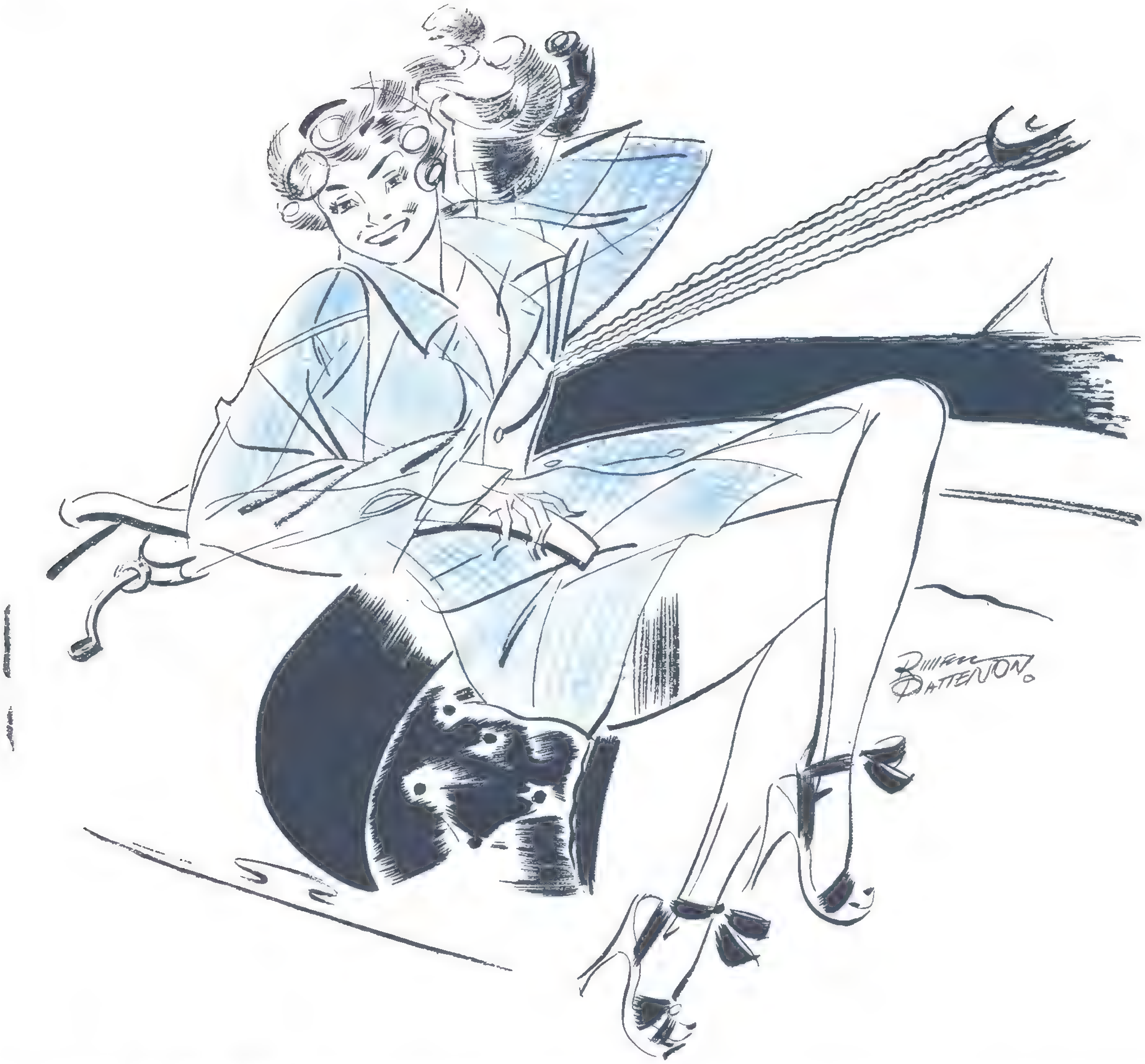

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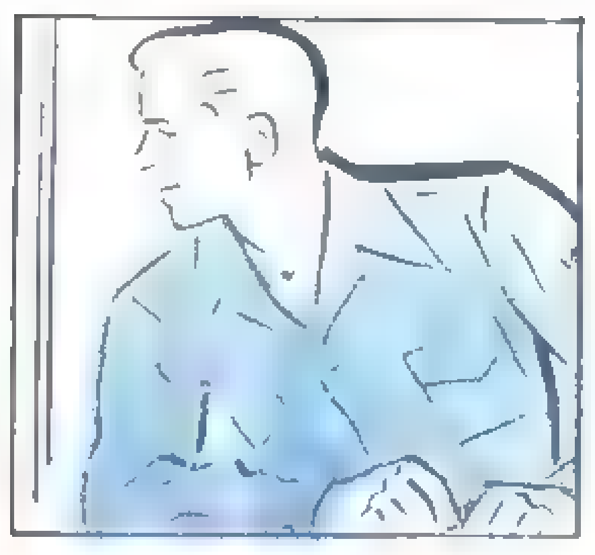

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Makers of Smith Synchro-Flex for Men, British Walkers for Men and Women

The Research Magnificent

Continued from page 93

he had learned. But his pencil made up for it. He would draw an object and we would write the English word next to it. The rest he learned from gangster movies.

From that time on I dedicated myself to becoming an artist.

I lived in an old house on the west side of 64th Street—but spent most of my time out of it, sketching, in Hester Street, Union Square, the Bowery, the Battery, Coney Island, beggars, bums and park benches. I didn't do any painting, I wasn't ready for it, but I kept my eye on others. I didn't know whether I could paint or not. I did colored drawings. I was discovering New York upside down. I did the galleries and the museums—the rooms of the Italian primitives in the Metropolitan Museum fascinated me particularly.

Money was scarce in those days. Through the Whitney Museum I got a job doing a series on crime for its easel project. Then I had a spell of C.C.C. camps, first in upstate New York, and then in Sheffield, Alabama, where I read Claude Bowers' *The Tragic Era* and determined to learn more about the history of the South, to which I hope some day to return in order to paint it. But I was becoming lonely and kept asking myself, "Is it possible to be an artist in a small Midwest town without losing sight of the whole—the whole of art?"

I think I told you that my father is Wisconsin State Law Librarian and secretary of the Wisconsin Bar Association. Well, you might mention my grandfather was one of those pioneer log cabin schoolteachers and that my mother's family goes back to the third boat after the *Mayflower*. In 1936 I wrote my good father and asked him if he would accept the prodigal son back, and let me work out things for myself. He wrote back: "Any time!" So I left New York and the art world behind.

I was glad to be home.

I was very excited. This is it, I said. It was winter and I could not go out. So I read all the books on the Civil War I could lay my hands on. I needed some place to start from, so I chose the daguerrotype portrait of myself as a general in the Northern Army.

What led me to think I could paint or be an artist? What kind of a painter did I want to be? I wanted to know all the things that had made up the lives of the artists—especially the early ones—so I devoured biographies and histories and considered their work in relation to their times, and then related all this to my own possibilities and problems.

I sought my inspiration mainly in the early masters, chiefly Breughel, Bosch, Patiner, von der Weyden, Piero di Cosimo. There was that in the late masters of the French school to which I could not respond. So soon as the weather permitted, I took trips up and down the river. I rediscovered the preglaciated area of Wisconsin, the stratified rock formations standing like ruined castles, which you will find in some of my recent pictures, the Devil's Doorway and Indian spirit rocks. I sought for the eternalities (maybe you won't find this in the dictionary). I read the *Golden Legend*, Homer, St. Augustine, the lives of the saints. I began to collect a medieval library, at the same time keeping my eye on the early American nature painters. I followed my hunches, even though it didn't seem that this had anything at all to do with today. In the past the symbols had belonged to all; now they belong only to the artist and to those few others who talk his language. I said, "I want to paint my own landscapes, I shall simply work from Nature, inventing my symbols as I go along." I painted for two years and went to New York to see about an exhibition.

George Grosz gave me a letter to Julien Levy. A year later, the Spring of 1940, Levy gave me my first one-man show. The reviews weren't bad. The critics saw Breughel and Currier and Ives in my pictures and ended up with: Watch this fellow! Levy advised me to go home and take it the hard way, stick it out and follow my hunch. "You're an American painter," he said; "better get an American gallery." I let a few years go by and was then accepted by the Associated American Artists, which, in the early Fall of 1943, gave me a large show of paintings and drawings and an added impetus.

I work old legends and myths into my local landscapes to make them eternal, to convey the illusion of timelessness, to give them an ever-ever feeling; more and more my objects and images come to me as eternal truths and I like to paint them in the open air or in the transient mood of twilight. To dream, to walk around the town in which you were once young—who can tell from what the painter takes his point of departure? I read a lot, but it doesn't affect my painting. I still remain the innocent but honest and sensitive man who will become what he contemplates, and in these mad times have his ears pinned back time and again only to come back for more and then stand before his easel and say: "This is what I see and feel—*this*!" These days you almost have to paint on your knees, like Fra Angelico. There is something stubborn about me that keeps me at my work with the faith of a child, to believe by participation and by compulsion, to leave something behind.

The urge is greater than the man, and to know how to respond to these given moments, to keep alive that fellow who does the work—that is the problem at hand. #

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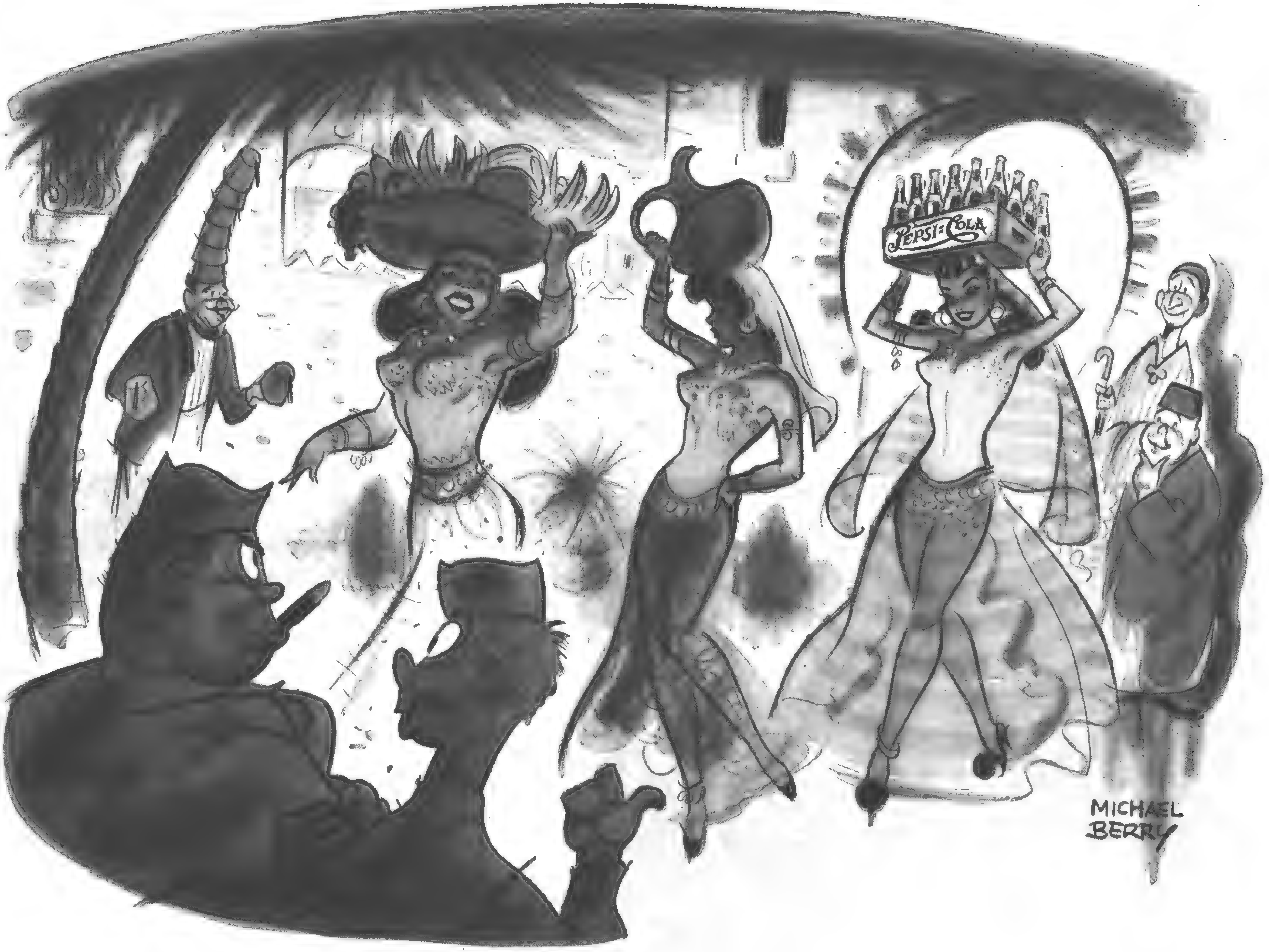
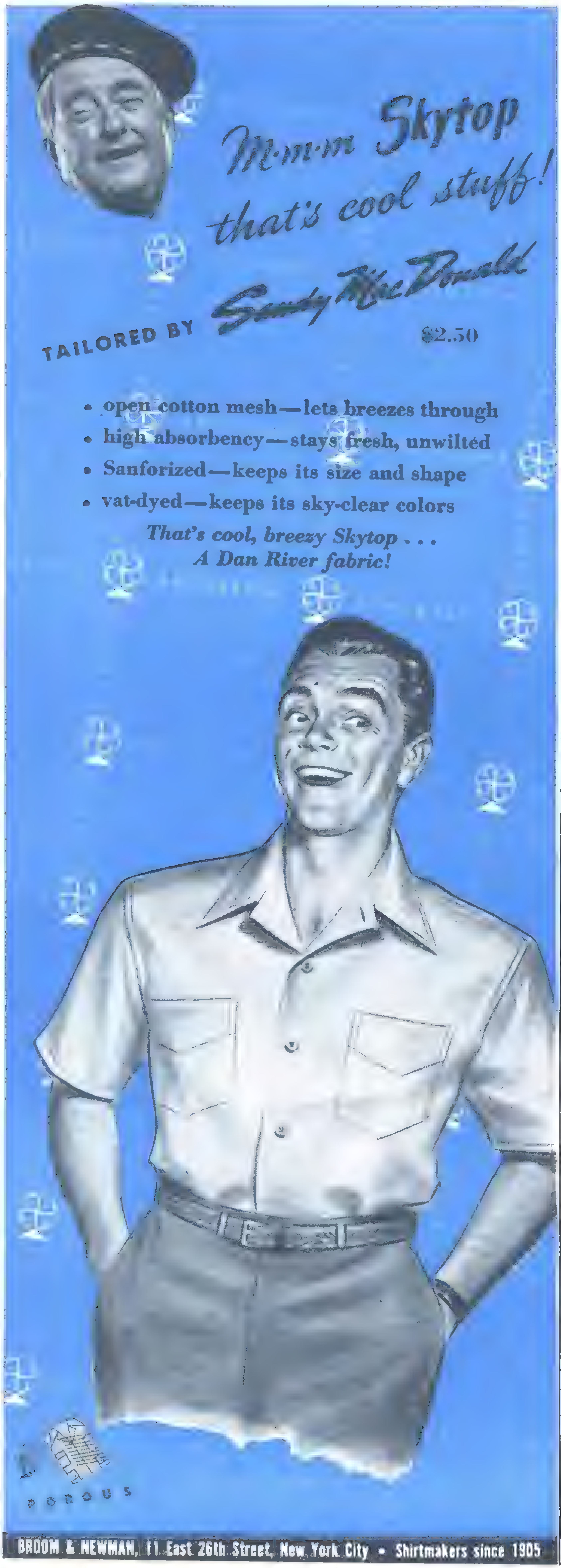

Pepsi-Cola
MICHAEL BERRY

"... she's got something!"



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Little Three Fires and the Coyote

Continued from top of page 75

people were the people who were talked about, but you never saw them.

For the next three nights he listened to the same coyote howl, and on the fourth night, though he lay awake for hours, the familiar noise did not reach him from the fields beyond the town. Five nights, six nights passed, and he wondered what had happened to the animal, but then, on the seventh night, he heard it again.

It was like hearing the voice of one who had been lost and who had returned. His whole desire was to follow the cry, to see again the wolf-dog and to see the moonlight reflected in his yellow eyes and to see his sides move in and out with his breathing, to get up closer to him, to reach out and touch him. . . .

He was now traveling quickly over the stones of the field, toward the knoll, toward the cry, his shadow moving swiftly before him in the moonlight. A rabbit and a mouse scampered away from his bare, brown feet and disappeared into the dark patches of scrub mesquite.

Long before he came to the *loma*, he could see the coyote, his muzzle in the air, with the howl pouring from his throat. Then he became conscious that there was another cry in the night, a weird yet familiar one, coming from the direction of the village. Raising himself slightly from his crouched position to look over the small clumps of brush, he could see a ghostly figure walking along the road. It was the figure of a woman, darkly clothed, with a black *rebozo* over her head and shoulders. She was carrying a lantern with an arm outstretched, and the cry that was coming loud and clear from her lips was:

"Fuegos! Tresfu-AAAAAAAY-gos! Fuegos! Fuegos! Tresfu-AAAAAAA-gos!"

For a moment the boy squatted close to the earth, and then he turned his attention to the coyote. He began to move forward slowly again, now on all fours, feeling his way over the sharp, volcanic rocks, feeling the earth soft and warm beneath his hands.

Again the cry of the woman: "Fuegos! Tresfu-AAAAAAAY-gos!" And then the cry of the coyote.

The boy reached the base of the knoll and as he crept slowly upward he heard his mother's call again. He turned and looked backward. She now had left the road, and apparently guided by the coyote's cry, she was coming toward him across the field. She looked even more like a strange ghost now, holding the lantern before her. When the woman called, he had an impulse to run to her, but she looked so unfamiliar coming across the field, with the moonlight playing upon her. It didn't seem that it was his mother at all, but she reminded him of one of those people that the men talk about when the night fires have burned low and they tell of the things of long ago. And though the figure merely was calling his name, there seemed to be a great anxiety in the voice, a great dread and a vast strange fear.

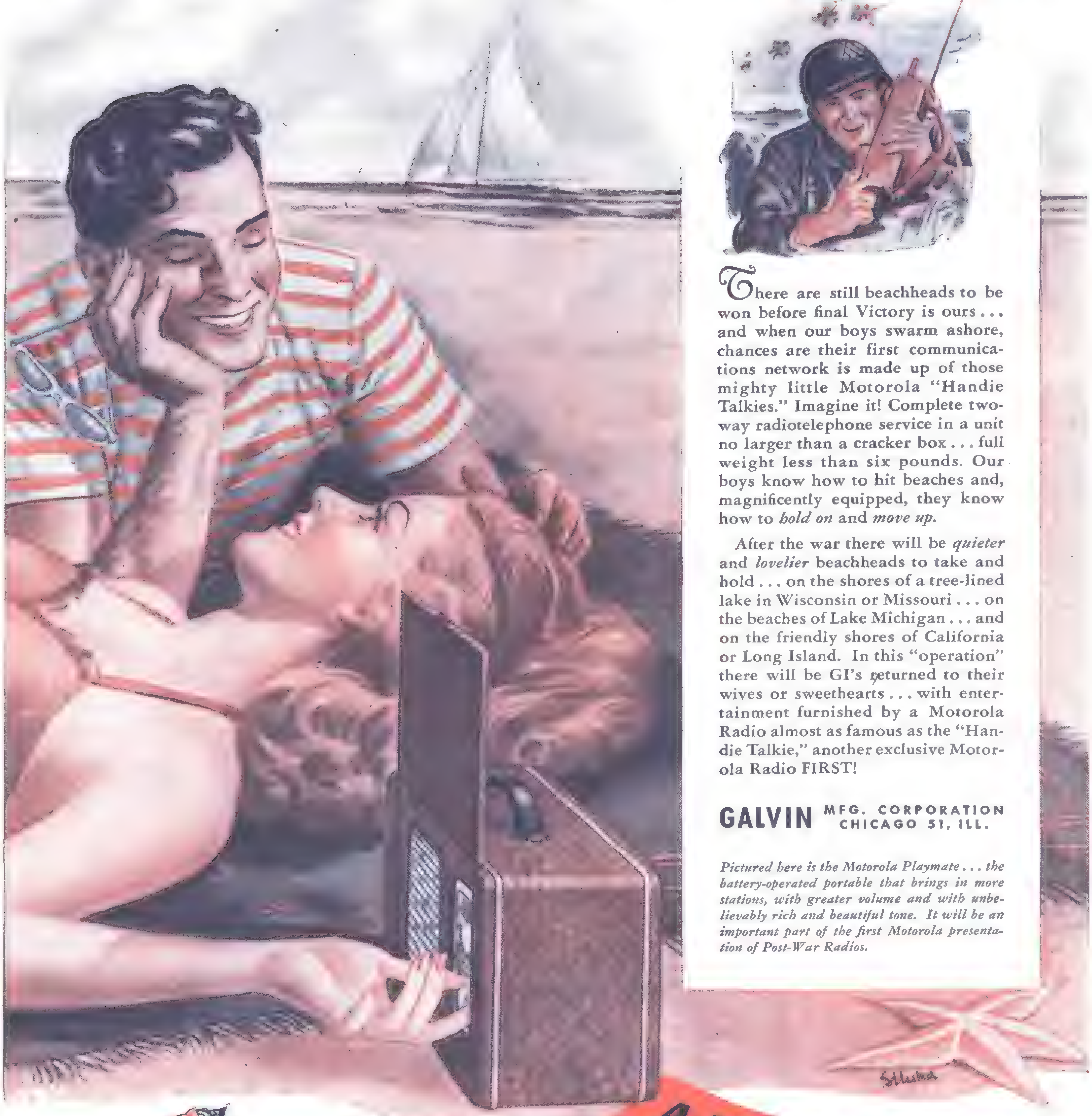
Again he turned his attention toward the animal, and now, as he crept closer to it, he could see the yellow eyes, and the breathing, and now he was so close that he could see the dark outline of the tongue, slightly distended, and the glistening saliva around the mouth. The beast didn't move this time in a wide circle as it had previously, instead it stood in a fixed position and waited for the boy to approach, its muzzle thrust slightly forward to catch the scent.

Again the woman's cry: "TresFUEGOS! FUEGOS! TRESFUEGOS!" There was such a fear in her voice as he had never heard before. She was almost hysterical now. And it made him remember the words which earlier had been impressed upon his mind: "You keep away from that coyote. He is the dog of the devil. He will kill you."

But the boy did not look back. He kept his eyes directed into those of the animal, and he could feel the creature's breath upon his face. Then his mother's cry again—closer, coming always closer—and again her words before his mind: "He is the dog of the devil! He will kill you!"

The child raised his hand to touch the beast, but as he thought of the woman's words, though they but vaguely reached to his consciousness, he hesitated. He knelt there motionless for a moment, then he drew back his hand. At the same time, the coyote's face became the face of a great devil. The mouth parted, the lips upraised and he saw that the devil had white, gleaming teeth. There was a savage snarl. The boy tried to leap backwards, but his legs were as stone. He tried to cry out, but hot flames were about his throat. And then there was only the sound of the woman calling, calling into the night. ⧺

How to take a beachhead ...and hold it!



There are still beachheads to be won before final Victory is ours . . . and when our boys swarm ashore, chances are their first communications network is made up of those mighty little Motorola "Handie Talkies." Imagine it! Complete two-way radiotelephone service in a unit no larger than a cracker box . . . full weight less than six pounds. Our boys know how to hit beaches and, magnificently equipped, they know how to *hold on* and *move up.*

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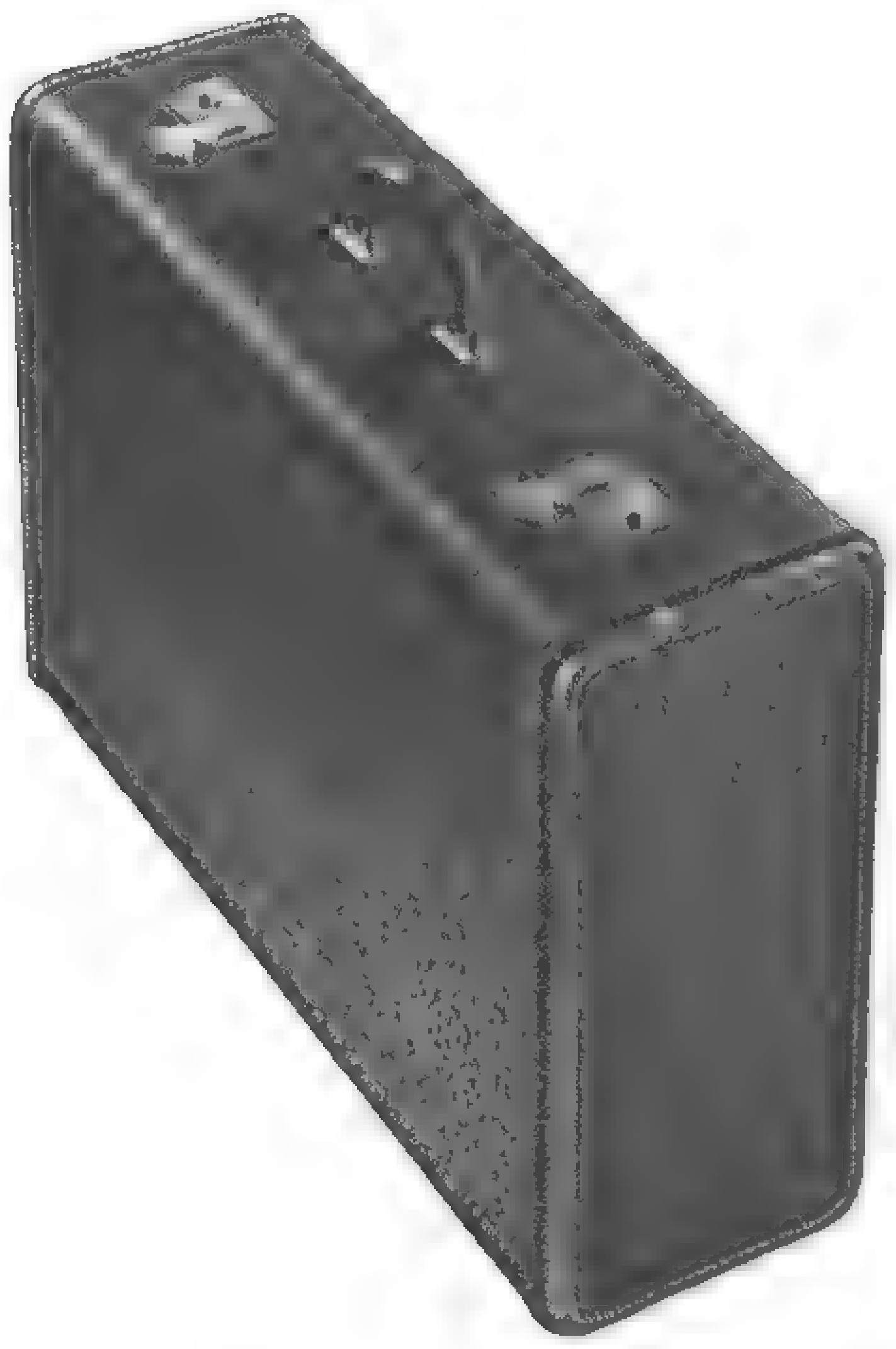

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

In the past six weeks nearly all the girls have recorded *Rum and Coca Cola*, and the boys and girls both have worked on *Ac-cen-tu-ate the Pos-i-tive*, which even Bing Crosby cannot turn into anything more than a novelty. Rum and You-know-what is Calypso gone commercial, quite attractive. But no one need worry about making a choice between the recordings.

The serious works recorded were routine—good Beethoven, good repeats.

There is a rumor that Decca has recorded Orson Welles doing *The Song of Songs*. Maybe so. I haven't been able to get near a copy.

Farthest North

Six Songs (International—Nancy Noland)	I tried *Old Man River* and *That Old Black Magic*. In the first, no three successive notes are as Kern wrote them; the rhythmic changes from the original are all opposed to the meaning of the words; the words aren't exact. Offended by this treatment of a great song, I turned to a fine popular favorite—and found the same thing. Lots of singers "interpret" and give their "conceptions." Most are corruptions. This is a very bad example.

Political Songs

Album (Asch—Woody Guthrie)	These are more of Guthrie's songs about the war. Making *Coulee Dam*, the *National Maritime Union*, etc. The most startling song is *Jesus Christ*—a song about the dirty little coward who betrayed him "and they laid Jesus Christ in his grave." You recognize the melody—it is startling, effective; perhaps shocking to some people. The rest are not so extraordinary—and sometimes the guitar seems to be running over from one record to another, like an unchanging bass.

Short Bits

Encore—Various (Continental—Földes)	Andor Földes is a concert pianist and these are his encores—a cut more interesting than some you hear. The Shostakovitch *Polka* (Golden Age) and Gershwin and Prokofieff are nicely, neatly played; older favorites are included, too.
Dinner Music—Various (Sonora—Kel Murray)	Kel Murray is an old-time violinist and radio band leader. The selections are what you expect from the title—including *Traumerei* and Paderewski's *Minuet in G Major*.

12-Inchers

Quartet No. 4—Beethoven (Columbia—Budapest)	This beautiful group has now recorded at least eight of the Beethoven quartets. The playing is exquisite, the music ranges from the agreeable to the profound. People who think they don't understand the classics might try these—and be surprised.
Negro Spiritual Melody—Dvorak (Victor—William Primrose)	Primrose accompanied Marian Anderson in some of her songs for Victor; so did Franz Rupp, who plays the piano here for the "spiritual" from the *New World Symphony*. It seems unduly drawn out—as if the solo instrument made it sweeter than the original. With it, the affecting *Songs My Mother Taught Me*.

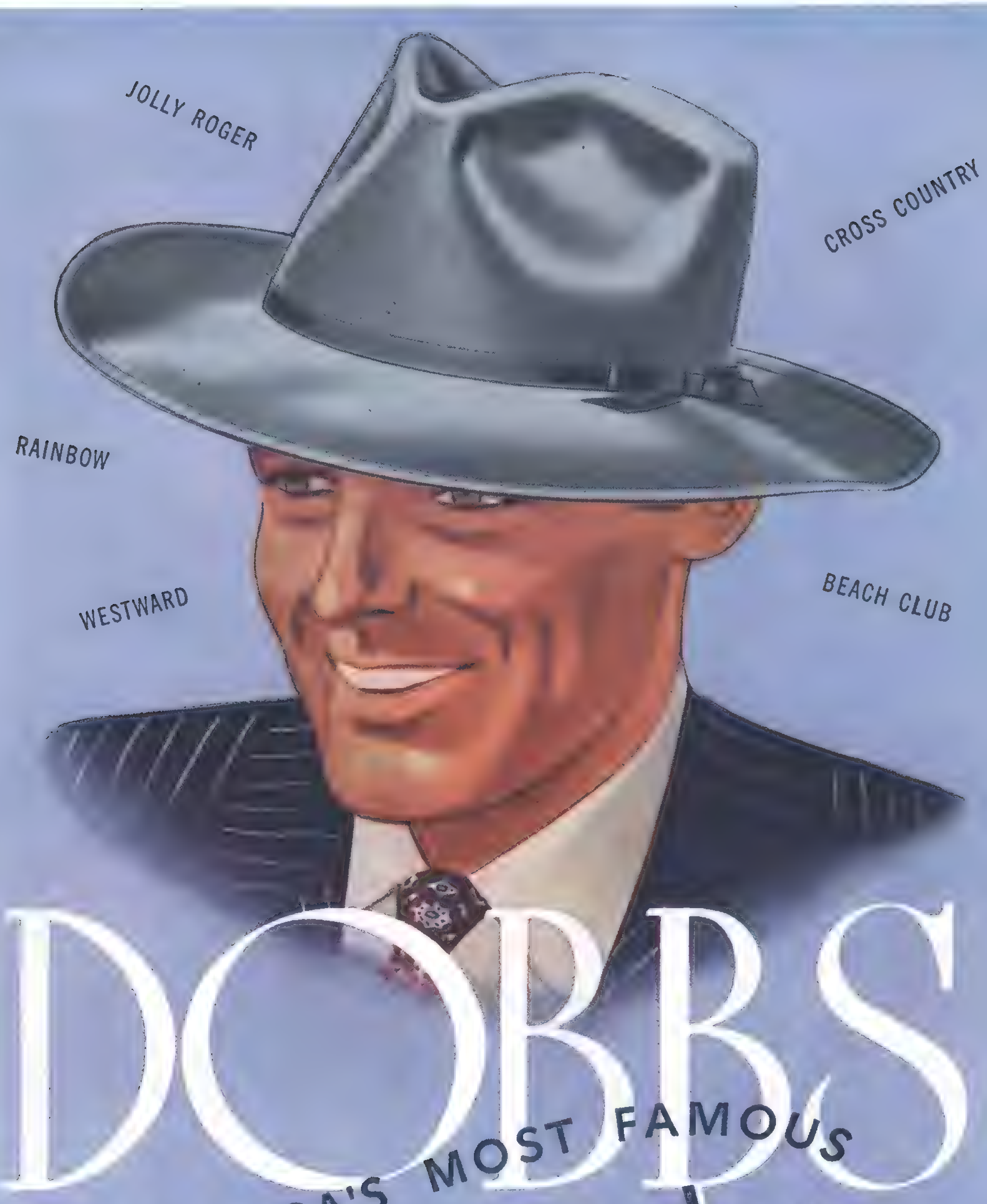
Interesting Events

On form, these will bear looking into (or ahead for):
Beethoven's Seventh (Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy) and Tchaikovsky's Pathétique (N. Y. Philharmonic—Rodzinski), both recorded by Columbia.
Five Feet of Swing—ten 12-inch "swing classics" by both Dorseys, Bob Crosby, Ella Fitzgerald and Glen Gray (Decca).
Meade "Lux" Lewis album and a Stuff Smith group released by Asch.
A Segovia (guitar) album continuing Decca's releases of artists in the classic tradition.

Note on Materials

The Sonora Company announces that all manufacturers of records "are now back to prewar quality"—meaning that the amount of shellac now available is ample and that "fillers," which were not so good at eliminating surface noise, will not be excessively used.

There is, however, no substitute for a smooth-running instrument. If you have a radio-player, tubes and condensers may go bad, and sometimes you will get the result first in a sensitive recording, while a full-tone amplified broadcast may still come over fairly well.



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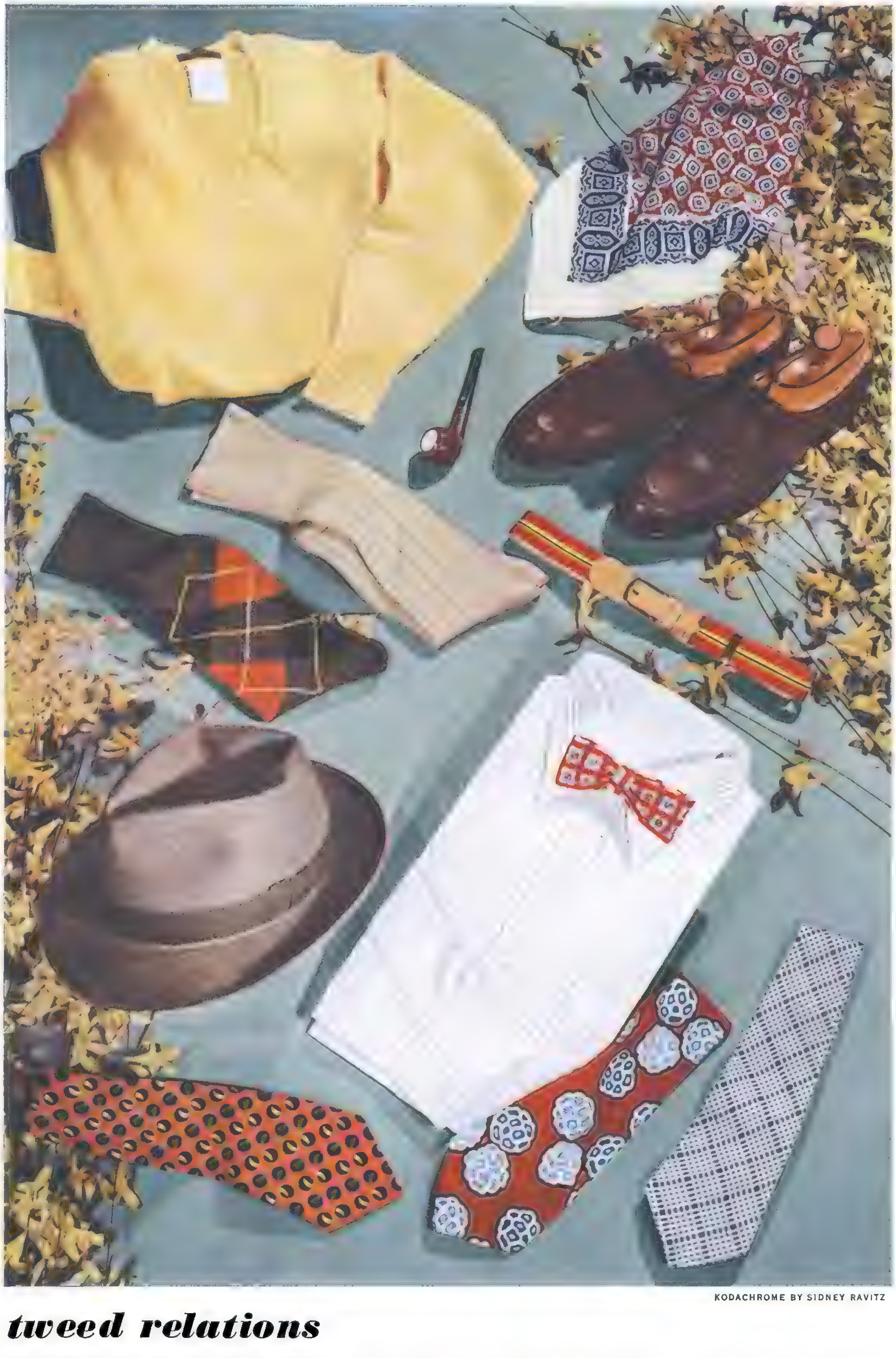


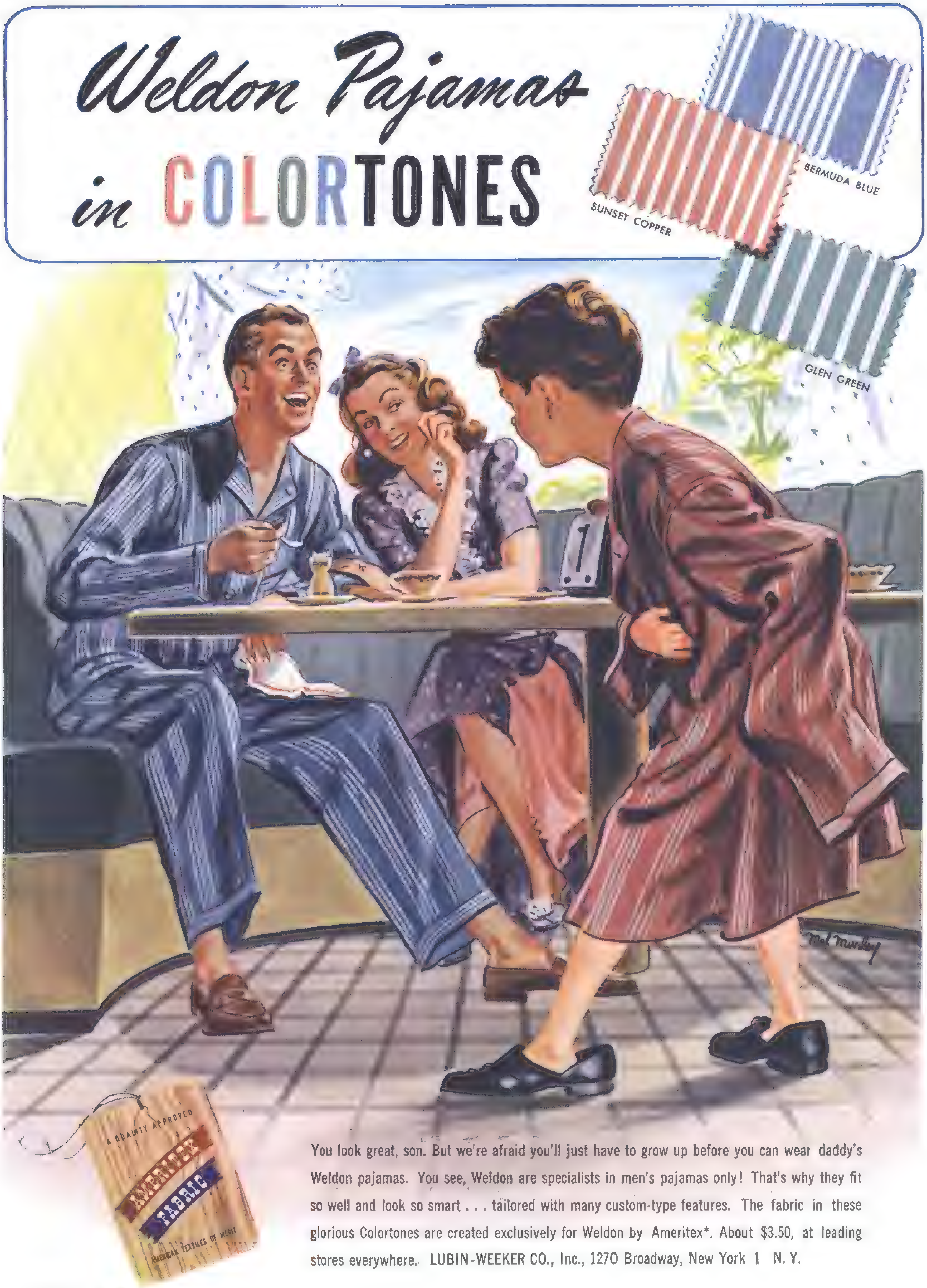
KODACHROME BY SIDNEY RAVITZ

tweed relations

The yellow flowers used here to convey the idea of Spring are forsythia, and the Ripley in you may be interested to know that through some odd quirk of nature these flowers bloom before the leaves appear. Hence, when forsythia brightens the landscape it may still seem like overcoat weather, but it is time to break out in tweeds for country. Assembled here are accessories for wear with a brown tweed suit or an odd jacket. The pullover sweater adds a spot of color. The printed square is for chest pocket decoration. Wool socks of plain tone and Argyle plaid serve as alternates. The pipe has a meerschaum lining. The shoes are of brown grained leather. Ribbon belt shows club stripes. The rough felt hat has a wool band. With the Oxford shirt is shown a foulard bow tie. Alternate four-in-hand ties shown across bottom are copper colored rayon, large pattern silk and checked wool.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Weldon Pajamas in COLORTONES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The Return of Hagen's Ghost

Continued from page 42

which the writer stated that "if Hagen wants to stop in bed, his manager and the detective will haul him out."

And the next day was Friday, and Hagen started his golfing adventure, which was to culminate in the greatest "go back" ever made in the history of the game. Hagen lost to Archie Compston by the tremendous score of 18 up and 17 to play. The finish came on Saturday, April 28th. Two weeks later, at Sandwich on the Kent coast, Hagen redeemed himself by winning the British Open golf championship from an all-star field of Britons and Americans, with the lowest score accomplished in the tournament over Sandwich links up until that date. Compston finished third.

On Friday morning, April 27th, the detective did help in getting Walter Hagen up and on the road to Moor Park for his engagement with Compston. Hagen, the detective and I rode out to Moor Park in a great hulk of an automobile. The morning round was set for 10:30 a.m. At exactly 9:25 a.m. the chauffeur pulled up in front of the Moor Park Club. Out stepped the giant detective, followed by Hagen. From that moment I have known that the English do have a very keen flair for humor. A crowd of about 1000 had already gathered at the club and when they witnessed Hagen, accompanied by his "human alarm clock," they burst into what *Variety* calls a "belly laugh."

The match started on the dot. It developed into the greatest rout Hagen ever experienced in his twenty years of big-time competition. Archie was unbeatable. He played the morning round in 67 strokes. Hagen did well, under the circumstances, to get a 72, but he was four holes down at luncheon. In the afternoon, Compston, filled with confidence and possessor of a substantial lead, went "all out" as the British golf writers reported, and banged about Moor Park in 66 strokes. He played the last nine holes in thirty strokes and won seven of these, to become 14 up at the end of the first 36 holes. Compston holed the tenth in two, in both his morning and afternoon rounds. He missed but one putt of more than four feet in 36 holes. His card for the last nine that day, when he was playing his best golf, read:

233 443 443—30.

It was in this Hagen-Compston match that the now common practice of having caddies carry a standard, displaying the standing of a match, was first introduced into golf. When Compston was leading Hagen by twelve holes I could see the standard bearers, ranging through the crowd, with their signs reading . . . "Compston 12 up"; "Compston 13 up," etc.

I recall that George Greenwood, veteran golf-writer for the London *Telegraph*, pointing with his stick to one sign, chided me:

"My dear Harlow, is that a quotation from the New York stock market?"

The Saturday morning London press was jubilant. Americans had been plastering the British in sports ever since the conclusion of World War I. Victory was sweet, and all British golfers were certain that their man Compston had Hagen so far down he could not possibly wiggle out, and they were "quite" right.

I remember the late Bob Howard, excellent London sports writer of the day, condoling me about the slaughter of Hagen by Compston in the first two rounds. Howard was talking with Archie, and the British professional said:

"I am as good as any golfer in the world today. And I am going to prove it."

And Bob was there, saying:

"Quite, quite so."

The next day was Saturday, and Archie Compston continued his blistering attack; at the end of the morning round he had picked up four more holes from Hagen, to stand 18 up and 18 to play.

The first hole in the afternoon was halved in par fours, and Compston had vanquished Hagen by the terrific score of 18 up and 17 to play.

On Sunday morning I awoke in my hotel room with a headache, and called for "boots." I asked him to bring in the morning papers. Here are a few of the headlines which I had to digest with my bicarbonate.

"Hagen's Ghost is Laid."

"The Genius of Compston."

"Amazing Golf."

"Conquering Compston."

"The Rout of Walter Hagen."

"Compston, The 'Lion Tamer'."

"Walter Hagen Submerged."

"America Gets its own Medicine."

"The Eclipse of Hagen."

"Hagen Takes His Physic."

The sporting pages of the London press had a carnival. Compston was cock of the walk. In an interview, Archie was quoted at length under the heading, "Who is next?" He said:

"I will play anyone, anywhere, for anything."

The staid *Morning Post*, in an editorial, remarked:

"Such a signal victory as that accomplished by Archie Compston, in his match with Walter Hagen, deserves more than passing celebration. It is an event that must be dear and refreshing to a British golfer's heart."

Hagen made the usual obvious comments, such as, "I was outplayed. Compston was too good."

But only the detective and I got the real message which Walter Hagen imparted after that crushing defeat. Riding back to London from Moor Park, Walter was not depressed. He reached into his coat pocket and drew out a little book, in which he had a list of telephone numbers he had col-

Continued on page 130

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The Return of Hagen's Ghost

Continued from pages 42-129

lected during previous visits to England.

"I wonder," he said, "who is going to share my sorrow with me tonight?"

Then he addressed himself to the detective and to me, saying:

"Archie was good, but I can beat him any old time."

And to my astonishment the detective said:

"Quite so, my good man."

But then, the detective was being paid a pound a day and keep.

The situation reminded me of the first time I had seen Hagen play in England. It was in 1920 at Deal, on the Kent coast of England. Hagen, then American Open champion, had gone across to try his luck in his first British Open, and his luck was bad. He finished far down the list. As correspondent for the International News Service I followed Hagen in that championship, and after he completed his final round, I talked to him.

I remember Hagen's words.

"It was all new to me. I could not get going. But I am coming back."

The record books of golf show that he did "go back" and that he became the absolute master of linksland golf and won the British Open championship four times.

And the greatest win of all was the one he accomplished in 1928, just two weeks after the London papers reported that his ghost had been laid in his match against Archie Compston.

Following the Compston victory, Hagen left London on Monday morning, April 30th, and checked into a hotel near the golf course at Sandwich, where the British Open was to be played on May 9th, 10th and 11th.

For one of the few times in his golfing life, Walter Hagen became serious. He went to work. He followed a strict routine of practice, diet and sessions with a masseur. He even locked his address book in a valise.

Walter Hagen played the British championships rounds at Sandwich in 1928, in 75-73-72-72-292. He won by two strokes, with Gene Sarazen in second place with 294, and the conquering hero of the match at Moor Park, Archie Compston, in third place, three strokes behind The Haig.

Suffice it to say that in that championship Hagen played 72 holes without taking anything worse than a five for any one hole. He played with deadly confidence and skill. As Bobby Jones once remarked, "Hagen has a putting touch like a cat's whisker." He had just that sort of touch on the great, fast greens at Sandwich. It was his third win in the British Open in six starts. He returned in 1929, to win for the fourth time at Hoylake.

Bernard Darwin has long been considered the foremost golfing critic of England. Following Hagen's victory at Sandwich, Darwin wrote in the London *Times*:

"The way in which Hagen accepted his smashing defeat at the hands of Compston opened the eyes of many people to his good qualities. Many a man can take a beating in the spirit of a good sportsman, and yet, for awhile at any rate, will have the spirit crushed out of him by that beating. Not so Hagen; it only goaded him to further effort. No one else is quite so richly blessed in the matter of temperament. He is a terrible, great golfer."

And what of Archie Compston in that championship? Again we give you Darwin:

"Compston will always think he should have won. He had a dreadful disaster as early as the second hole in the morning of the final day. He was bunkered from the drive, and in trying to reach the green out of the hazard he banged the ball against the face, and it fell back into the sand. Just as bad followed, and he took a seven for the hole.

"He actually dropped seven strokes on par play in three holes, a seven at the second, a six at the fourth and a five at the Maiden—and yet he got out in 37 and round in 73. Compston's tendency to have one or two calamitous holes in score play just beat him."

The day after the championship, with the old Championship Cup in his possession for the third time, The Haig returned to London to be greeted by the acclaim of the British press, which two weeks earlier had sounded his retreat in such glowing detail. This time, the press was just as vivacious in praise of the American golfer. Hagen read the papers on the train to London. Headlines were indeed pleasant. To quote:

"Prince Watches Hagen Win."
"Hagen's Great Victory."
"Great American Golfer Wins."
"Hagen Comes Back."
"A Bonnie Golfer."
"Walter Does It Again."
"The Golf Blue Riband."
"Hagen's Farewell."
"Hagen Has The Last Laugh."

And the *Daily Express* commented:

"All over the world at this moment golfers are engaged in a simultaneous act of homage. They are taking off their hats with the most generous and courtliest of flourishes to Walter Hagen."

The Championship Cup was presented to Hagen by Edward, then Prince of Wales. I can see them so well, although it happened sixteen years ago. The Prince and The Haig, standing arm in arm on the sands of the Kentish coast before a cheering gathering of golfers. I like to think that one reason America and Great Britain are partners in the greatest of all conflicts is because these two great nations have studied the art of sportsmanship together, and stand firmly against the bad sports of the world. #

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Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

Water Over the Saddle

Continued from top of page 61

she was trying to say. It was the land and the weather and the scratching for a living; it was the gnawing ache in a twisted leg. For the first time, it occurred to the boy that perhaps Buck Garrett, too, looked up from the clods when a trail herd bellowed by. . . .

"I declare," his mother said gently, "it looks like it was going to rain this time! You'd better go, son. . . ."

Big Joe Musick was riding point. He slouched sidewise in his saddle and made a cigarette and grinned at Billy.

"Don't see no skin off your nose, cowboy," he said pointedly.

"There wasn't any fight, Joe. I just up and pulled stakes."

Big Joe frowned. "You mean you *sneaked* away?" he demanded.

"Well . . . he's got that bad leg. I couldn't hit him."

"But he wanted you to fight. He'd have been kind of proud if you was able to lick him. If I had a son, I'd feel the same way."

He regarded Billy a moment, then shook his head. "Maybe you're right, but I don't know. Anyway, you're here. Get back there and ride drag. Watch out—some of them old linebacks will get down on their all-fours and crawl into the brush when you ain't looking!"

The boy rode back slowly, trying to swallow a feeling of guilt. The Bar Seven cattle were strung out for two miles, winding through the hills, but in the drag all the pageantry was lost to him; there was only dust and confusion and the feeling that he had failed both Pa and Big Joe. He tried to sing again, but the words choked him and the dust was bitter in his mouth.

The sky darkened unnoticed, and an electrical storm boomed and blazed over the hills as it had done almost daily for weeks. Then came a sword-flash brilliance, yellowing the dust, and wind and rain struck together in a gusty, drenching violence.

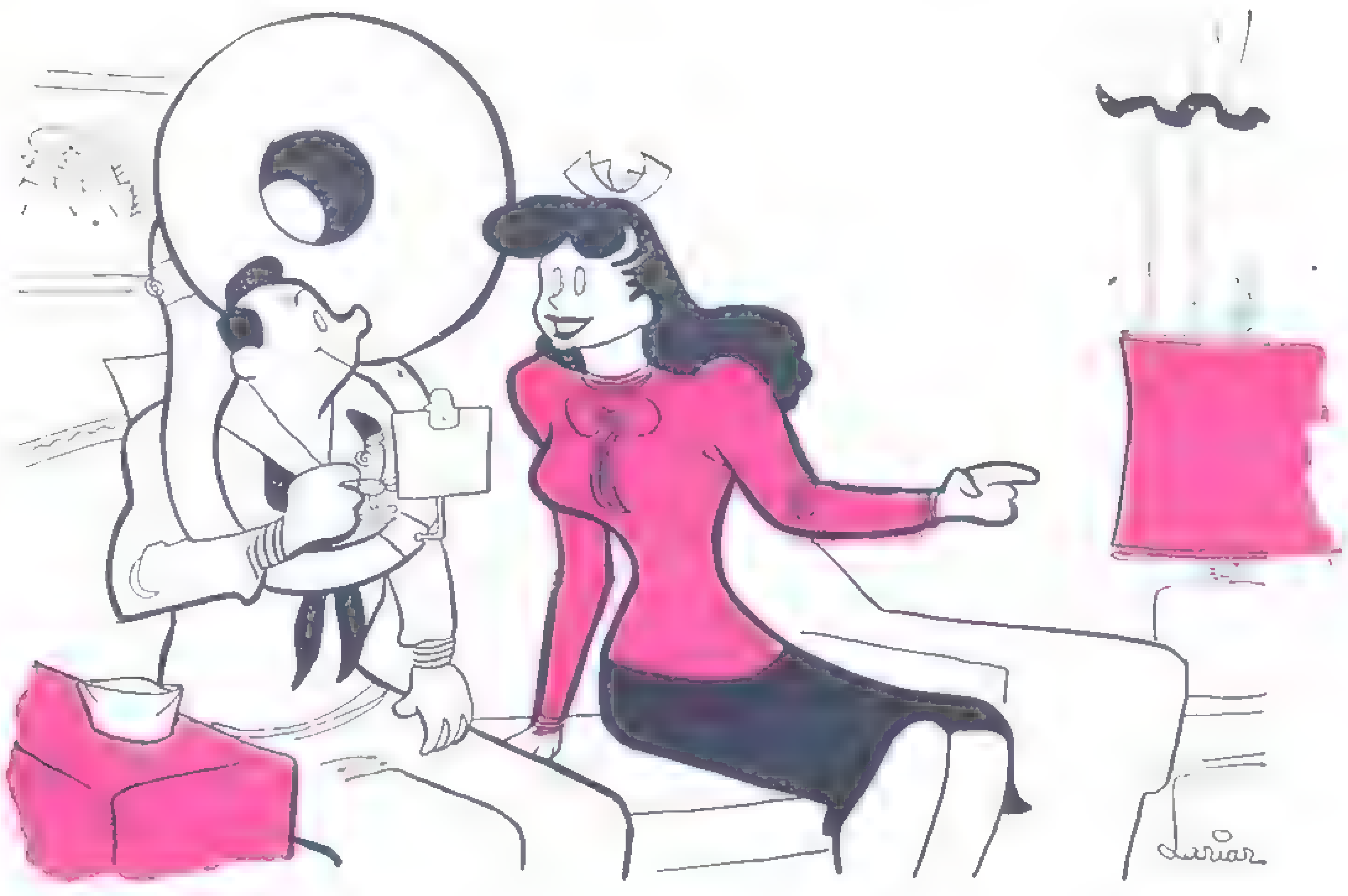
The dust vanished in an instant. A summery smell of rain on sun-warmed rocks came briefly and was blown away, and there was a sharp, hammering flurry of hail that drove into the faces of the cattle and turned the roan horse. Before Billy had time to brace himself against this onslaught, lightning split a post oak nearby and left it smoking—and then swift panic swept through the Bar Seven herd.

Stragglers wheeled and scattered, making for the brush. Somewhere ahead, a six-shooter cracked feebly; the sound was drowned and lost, and the earth began shaking to an enduring thunder. The hail had stopped, but the rain turned to a blowing, blinding fury, and wherever he looked wall-eyed, terror-stricken steers were running. He heard a faint shout, and saw another rider whip past like a storm-blown phantom, headed in the opposite direction. A cruelly tipped horn ripped his trousers leg; the steer's bulk collided with the roan, and the horse shied. There was no purpose or direction in all the insane scurrying. The mass fear was contagious; Billy was suddenly afraid, too, and he let the horse have his head.

He never knew how long or how far he rode that way, clinging to the saddle horn and ducking dimly-seen mesquite limbs. But Big Joe Musick loomed out of the slanting rain, hat gone and wet black hair plastered over his eyes. He yelled and cursed and laughed in the same breath, and the recklessness rode with him as he swung a yellow slicker in the faces of the leaders. He shouted orders in a leather-lunged voice; Sam Tyree came along and heard him and shut his own mouth. You could see who was the boss here, and the cattle knew it, too. They began turning.

Billy Garrett fell in behind Big Joe. There was too much to see, but a few things stood out in his memory the way lightning seems to linger in the sky after it has gone: the Mexican's horse slipping on a flat ledge rock and rolling over a springy cedar clump

Continued on page 134



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Water Over the Saddle

Continued from pages 61-132

that saved the rider . . . the chuck wagon, seen and lost behind, standing like an island of safety in a turbulent red and dun sea . . . a dozen longhorn cattle piling into a red-banked gully cut by some other rain, long forgotten, and hundreds more running over them with cutting hoofs. . . .

And then, finally, the same mesquites flashed past. The herd was milling, churning the flat into a loblolly. It was Big Joe who brought order out of this, and started the cattle moving toward the western hills.

They held them there as darkness fell, in a box canyon filled with the heavy fragrance of wet cedars. It seemed to Billy that night and a peacefulness came together: the wind passed, and the rain steadied to a monotone; the cattle turned their rumps to the downpour and stood with placid weariness. The chuck wagon found them, and a fire was started under a tarp. Wet wood steamed and sizzled and the smoke would not leave the ground, and rain made a drowsy sound on the wagon tarp. Billy Garrett wanted to drop beside the fire and sleep. . . .

"Won't have no more trouble tonight," Big Joe predicted as he emptied water out of his boots. "They're tuckered out. Listen to that creek! Man, this is a fence-lifter and a cowchip-floater!"

The boy roused himself. He heard a deeper sound above the drone of the rain. Hackberry was on a rise. The drought was broken. If it kept pouring this way—

He jumped. If it kept raining, water would be up in the front yard; it'd be around the chinaberry tree, and maybe even in the house. The fence would go out, down there in the field. If Pa didn't get the mules out of the corral, they might be drowned. There was plowing and planting to do all over again, and he'd left the plow almost on the creek bank. . . .

Sam Tyree said, curiously, "I believe the kid's walking in his sleep!" and the men laughed. Billy realized that he was lugging his saddle toward the picket line.

He stopped, and looked back. All this was something to remember when the stubborn soil broke underfoot and the sweat stung your eyes. Firelight flickered on the wagon tarp, and slickered men squatted in its friendliness, drinking muddy black coffee from tin cups. There was the coffee smell and the smell of hot bread in the skillet and bacon grease dripping in the coals. The wagon tongue was pointed north—pointed for Doan's Crossing on the Red River, and for the Territory, and Abilene. Campfires like this dotted the long Trail; you kindled them and shared their warmth, you left skillet marks in their ashes and rode on and on. . . .

"Not calling for your time so soon, are you, kid?" demanded Sam Tyree. "It won't always be this tough."

"Let him go, Sam," said Big Joe. He slapped Billy's shoulder. "Go on back, cowboy, and get that fight over with. You ain't the kind that runs out on a scrap!"

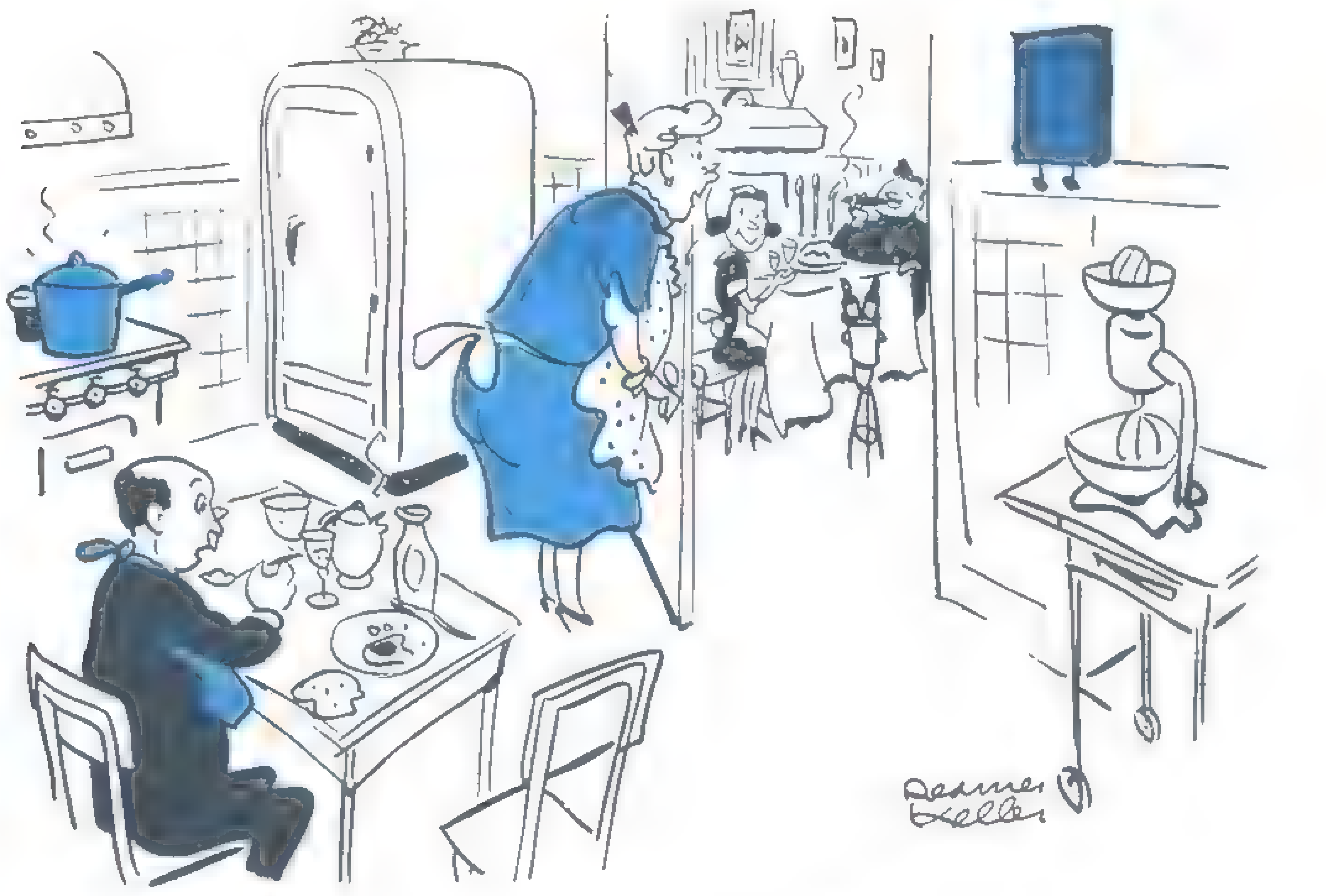
Billy nodded. *I got a bigger fight than Joe knows about,* he thought. *Pa couldn't handle it by himself. I got to bring Ma home—and if he don't treat her right, I'll lick him!*

He turned and stumbled into rainy darkness, blinded by the light of a campfire. When he cinched the saddle on the roan, he was thinking of a lot of things. Of how swimming your horse across Hackberry Creek might christen a new saddle pretty well, and of Buck Garrett's twisted leg, and—unaccountably—of Lennie May Webster.

"See you up the trail a ways, cowboy!" Big Joe called after him.

His horse's hoofs made sloshing sounds in the mud, and he turned his face toward the rain, feeling a fever inside him. The trees that lined the creek loomed darkly ahead, and the roar was loud in his ears. All at once he heard himself singing. . . .

There was always next year, always the long Trail, and herds pointed north. #



"Everything all right, Marie?"

Pin-up Pretties

to Send. to Shuffle. to Serve.

"A" deck
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KING-SIZE QUEENS

Esky Post Cards

set of 6, 25¢ size 4½" x 7"

Put pep in your correspondence with Esky-cards—oversize post cards showing famous Esquire glamor girls. Choose from the gorgeous Hurrells, Waxmans, and Vargas listed right below, along with other varied and beautiful Esquire pictures. More than an inch longer than ordinary cards; Esky-cards are printed in color on heavy chromecoat stock, and come packaged in sets of six.

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Please send me the sets of Esky-cards checked below at 25¢ per set, or $1 for any five sets:

- ☐ set of 6 1943 Varga Girl drawings (set No. 1)
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- ☐ set of 6 Waxman dog photos (set No. 5)
- ☐ set of 6 Szyk caricatures (set No. 6)
- ☐ set of 6 new Varga Girl drawings (set No. 7)
- ☐ set of 6 new Hurrell Girl photos (set No. 8)
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I enclose $________, payment in full. U. S. and Canadian orders only. No stamps please.

Name________________________
PLEASE PRINT

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Price of Esky-cards in Canada is 35c a set. Make Canadian remittances payable to, and send orders to: Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ont.

2 QUEENS and a JOKER

Varga Girl Playing Cards

$1 a deck

Play cards with two different Varga Queens and the handy Esquire Joker Book. These two Varga-built beauties top quality two-ply cards—wearable as they are playable. Coated with cellulose, they're cleanable, too. With every pair of decks we'll send you absolutely free the Esquire Joker Book. This 68-page booklet gives you a 32-page scorepad, directions for Gin Rummy, and lets you in on 31 fun bar tricks.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me________ pairs of Varga Playing Cards, at $2 per pair;
________ "A" decks of Varga Playing Cards, at $1 a deck;
________ "B" decks of Varga Playing Cards, at $1 a deck.

I understand that with every pair of decks, you will enclose, absolutely free, the 68-page Esquire Joker Book.

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Price of Playing Cards in Canada is $1.50 a deck. Make Canadian remittances payable to, and send orders to: Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ont.

32 QUEENS and a MEMO

Esquire Date Book

size 5" x 7" 50¢

Let 32 Esquire glamor queens watch over business and social engagements—in this plastic-bound 106-page Esquire Date Book. With 6 full pages of Varga Girls and 26 photos by Hurrell, Waxman, and Ritter, the Date Book is easy on eyes and memory alike. Besides a 54-page day-by-day calendar and diary, the Date Book gives you an 8-page section for addresses and other convenient reminders.

ESQUIRE, P.O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.

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I enclose $________, payment in full. U. S. and Canadian orders only. No stamps please.

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Price of the Esquire Date Book in Canada is 75c. Make Canadian remittances payable to, and send orders to: Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ont.

Beauty in a Belt

Beauty in belts—a Paris tradition—reaches new heights for spring and summer.

Beauty is more than skin deep. Compare the unmatched excellence of Paris materials and craftsmanship, the expert styling, genuine comfort, the distinction and dependability of Paris creations. Buy a Paris Belt to express your own individual good taste. The selection is large. Buy Paris, in company with ever increasing thousands of discriminating, style conscious buyers; at all fine stores.

Paris Belt illustrated—MB480—$1.50. Genuine pigskin—famous padded construction—smart leather covered buckle. Colors: London Tan, Nut Brown, Cuban Brown. Other Paris Belts, $1 to $7.

For real comfort you'll also like All-Elastic Paris Garters and Free-Swing Suspenders. You can always trust Paris—the trademark that has stood the test of time.

A. STEIN & COMPANY—CHICAGO—NEW YORK—LOS ANGELES

PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

You'll Bust Your Sides Laughing

Continued from bottom of page 41

however, if Roonigan will do any more fighting. He has just signed a radio contract with one of Petrella's backers who also puts on radio comedy shows. "Roonigan has an A-1 sense of humor," stated this promoter, "and he has an inimitable way of delivering his lines. I still double up with laughter every time I think of that statement."

Pittsburgh: The Consolidated Association of Golf Professionals voted unanimously that the newsreels of the finals of the Meadowlark Club's tennis tournament constituted quote the finest sustained humor and slapstick that the movies have yet turned out; nothing funnier than these incredibly ludicrous actions has ever been seen on any screen unquote.

East Earlap: Members of the East Earlap Women's Club got more than they bargained for when they heard a speech yesterday afternoon by Professor Reginald Deever, noted anthropologist and psychologist. Speaking before an exclusively feminine audience on the difference between the sexes he began: "Superior brains give men an advantage." This brought numerous titters from the audience. Professor Deever continued: "It is common knowledge that men get more useful things accomplished," drawing many chuckles. Then, delivering his punch line, he stated: "The most noticeable difference is that men have far more common sense than women." The audience howled with delight and he was unable to continue for five minutes.

Mrs. C. J. Thayer who engaged the speaker was heard to remark: "We thought we were going to get a serious speech, but Professor Deever's switch to humor was all right by us. He certainly is a card."

Louisville, Kentucky: Citizens here are still guffawing over a remark made by Henry T. McEvely, a Boston politician: "The South can have its mint juleps," he stated, "but the finest thing a man can put into his mouth is a genuine Boston clam chowder." Stated Colonel Edgerton, a prominent Blue Grass character: "I've revised my opinion of New Englanders. When a fellow can make as funny a crack as that, you have to admit they have a sense of humor." ⧺

A Man With the Right Connections

Continued from page 67

idly about, picking up things and putting them down. Charlie wondered if he dared withdraw the discount. Mrs. Skinner, bitterly disappointed about the chairmanship, had given him instructions and would, he was sure, be murderous if she found out he ignored them.

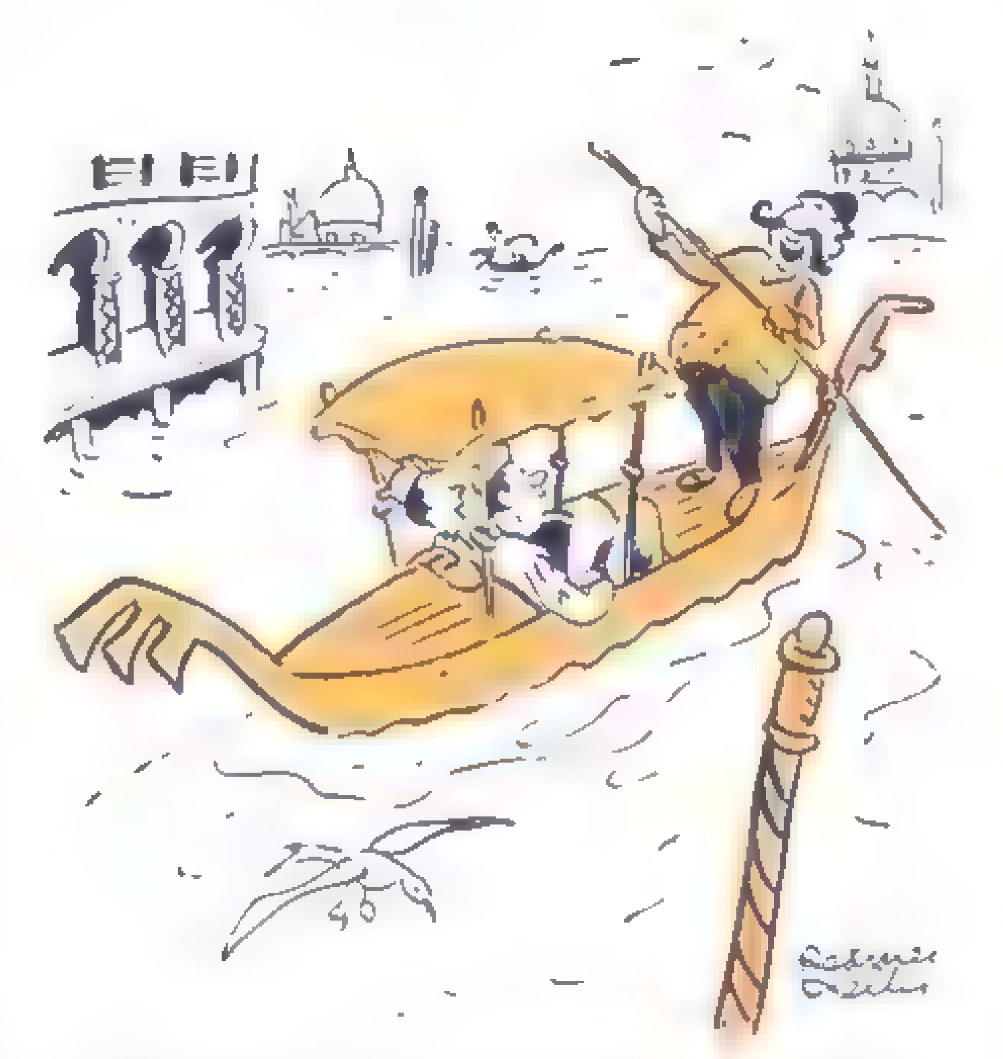
"I certainly like that bowl," Dex said. "Got anything like it?"

"Sorry," said Charlie.

Dex looked at the object with yearning. "That's what I like," he insisted.

Charlie thought of Dex's parsimony. He wondered if the man of success would dare mention what was in his mind.

The man of success did. "Damned nuisance, having to do this," he said humorously. "Something an employer expects of you, though. For two cents," he continued with a little laugh, "I'd buy that bowl as is, and send it. They'd think it was broken in the mail." There was a query in the eyes that met Charlie's.



"I'll say one thing—he hasn't let this high water get him down"

"I'd let it go cheap," Charlie said expressionlessly. "Say three dollars."

Dex laughed heartily. "Dammit all, that's what we'll do!" he exclaimed.

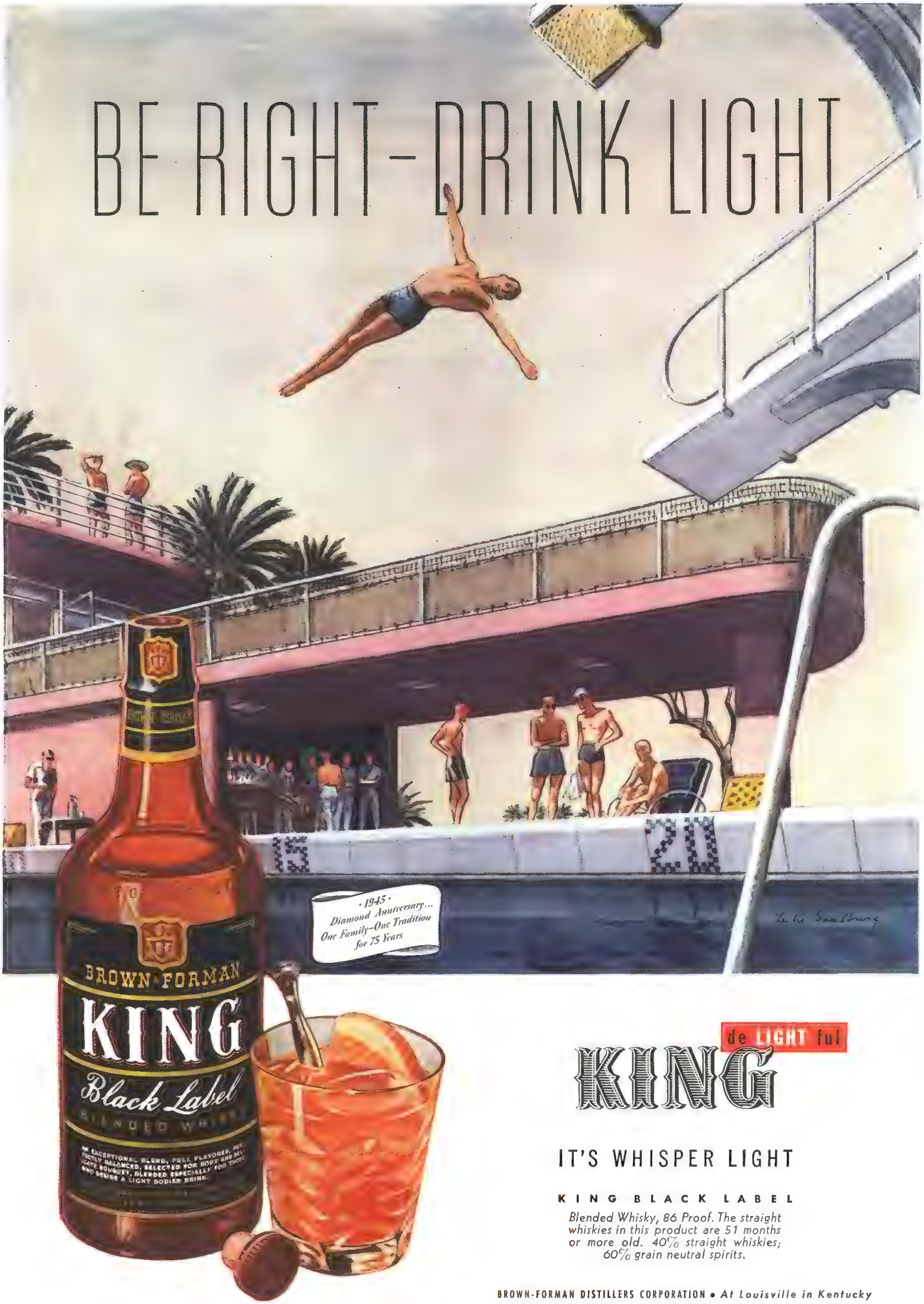
Charlie's face was perfectly straight. "All right, then. I'll take care of the mailing. Then you'll have someone to blame it on." He gave Dex a card for enclosure, and a parcel post label to address. Then he went to the window and, pushing aside the flowers, lifted the two pieces of the bowl carefully and brought them to the counter.

"Tell you what," he said slowly, "I'll give you twenty per cent off. That'll bring it to two-forty. I'll pay the postage."

Dex had finished writing. "I appreciate this more than I can tell you, old man," he said warmly. "You have to save where you can," he added, sadly wise. "Tell you what—the drinks are on us if my next raise comes within two months." He grinned attractively at Charlie and said goodbye.

"That," Charlie said to nobody, "will be just fine."

Smiling a little, he watched Dex's retreating stride, the stride of a successful man, until his friend and customer was out of sight. Thoughtfully he assembled the various materials for wrapping. He fished under the counter for a suitable box. Then he spread several sheets of tissue paper, took up with hands of love the two large halves that had once before comprised an expensive gift, and wrapped them separately. ⧺


BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT
15
20
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Diamond Anniversary...
One Family—One Tradition
for 75 Years
Leslie Saalburg
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHI
EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.

de LIGHT ful

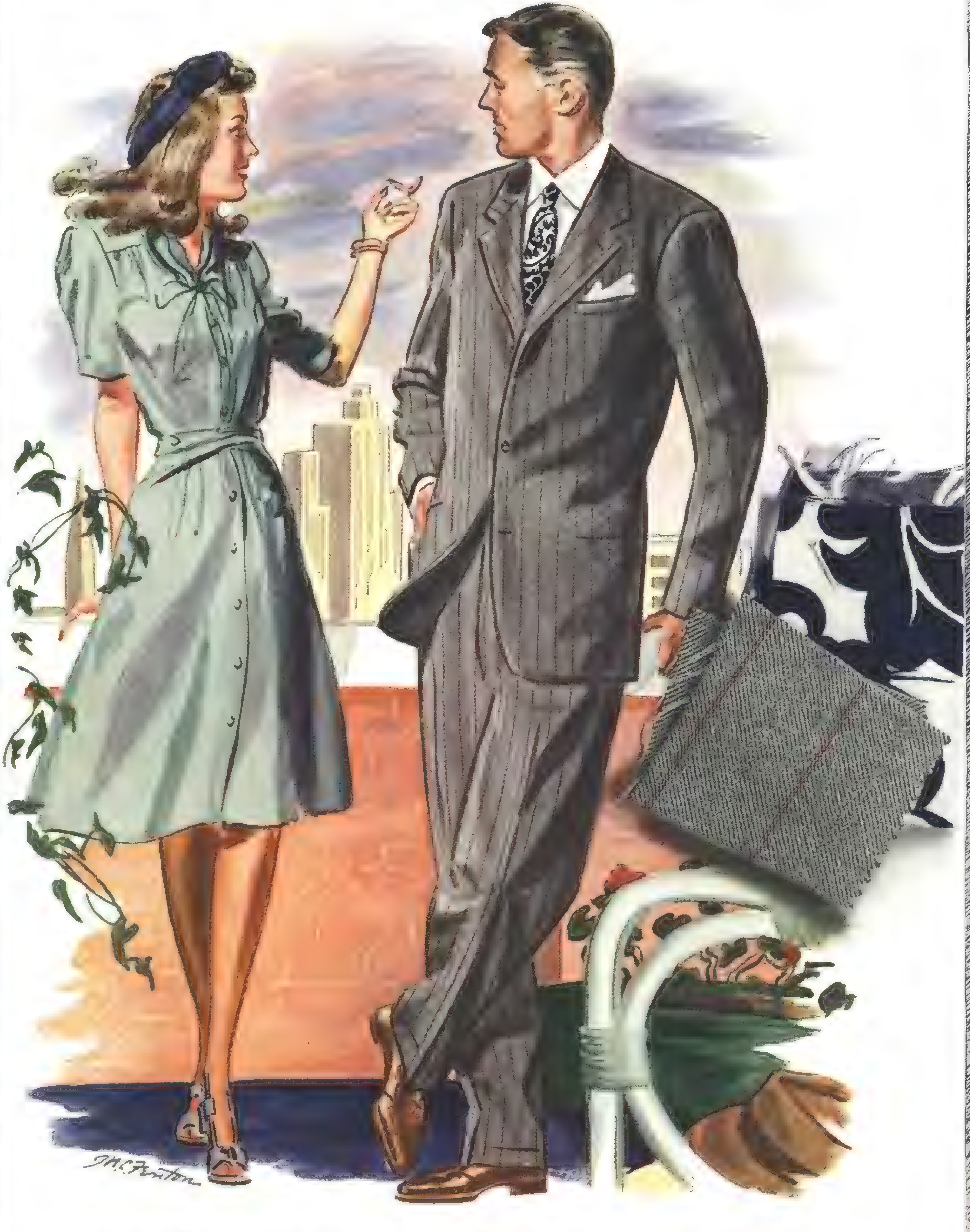
KING

IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

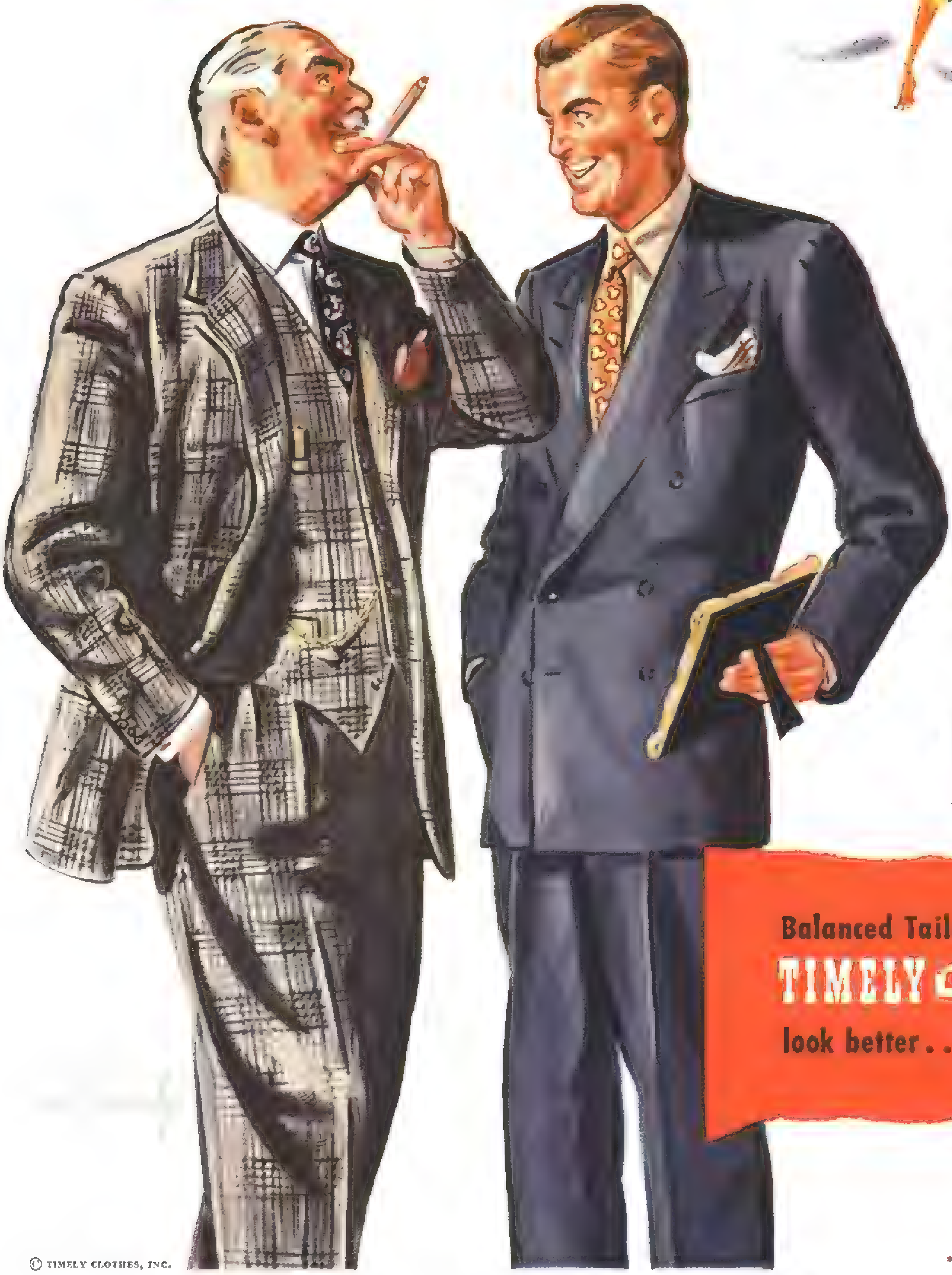


breathtaking, isn't it?

The young lady talks about the view from the penthouse terrace, but the gentleman seems to be a little absent-minded and is paying more attention to the speaker than to her comments about the landmarks of the great city. And why not? The skyline will be around tomorrow, but here is one of those passing moments: a lovely girl in a perfect setting. Despite his far-away air, the cliff dweller was not a bit absent-minded when he picked out his wardrobe for the day. He is wearing a suit of a new two-tone worsted fabric which is composed of dark blue-grey threads with a very light grey thread and shows a fine red and grey striping. His shirt is made of white broadcloth and has a widespread collar. The large figured tie is of rayon foulard. He wears dark brown straight tip shoes, and has tossed a brown snap brim hat on the chair. Sample of the suiting shown at side.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

A NEAT TRICK . . .
BUT NOT AS GOOD AS
BALANCED TAILORING!*



Balanced Tailoring* is what gives Timely Clothes their unique ability to take your daily scrimmage . . . and *always* snap back into shape. How does this exclusive needlework technique work? Briefly: hand-tailoring is generously used for flexibility. Then machine stitching is scientifically counter-balanced where sturdiness is needed. That's why Timely Clothes *hold* their trim lines till the last day you wear them . . . and that's a long way off. Timely Clothes are about $35 to $75 at good men's stores everywhere or write **TIMELY CLOTHES, INC., ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.**

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Balanced Tailoring* makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

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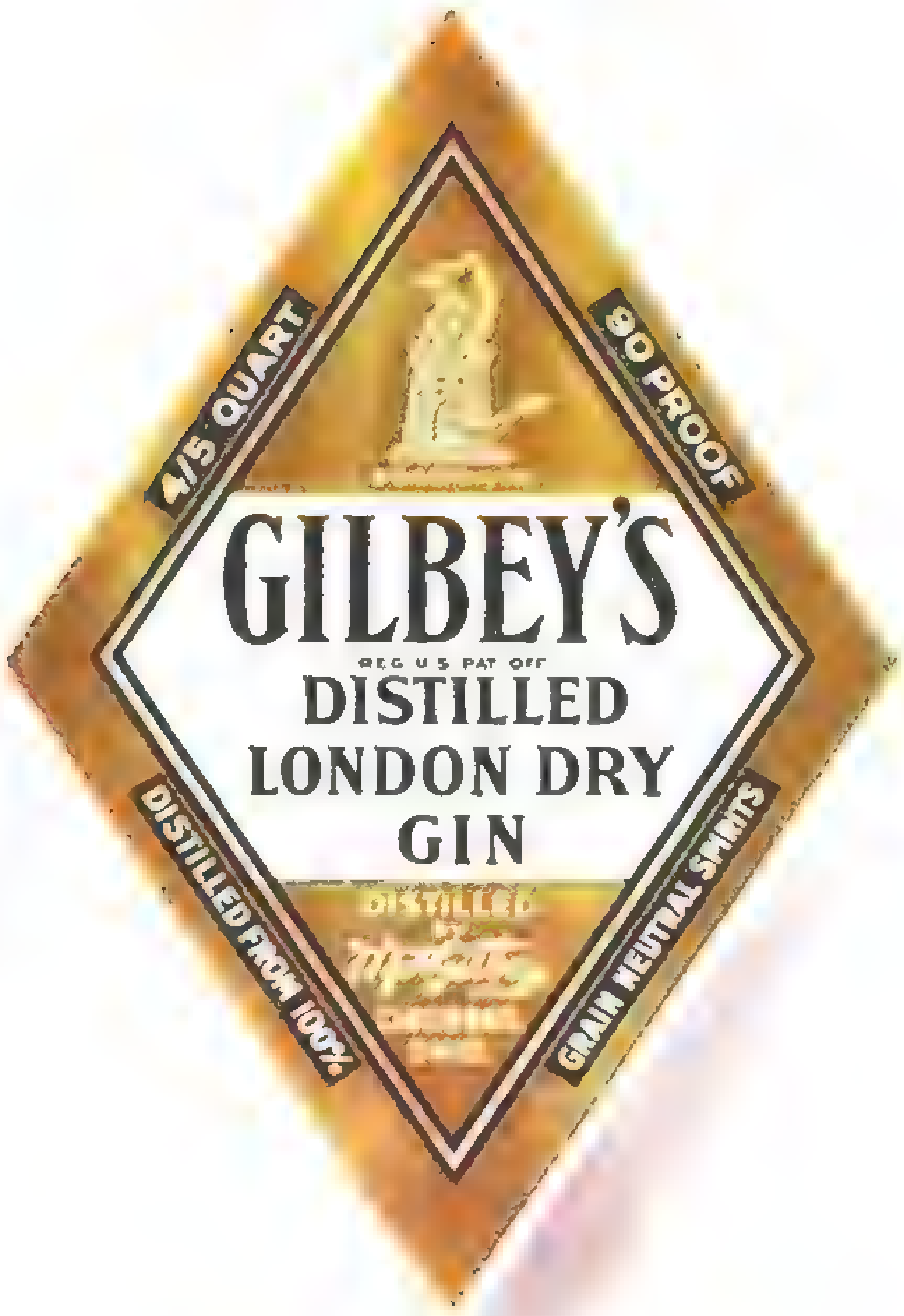
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED
DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

What a Great Gin can do for a fine Vermouth

There are three steps to heaven for a *nonpareil* Vermouth. The nervous moment when it's called to make that Prince of Drinks, the Martini. The confident moment when it finds the Martini will be made at its greatest with GILBEY'S. And the crowning moment when the connoisseur exclaims, "Incomparable!" Vermouths are the greatest little mixers in the world . . . but not with just *anybody*.

GILBEY'S *the International* GIN

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York 90 Proof Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits

The Future of Television

Continued from page 51

Corporation of America and the DuMont laboratories, much of the promotion being done by the National Broadcasting Company. In the impartial words of *Variety*:

R.C.A. wants to keep the channels, or lanes, over which television is transmitted "where television is now located, because the bulk of the experimentation has been done in that region. DuMont generally sees eye to eye with R.C.A."

Back of this argument is the stated belief that television, in its present location, can become a major industry after the war; more than that, it will be a potent force in selling the vast product of American factories, preventing anything like a postwar slump by its superior persuasiveness.

This means that the picture and the programs delivered at home will be of top quality. Not in color—but color isn't essential. The picture will be clear enough and steady enough; and in the higher-priced sets, the picture will be projected (like a home movie picture) and will be big enough for you to see comfortably.

And as rebuttal to the "transplantation," this group says, television is now ready, this is a golden opportunity, it will take years to get the "bugs" out of any other system; the American public will take a chance, and ten years from now, when you have better television, they'll buy the new kind.

Counter-rebuttal: a year of collaboration by all the researchers, using all the knowledge of electronics gained during the war, will give us postwar instead of prewar television; you cannot ask the American public to buy a second-rate article when a first-rate one is virtually on the production line; without new standards, television will fail.

And, of course, there are anti-counter-rebuttals, too.

The F.C.C. decision may *allow* television broadcasters to operate on their present standards *provided* they also do experimental work on the television of the future; or may insist on transmission on *both* levels after a certain date.* The talk of early victory last October may have influenced the debate; the grim facts of a long war have certainly been considered by the members of the F.C.C. in their recent discussions.

So—there is nothing hidden in the television picture. The argument is openly stated. On one side, the "improvers" of quality, on the other the "practical" men. I put both in quotes because you can use both words as terms of flattery or of reproach. Remember that each side believes in television, each wants to make sure it will be launched at the right time.

And, incidentally, both are plagued by a million other questions. For instance, the new kind of radio transmission, frequency modulation, sits pretty in the same part of the air-wave spectrum as prewar television; frequency modulation is ready to go; it is perfected; and its backers would like to see television move upward in the spectrum.

Next—the movies are interested and concerned. What will television do for or to them? Television transmits movies perfectly, but movies in color do not come out too well in black and white. Several companies have protected themselves by buying into or affiliating with some form of television operation. (Paramount—DuMont; R.K.O.—R.K.O.-Television.)

Next—transcontinental networks? Here we are on fairly solid ground. American Tel and Tel and General Electric both believe television will spread over the country, using cable or booster stations, within ten years after its postwar start.

And finally, what will you see at home?

The moment you see a television program, you recognize its double nature. It looks like a movie, it comes into your home like radio, and it has something each of the others lacks. It is instantaneous and complete; radio is instantaneous, but lacks images, and the movies are complete, but make no attempt to transmit an event while it is happening. Noting all this, you might say that several kinds of television might be created; and you aren't far from right.

There can, and will, be television meant primarily to be projected on the screens of the regular movie houses. The British have proposed television as a substitute for the second feature. Will this type of television be sent from a studio, with live actors, or from a stadium during a game? Or will it be filmed? There are extremists who believe that *all* television programs will have to be put on film—even sporting events and quiz shows. (There's a catch in it for promoters of special events: it is unlikely that a wave length will be assigned for transmission to one group of theatres only, or for a "scrambled signal"; so if a movie house has a sports event, you will have it at home, too. But television can also be transmitted over wires, and this is a possible

Continued on page 142

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*My guess was a little off. The F.C.C. decision does allow television to continue on its present standards and it encourages, but does not make mandatory, experimentation in the very high frequencies. As to the present, the Commission's report says that all of the recent improvements cannot be utilized in the part of the spectrum now allotted to television; but it holds that service to the public should not be "held in abeyance" until the new methods have been fully developed. As to the future, the Report says, "in the present state of the art, the development of the upper portion of the spectrum is necessary for the establishment of a truly nationwide and competitive television system."

"Better quiet down these drinks, Pierre!"

Drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water make themselves heard . . . sparkle out loud. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION". . . millions of tinier bubbles . . . keeps highballs full of life—to the last sip.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda —is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home . . . it costs no more than ordinary mixers.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

If you prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry.

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

The Life of the Drink

FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

NO. 2 IN A SERIES

The original *derby* was the creation of an English hatter, William Bowler. Hence, the Englishman's nickname, "bowler," for his favorite hat. But over here we call it *derby*, after the Lord Derby who made the fashion famous by wearing it to the races in the '70's.

Setting the fashion today is another famous name—Nettleton. Well-shod feet demand the originality in styling that marks Nettleton shoes. Their good taste makes good sense, too. For as well-dressed men consistently observe . . . what can compare with Nettleton comfort and mileage! A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Nettleton Shoes

$9.95 TO $20

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES . . . AT BETTER STORES, COAST TO COAST

The Future of Television

Continued from pages 51-141

way for a group of movie theatres to get an "exclusive" event.)

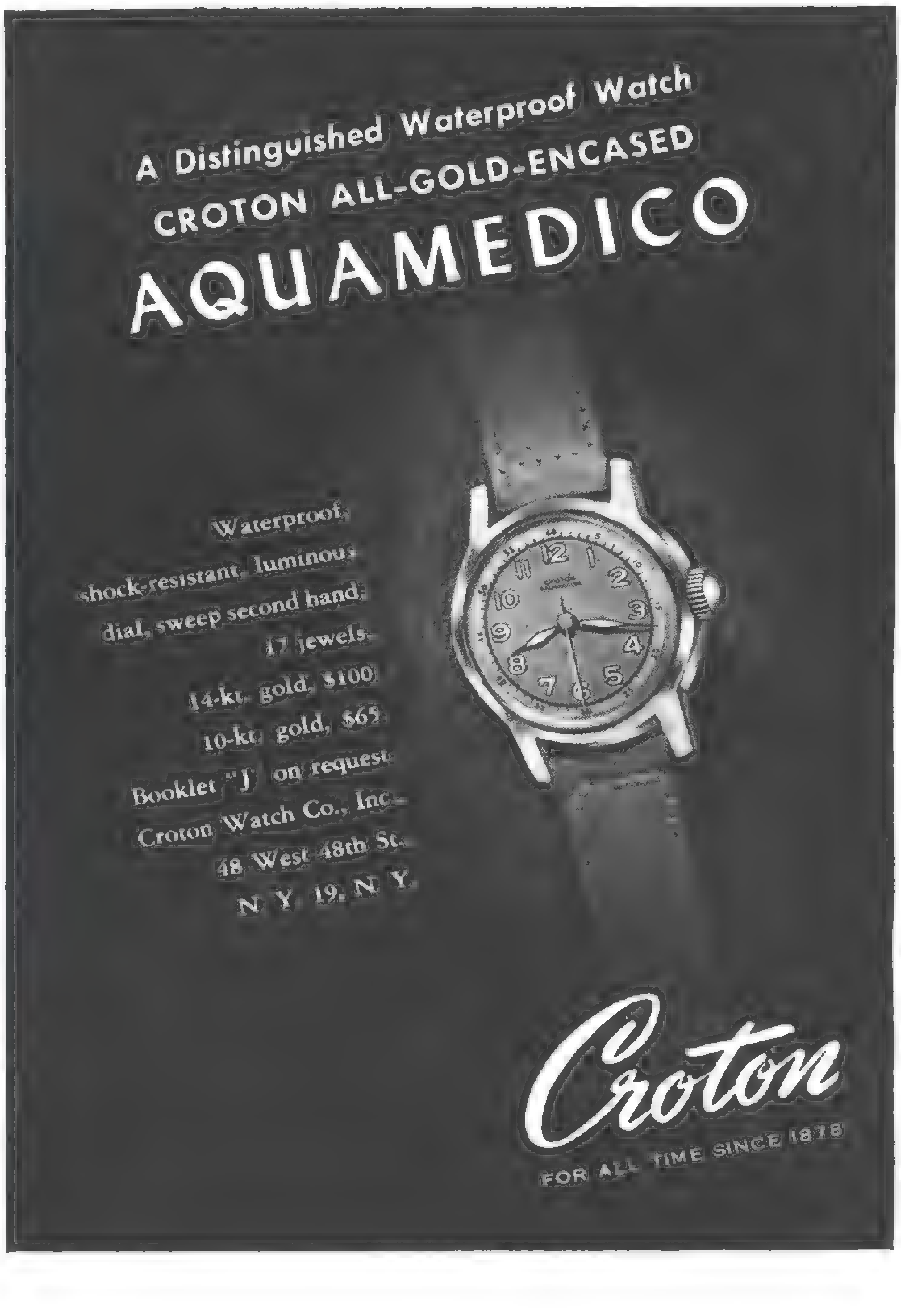
Second—and at the moment most imposing—there is television as created by radio broadcasters. Already television has many radio characteristics; it comes out of a box, its programs tend to be divided by quarter and half hours; and already commercial television has introduced the sponsor and his products to the public.

Finally there is the kind of television which is "pure"; on one side it is the "special event"—a world series, an inauguration, a flood or fire, a parade, a prize fight; you will see it at home, or at the movies, or in tele-newsreel theatres. On the other side, it is the still uncreated true television program, which will grow out of all our experiments, as Disney or Griffith or Chaplin grew out of his the motion picture.

These three forms represent different aspects of financing, too. The first, or movie-type, is paid for at the box office; the second (radio-type) by sponsors who deliver programs free to the consumer, getting, in return, time for a confidential demonstration of a vacuum cleaner or a toilet soap. The third will fall into one or the other form, but cities and colleges and other institutions may broadcast a lot of special events. Note that I have omitted educational broadcasts, but television won't. In fact, art, science, geography, even economics, gain so much by television that they may often challenge "entertainment" for public approval. We have seen news, election reports and discussion programs evoking great enthusiasm. And art may become as valuable a subject to television as symphonic music is to radio.

When you see a movie lasting 70 minutes, which cost the producer 750,000 dollars, every minute of film you see represents upward of 10,000 dollars. The producer expects to get it all back, plus. But a radio sponsor, having spent only 1,000 dollars a minute (a high price, too, for radio), must get his returns by the intricate process of commerce; you have to like his product as well as his programs. Obviously, he cannot spend at the movie rate, he cannot invest 15,000,000 dollars for a year's radio shows. He must create programs which are within reasonable limits of cost—and which are *not* imitations of the movies.

That is why sponsors will go first to the news end of television, to sports and special events. A "mobile unit," corresponding to a newsreel truck, can go to the spot, indoor or out, and transmit



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Waterproof,
shock-resistant, luminous
dial, sweep second hand.
17 jewels.
14-kt. gold, $100
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Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

from there. Then, in the studios, participation shows, quiz and celebrity programs, and the like. Music and vaudeville and dancing will be available because, for a long time, television will be able to use performers who "do their stuff," in night club or theatres or movies. In England, B.B.C. television used to send its mobile unit to a theatre and pick up the entire play; but this isn't a dependable source of programs. No one televised radio shows. Even if the comedians know their lines, you will want to see the closet with all the brooms into which the man fell, or the dog that talked once. (For a while, though, I note an exception: Jimmy Durante's radio show could be televised as is, or nearly.)

"I don't care how they ride on caissons!"

Finally, when television grows up, and when you can look at your screen for a long time in succession, and you are getting *all* kinds of entertainment, and the money is found, you will have big shows, revues or dramas or some new form. If my guess is right, these shows will have some special qualities which will separate them from movies—my guess being a kind of spontaneity and "presence."

Because television is alive in your home. It isn't a picture of anything. Major F. A. More-O'Ferrall, a brilliant producer at B.B.C., once said: "The television camera doesn't take photographs of the scene. It *views* the scene. It's like the human eyes, looking at what's actually going on."

This abounding sense of reality, this feeling that you are where the event is, and the event is, at the same time, in your home—lie at the heart of television. They make it exciting, difficult to handle, hard to shove into the old frameworks of drama or movies or radio. The same sense of reality makes us who have seen color-television, feel this final value should not be withheld. That is a matter of time. Meanwhile television is probably the most complex question—and exciting promise—of postwar communications and entertainment. #

"Here comes the renting agent, dear. Start smoking your Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

". . . the quality pipe tobacco of America"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

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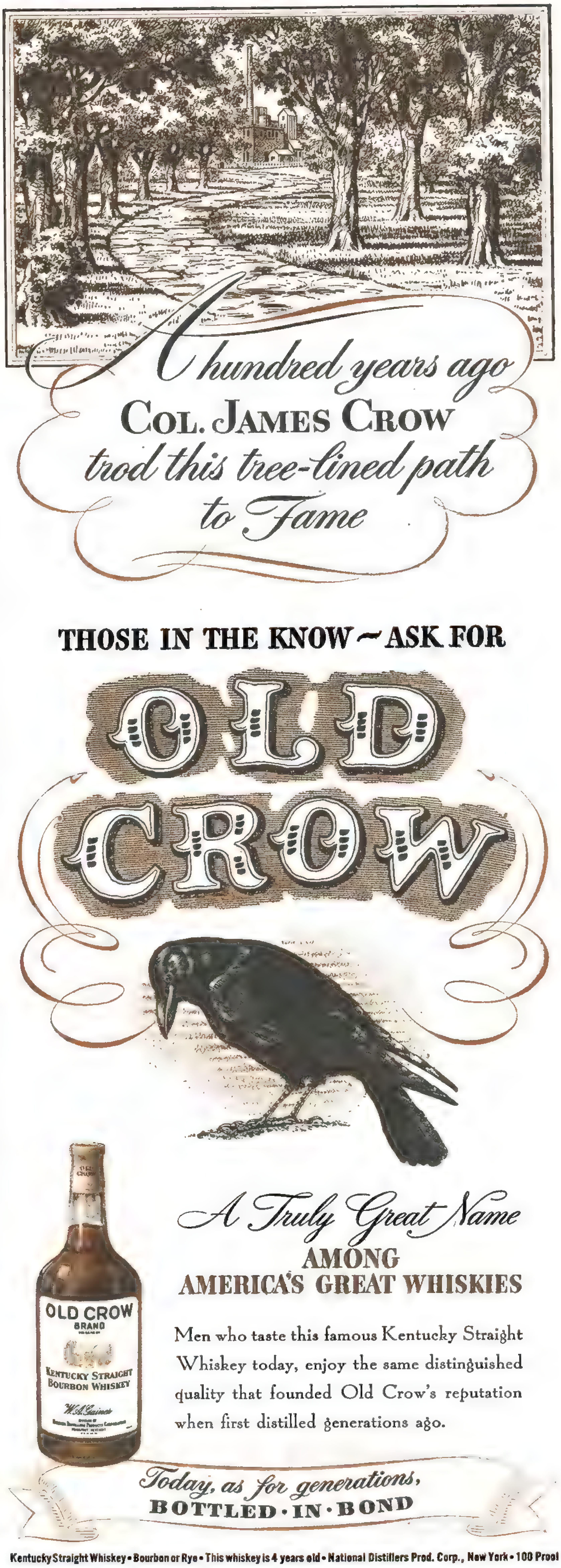
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*



A hundred years ago COL. JAMES CROW *trod this tree-lined path to Fame*

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

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A Truly Great Name AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Men who taste this famous Kentucky Straight Whiskey today, enjoy the same distinguished quality that founded Old Crow's reputation when first distilled generations ago.

Today, as for generations, BOTTLED·IN·BOND

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Cartier

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They'd Rather Hit Triples

Continued from page 59

fident and working together.

There's something about the Cardinals besides just their class and talent: it's their temperament, their approach to the game. They play ball like a bunch of kids, as if they love the game more than anything else in the world; and Southworth to a very large degree is directly responsible for that drive which carries them through the long grind of a big-league campaign. Southworth will talk baseball all day with his players, and all night, too, with sports writers. He himself has that boundless and inexhaustible youthful enthusiasm for the game that is portrayed in the actions of his players on the diamond.

To the onlooker, one of the most impressive things about the Cardinals is the way they run and the way they throw the ball. When a long looping fly drops into the glove of any one of their outfielders, even with nobody on base, the next instant you will see that ball lining in to one of the infielders as if to cut off a runner. They throw as though they like to throw.

It looks good, it dresses up a ball game; it is big league. It puts "shine" on the game; it is good "show business." That's the way it should be; baseball is by its nature a stylish, dressed-up game exhibiting the skill and high spirit of men; it has properly outgrown the old loose brawl game. I was so impressed that I thought perhaps Southworth had told his players to put on an act to dress up the game, to show them off as World Champions. I asked Pepper Martin about this, but he said, "No, it's just that we have that kind of ballplayers—fellows who like to play ball, who like to throw and run. Pops never said anything to them about that. He talks serious baseball all the time, but they do that running and throwing just because they like to, because they are that kind of ballplayers."

Of course there is utilitarian value in running out hits the way they do. A man going down fast to first on a clean line single to the outfield and taking his turn at top speed has a chance of dashing on to second on the slightest slip. It's a beautiful sight to see these men run. Why Hopp and Musial, I'm told, would rather get a triple than a homer because it gives them a chance to stretch out and run. You'll see these boys a dozen runs ahead, making long, hard runs for fouls obviously going into the stands, sometimes even diving into the seats in futile tries. Fourteen runs ahead you'll see their pitchers bear down as

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if the pennant depended on getting out of that jam. They play every inning, every pitch that way—because they like to, and because Southworth has got it into their heads that that is the perfect way to play baseball. They do it because they believe in that idea, and because they happen to be the kind of boys who like to play baseball right.

Sam Breadon was telling me about Stan Musial, the "leading lady" of the team (the "leading lady" of a ball team is its leading hitter), how he was now just like he was when he first came up as a raw, unknown rookie. Fame and success and prosperity haven't changed him a bit. "All he cares about," Sam said, "is to win a ball game. That's all he lives for."

Bill Stewart, the umpire, told me that this was the best-disciplined ball club he had ever seen in all his years in baseball, and he explained how Southworth gets this discipline without ever using the lash. "When he goes out to tell a pitcher to pack up his duds," Bill said, "he'll just talk to the boy in a fatherly way. He'll say, 'Son, it looks like we better make a change. You're not quite right today, not doing yourself justice. Maybe I should have given you another day's rest. But don't let it worry you now. You'll be all right next time out.' And with a pat on the back he sends the boy in, satisfied and feeling right, instead of resentful and discouraged. And don't forget that after you've put in four days getting ready to try to win that ball game that means your livelihood and your family's, one of the longest journeys in the world is that 100 feet or so from the pitcher's mound to the dugout."

And it isn't just the young pitchers coming up who need this careful fatherly handling. The best of them get into jams—even in their best games, like Mort Cooper in that fifth game of the Series. It was his second duel of the Series with Denny Galehouse. Galehouse had beaten him in the

"Unreasonable? He gives me no excuse to divorce him"

Continued on page 146

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They'd Rather Hit Triples

Continued from pages 59-145

first game 2 to 0 when McQuinn hit a homer with Moore on base.

For the first five innings neither team crossed the plate. Then Ray Sanders put the Cards in front in the first half of the sixth with a home run. The Browns struck back in their half, loading the bases with only one out. When Mort walked McQuinn, after getting two strikes on him, it was plain that he was worried. Anxiously he tapped the ball in his glove, glancing at the bench. Walker Cooper yanked off his mask and came out to the box.

At this instant Southworth leaped up and ran out to the center of the diamond. "I didn't come out here to embarrass you, Mort," he said quickly. "I haven't the slightest intention of taking you out. I just want to give you a little breathing spell. You're working a little fast for you."

"We had Stephens struck out," Walker Cooper put in stoutly. "We wouldn't have been in this trouble if Sears had called it right."

"*What* trouble?" snapped Southworth. "*This* is no trouble. Remember what you did in Philadelphia a week ago, Mort. Just pump that fast ball through there, like you did there."

With that remembrance, Southworth turned and hurried back to the bench. By now Cooper was settled down, satisfied, back on his game, the memory of how he had worked his way out of a tough jam to win a 16-inning game in Philly, fresh and refreshening in his mind. Mort promptly fanned both Al Zarilla and Mark Christman, and the Browns' last bid of the Series was blunted.

Mort could have known, of course, that Southworth wasn't going to yank him when he saw Pops running out to the hill. When Southworth runs to the mound, he never takes a pitcher out. But when he walks out there, he means business.

"I was so loaded with confidence," Southworth told me afterwards, "filled with it here [and Billy tapped his chest] I couldn't hold it any longer. I felt that it would burst in a moment, and I knew that, if there was anything to this thought transference stuff you read about occasionally, I wanted to transfer my confidence to him, and the closer I was, the better chance I would have of doing it."

That's the way Southworth feels about transferring his "perfect vision" to his players. "I am unlike most managers," he says, "when my men go in a slump. I don't try to bring them out of it by picking out mistakes. I try

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to shake them out of it by bringing back to them that mental image of what they did when they were at their best. If I succeed, they usually come out of the slump. Sometimes it's tough. But when I myself can recall the vision, then I feel I just have to get them to see it, too. They simply *have* to get my vision."

Take the case of Emil Verban in the Series. Billy took him out for a pinch hitter in the first game, and again in the second, when Ken O'Dea batted for him in the 11th and gave the Redbirds a 3 to 2 11-inning victory with a clean single. In the showers after the game, Verban draped his arm around his manager's shoulders and said: "Some day, skipper, I'm going to prove to you that I'm a better hitter than you think I am."

"Now the Marines have our number"

Southworth grinned and patted him on the back. "Don't worry about that this Series," he said. "We'll work on that next spring. I know you're going to be a fine hitter when you learn to go down on the bat"—(swing from near the end instead of choking the bat). The next day Verban moved down on his bat and in the final game made three hits out of four trips to the plate, drove in the winning run and became the team's leading hitter in the Series with an average of .412.

The strategy of baseball is fixed and stereotyped. One manager doesn't guess much differently from another, or much better. The job is mostly that of handling men, getting the most out of them. All of them work on this to a degree, but I believe Southworth is a step ahead of them all in his fatherly approach, and in the visions of perfection which are peculiar to him. That's a new step, a new trick, a big step forward. It's especially valuable to young, developing players—with which the Cards always seem to be well stocked.

Herein, I believe, lies Southworth's greatest strength as manager for the World Champion Cards. ##

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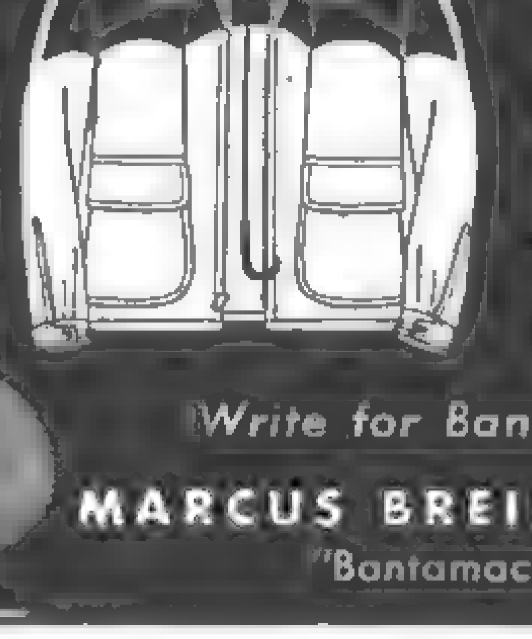

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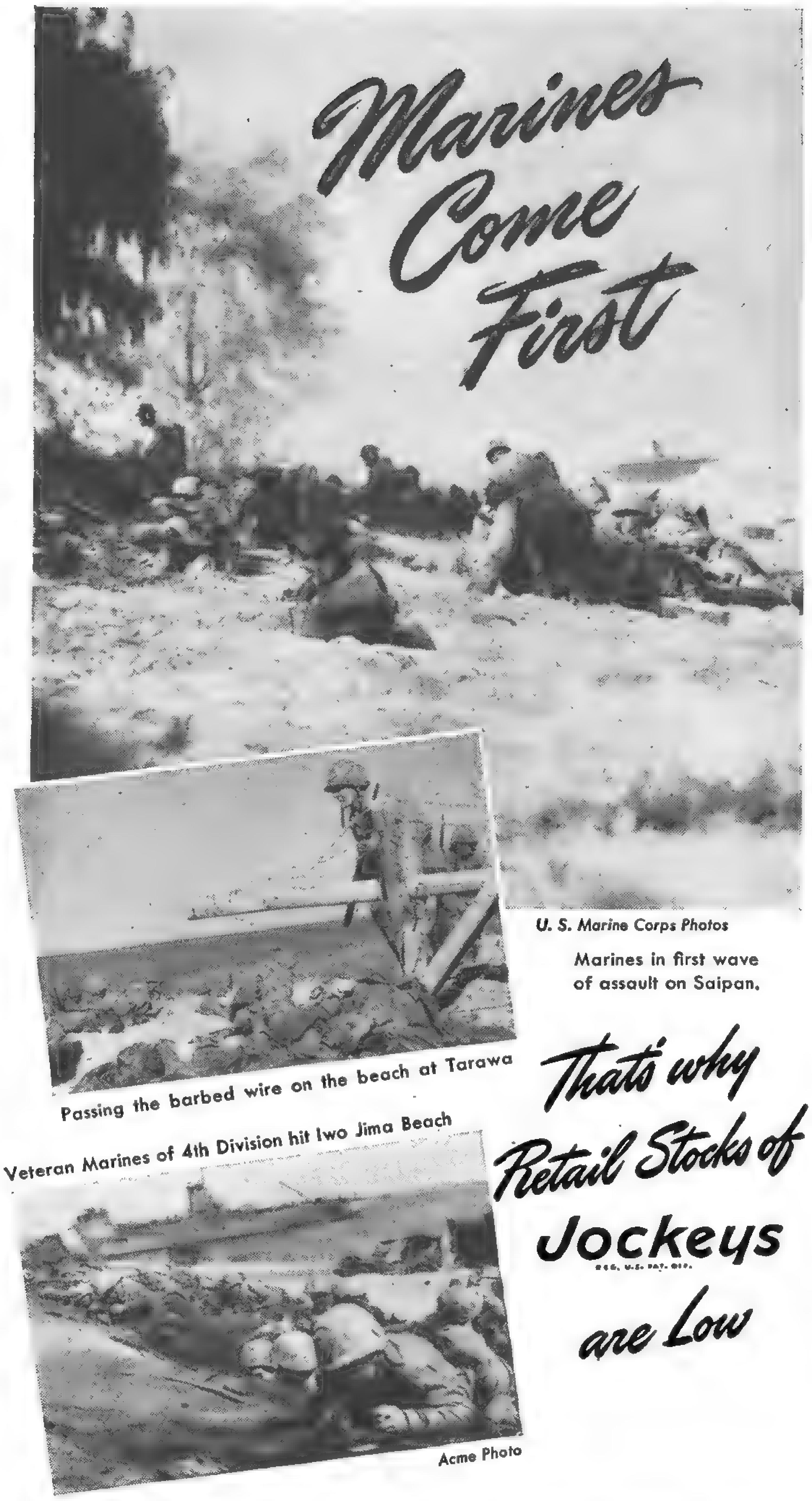

U. S. Marine Corps Photos

Marines in first wave of assault on Saipan.

Passing the barbed wire on the beach at Tarawa

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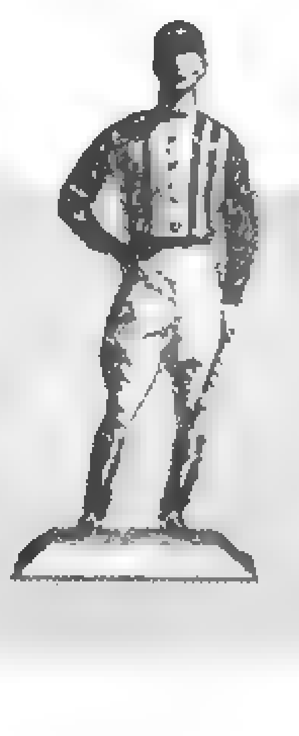

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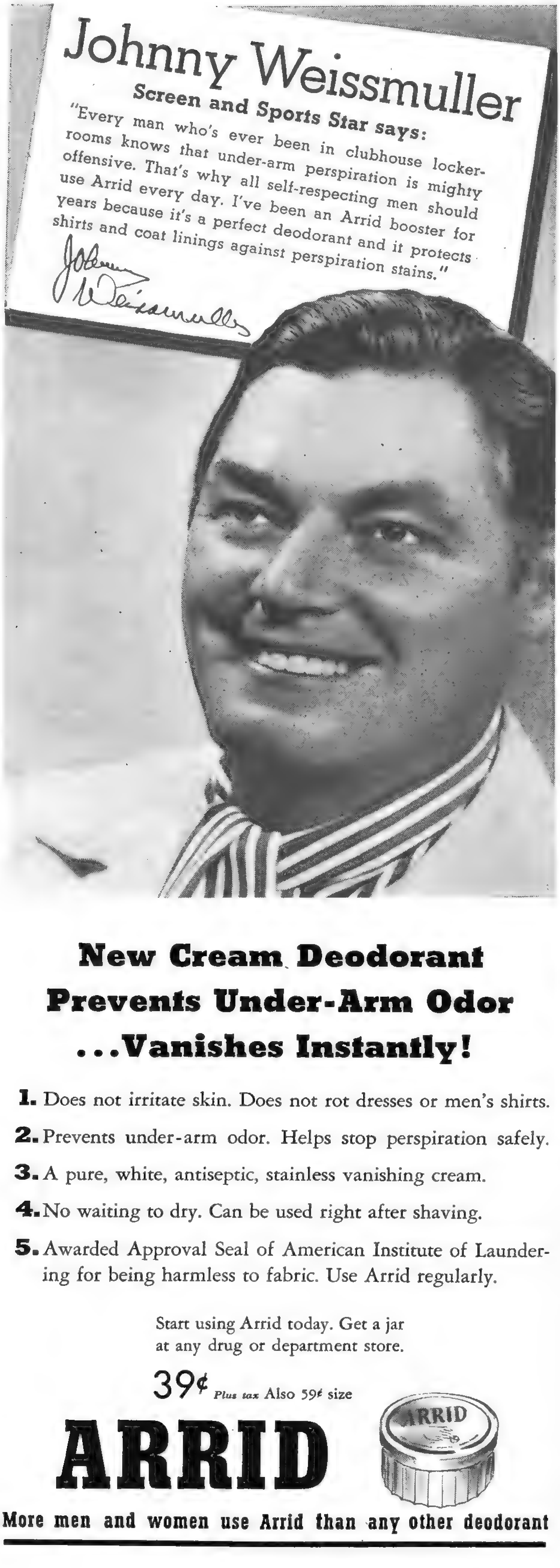

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The Epic Ride of Casey Jones

Continued from bottom of page 75

down the slope toward them, the straining, silent men heard a loud, clear whistle echoing from around the last bend below.

Quickly they turned the train around. While Casey jumped to the ground, oilcan in hand, the men climbed into the gondola. McGrath put on the injector then shook the grates and dumped the ashes. From the gangway Wilkinson spoke hurriedly to the foremen. "If we can get across Death Gulch," he said, "we've got a fighting chance, but the fire is spreading fast."

Hurriedly Casey climbed back into the cab, released the brakes and gave the cylinders steam. The train gathered headway down the steep grade.

The men, huddled under blankets in the gondola, were a reckless lot. But as Casey hurled them through the hell of those burning mountains under a flame-streaked sky that spewed hot embers upon them, they thought of Eternity. They murmured fragments of the prayers their mothers had taught them.

They tore around a curve, and the flanges screamed, straining to keep the wheels on the rails. Casey brought the train to a sudden stop for Death Gulch trestle, just ahead, was on fire. With a grinding, screeching jar of brakes, Wilkinson and Casey pulled their stiff bodies together and quickly climbed down from the cab. The posts and braces under the middle third of the trestle deck were burning hotly. Smoke and embers rose high above the crackling roar. They did not linger. The fire was closing in from behind, and they had but one desperate chance to get across the Gulch. The trestle might hold if they ran fast.

Wilkinson's face was very grave, Casey was leaning out of the window, looking back, McGrath was studying his fire. As the engine backed up the track for a flying start, no one in the gondola spoke.

As Casey threw the lever forward and opened the throttle, big McGrath stooped low over the smaller engineer as if to shield him. He and Casey had been in the same cab for years, and wherever they might be going now, they would go together.

The engine plunged into the flame and smoke, and the trestle trembled with a hollow rumble. Halfway across, the engine lurched as a post gave way and a stringer cracked; the gondola rolled violently as the wheels on one side rose clear of the rail; for an awful moment the car wavered over the abyss below . . .

Then, as the outer rail rose to the spiral and the engine took the curve, Wilkinson looked back. He saw the middle of the trestle sway drunkenly, slump over, and, with a rumbling crash, disappear into the raging hell. As the curve blotted out his view, and he turned back into the cab, his face was ashen. "My God!" was all he said.

Never again will those mountains witness such a sight—the phantom of a blistered, oil-streaked engine with a smoking gondola on behind, racing for very life with a wild, insensate, raging fury gone mad under the lashing drive of a rising gale. Casey, his face blistered and swollen, his square jaw set like iron, and his bloodshot eyes glued to the track ahead, gambled with death at every curve; while McGrath, his overalls smoking, his eyes streaming, and his hair singed, clung to the pitching engine deck as he grimly watched over steam and water.

Perhaps never again will history be burned so deeply into the hearts of the mountaineers. History that mothers sing as they rock their babies. History that inspires mountain boys to high courage and daring, that makes many a mountain girl dream of a knight in blue-overall armor sitting at an engine throttle.

As they plunged into the smoke of Ghost Canyon, and staggered out of one curve and into the next, the men in the cab could hardly keep their places; while in the gondola that writhed as the tortured rails fought with the flanges, weary, half-choked men crouched under blackened blankets. . . .

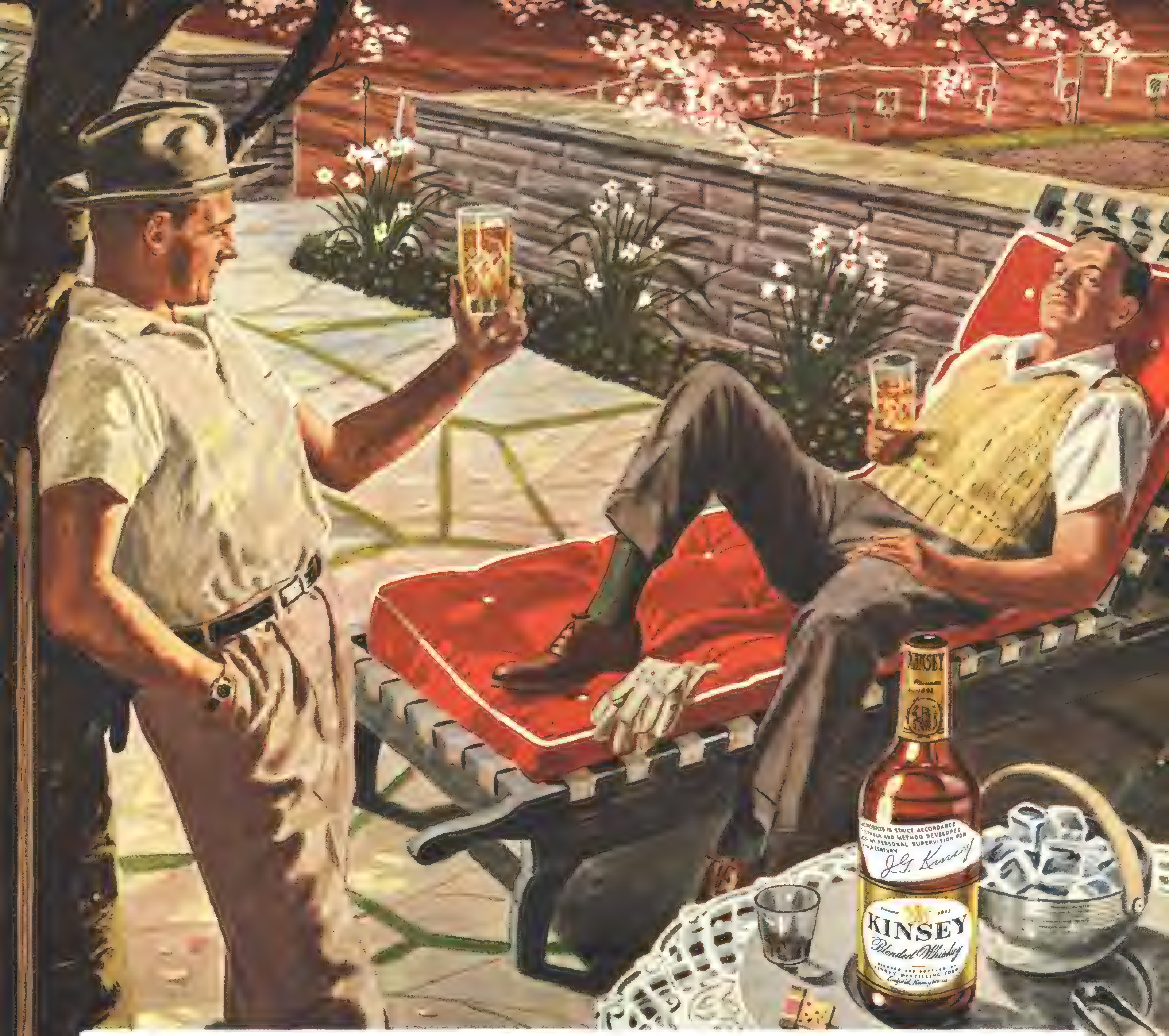
In the peaceful valley below people heard the long, trailing scream of a locomotive whistle far up in The Gap—like a voice from another world. #

WHAT'S YOUR REAL AGE?

(Chart for Evaluating Answers to Quiz on Page 45)

Find the figure closest to your age in the column at the left, then compare your score with the other three columns.

Your Age	*You're young if your score is*	*You're average if your score is*	*You're old if your score is*
25	between 0 and 10	11	over 15
30	between 11 and 20	25	over 35
40	between 20 and 50	56	over 65
50	between 75 and 85	90	over 105
60	between 90 and 115	118	over 130



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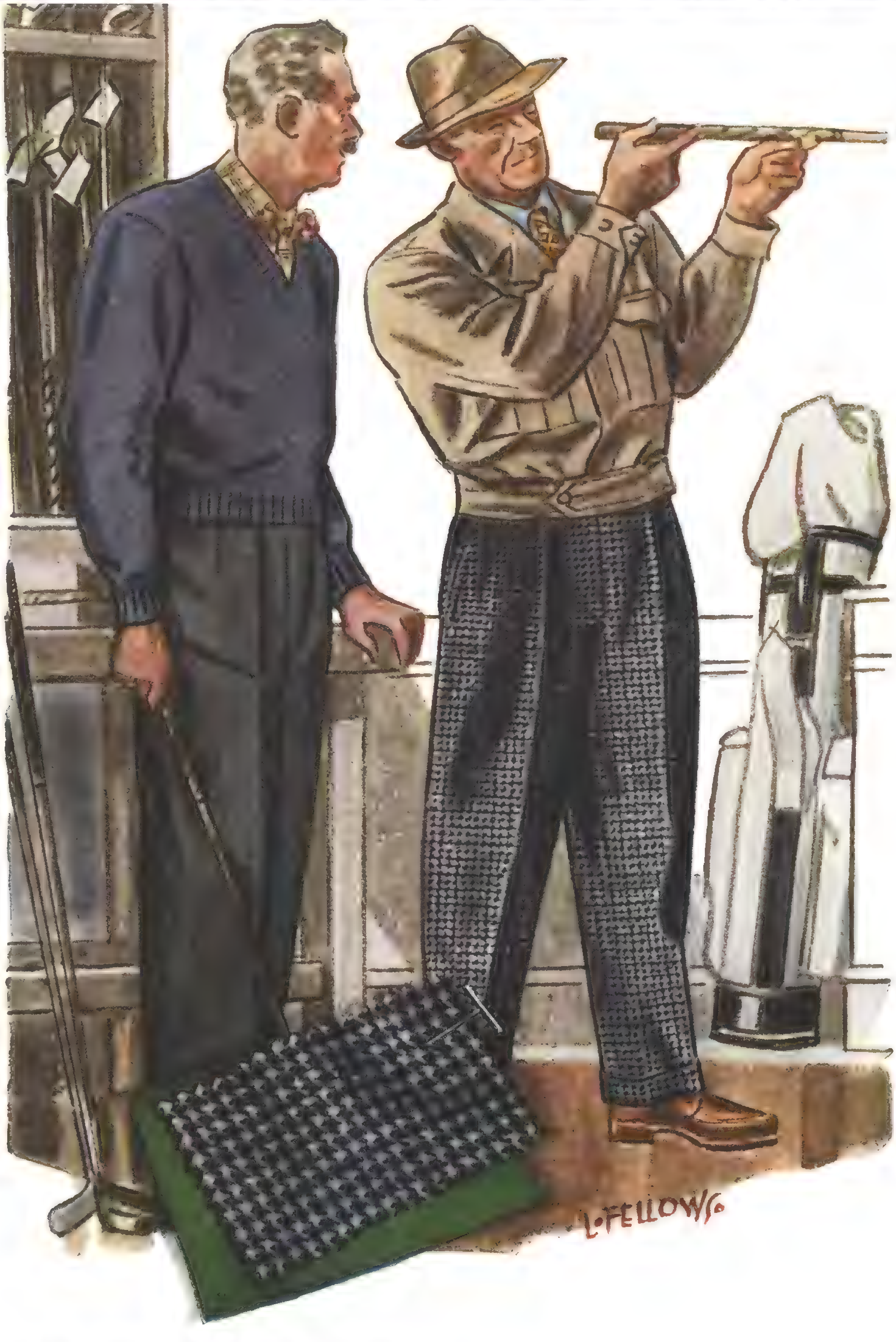
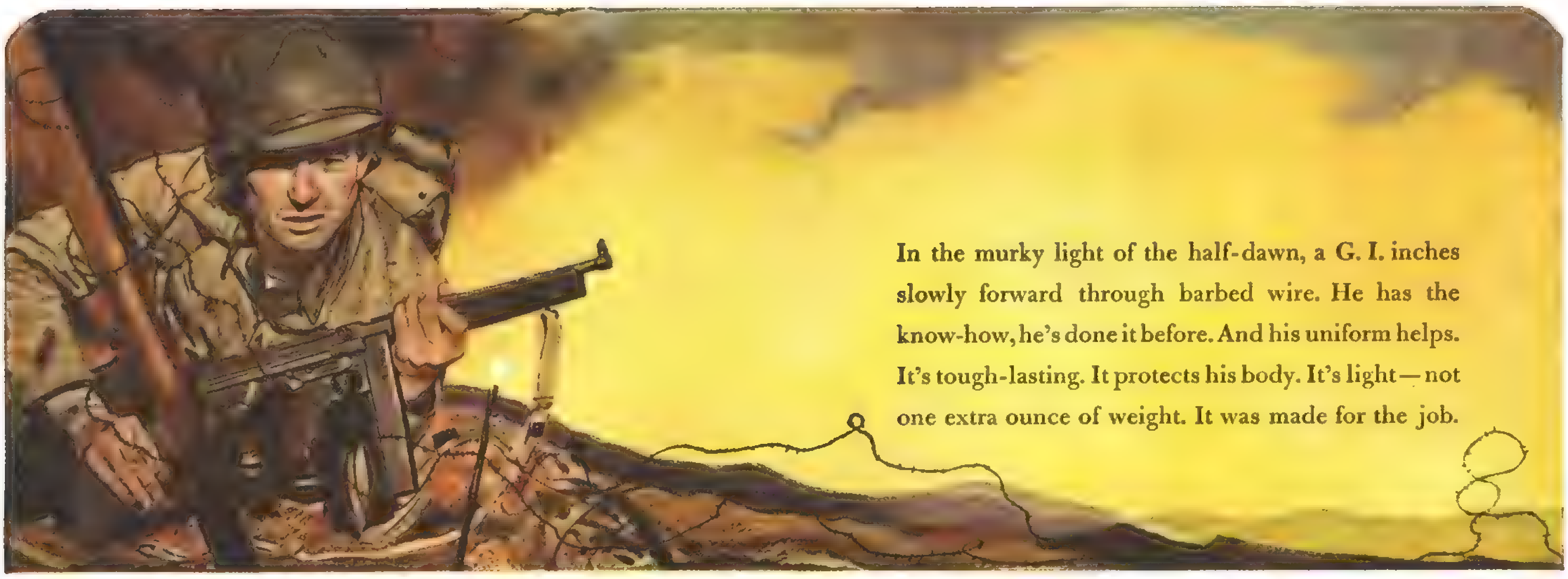


civilian battle jacket

One would assume with its strict regulations regarding uniforms that fashion would be entirely excluded from military dress. But it is not. Army generals have a wide leeway in their personal preferences for attire. General MacArthur's cap with no stiff frame in the top has become favored by many officers. The battle jacket worn by General Eisenhower and others became not only regulation but even a standard for civilian sportswear. We've illustrated and talked about it in earlier issues, and now show it in a Spring check-up of golf clothes. The player looking down the shaft of a club wears this version in processed cotton. It is roomy across the chest, with large pockets. The buttoned band at the bottom fits closely. His hat is also processed cotton. His checked flannel slacks signify a revival of the classic gun club check, as per close-up of sample. Also worn: Oxford shirt, wool tie, moccasin shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



In the murky light of the half-dawn, a G. I. inches slowly forward through barbed wire. He has the know-how, he's done it before. And his uniform helps. It's tough-lasting. It protects his body. It's light—not one extra ounce of weight. It was made for the job.

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Rummy the South American Way

Continued from page 54

ilege of raising and increasing the stakes. If you have a poor hand, no one has the right to raise you and you may play along, occasionally lucking out a victory on a hand you would have thrown away in any other circumstances.

There is an equally valid reason why you should invariably make your blind raise when you are second man (that is, when you are at the dealer's left).

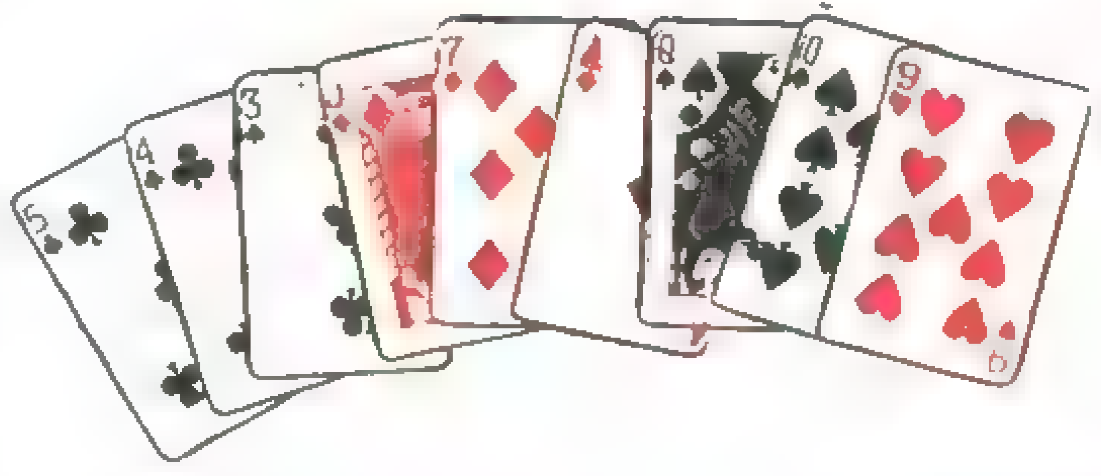
Suppose you do not raise. This makes the dealer the only blind bettor; he alone will have the right to raise. You look at your hand and find that it is just fair. So you stay. Then it comes back to the dealer and he raises. Again your hand is just good enough for a call. And now other players start raising, and by the time it comes around to you again the bet is over 100, whereas you originally thought your hand was worth betting about 15 on. Not being one to throw good money after bad, you drop out and have lost what you put up before.

If you make your maximum blind bet early, when your chance is as good as anyone else's, you save yourself all sorts of problems later.

If the man at your left does not make his blind raise in turn, you become the last blind bettor and have all the advantages of that position. If he does make his blind raise, you may look at your hand before deciding to play along. And if he then raises, everyone else will have acted before it comes around to you again and if there is any sky-high raising you can drop out if you wish.

What sort of hand warrants staying in? What sort of hand justifies a raise?

Any experienced rummy player can look at a hand and tell you whether it is a good one or a bad one. It isn't entirely a matter of the ready-made matched sets that are dealt to you. The following hand is only fair:

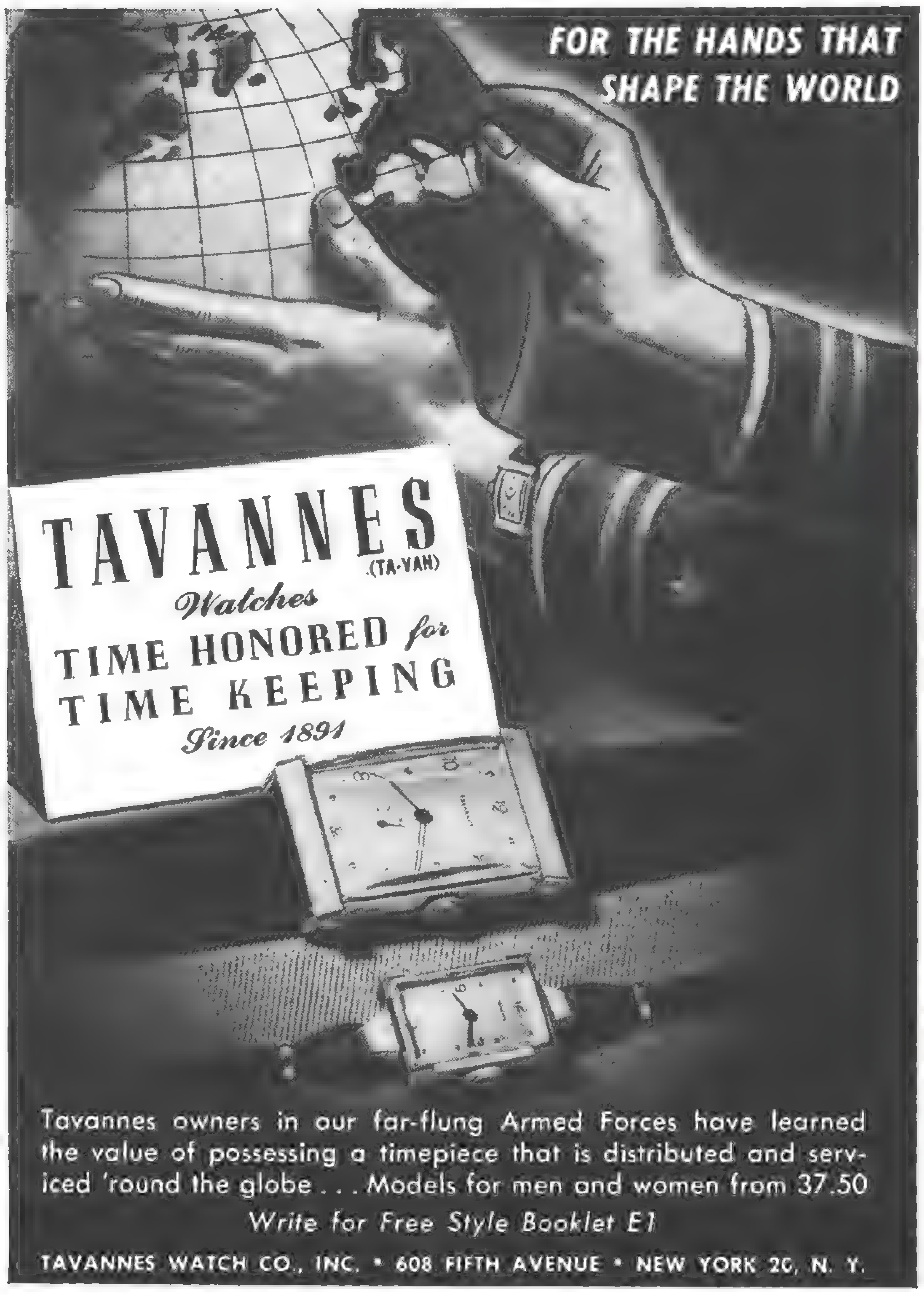


This hand has a ready-made combination in clubs, but only the spade possibility on the side; no other card is of value. But here is a hand which the rummy player would call good, though it includes no matched set:

♠ Q 10 ♣ 10 9 ♥ 9 7 6 ♠ 3 A

Any one of ten cards—♠ J, ♦ 10, ♥ 10, ♣ J, ♣ 8, ♠ 9, ♦ 9, ♥ 8, ♥ 5 or ♠ 2—will give you a matched set and leave you still

Continued on page 154



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Rummy the South American Way

Continued from pages 54-153

with a handful of combinations which can be turned into matched sets on the draw of the right card.

The decision to stay in or to raise is partly a social one. If you are playing in a wide-open game, in which everyone likes to see action even if the odds are against him, you will make yourself highly unpopular if you insist on playing them close to the chest. If you are playing in a hardboiled game, with everyone out to win, you will be a sucker if you buck the odds. From the standpoint of the hardboiled game, here is how you should play:

If drawing a single specific card will put you within one card of going out, you should raise. Here is an example:

♤ K Q J ♥ 10 9 ♦ 9 7 ♠ 6 ♣ 3

The jack or eight of hearts, or the eight of diamonds, will leave you in a position to go out if you draw one card. Raise.

If you have no more than two worthless cards in your hand, stay in, but do not meet a raise. If you have no more than one worthless card in your hand, stay in and meet a raise. Here is another example:

♣ Q J ♥ 10 9 ♦ 9 7 6 ♠ A 5

Every card in this hand except the ace and five of spades may help toward making a matched set; stay in. If the pot is raised, drop. Change the ace of spades to the seven of hearts, giving you this hand:

♣ Q J ♥ 10 9 7 ♦ 9 7 6 ♠ 5

and you should meet a raise, because you have only one card which is complete deadwood.

Players of other rummy games have learned to watch their points: they would rather be stuck with a deuce, which counts only 2 against them, than with a face card, which counts 10 against them. In Pif-Paf the cards you have left are immaterial. The sole objective is to go out.

Kings and aces are the least valuable cards to the other players; these cards fill sequences only at one end (K-Q-J or A-2-3) while any other card may fill a sequence at either end. When choosing among worthless cards to throw away, kings and aces should be saved to last. Dangerous discards—cards which some player across the table probably needs—should be made early. In the later rounds a player may need just one card to go out, and may claim your discard whether you are next to him or not.

"Duplicates"—two identical cards—look good but are worth little. In this hand:

♦ K J 8 ♣ 5 4 3 ♥ 7 7 ♣ 8

THE Wat-a-tite STORY
THE HEAT'S ON—

BUT BUGBEE'S* SCHOOLED TO KEEP COOL THE WAT-A-TITE WAY!

Dean H. Z. Bugbee,* P.O.P. (Prince of Precipitation) and well-known head of Rainwear U. is NOT sacrificing one ounce of comfort in the above demonstration. He's merely emphasizing the fact that Wat-a-tite lets fabrics "breathe" by keeping fabric pores open.

Bugbee's water-soaked students will further welcome the news that Wat-a-tite repels rain, wind and snow and will note that several proper** dry cleansings do not remove Wat-a-tite, and that Wat-a-tite does not weaken (sometimes strengthens) garments. Also, that Wat-a-tite garments won't stiffen or crack in cold weather.

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THE Lamb KNIT GOODS COMPANY
COLON MICHIGAN

if the six of diamonds is picked up, it should be saved and one of the sevens of hearts should be thrown away. With wild luck, a six-card sequence may be made in clubs or diamonds; there is less chance of making up four or more sevens.

"After they rescued us—did you ***have*** *to kick about the food?"*

In Pif-Paf you should concentrate on getting three of a kind. Four of a kind are not worth much, except in unusual circumstances. It is usually better to throw away the fourth card of a set, as in ♠ Q-J-10-9, than to give up a chance for a three-card set outside, as when you hold ♠ 9-8 and ♥ 8.

When you get within one card of going out you are entitled to pick up the vital card no matter who discards it, and your chance of getting it is multiplied many times. The first player to get within one card of going out almost invariably wins.

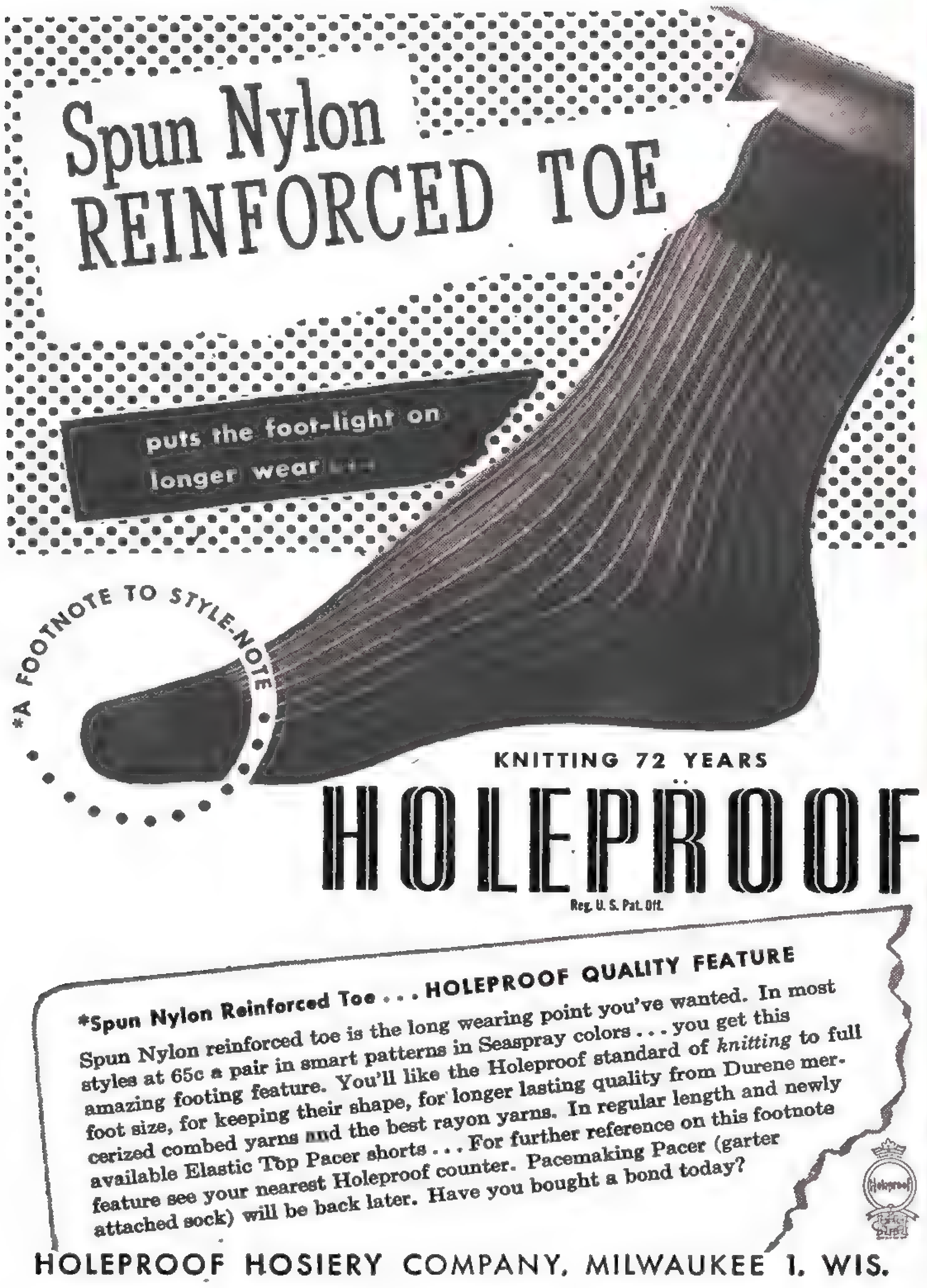
So, when you have two matched sets, it is worth-while to pick up a good possibility, rather than draw blindly from the unknown cards. For instance, if you have:

♠ 9 8 7 ♥Q ♠Q ♦Q ♣5
♥3 ♠A

and the player before you discards the ♥5, pick it up fast and throw the ♠ A. You will now have 5-5-3, and can go out if you can get the ♠ 5, ♦5 or ♥ 4. Nothing you could have drawn from the stock could possibly have put you in better position.

As in all rummy games, it is necessary in Pif-Paf to watch the cards that are discarded, and to remember the cards the other players pick up and so figure out what they are saving and what they want. The information gained from the most careful observation may cause you to break almost any "rule" that might be laid down.

Furthermore, any rule may fail to work out to your advantage every now and then. If the thought of that is liable to cause you any disappointment, console yourself with the thought that the uncertainty of Pif-Paf is what makes it so much fun. ⧻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longer wear ...

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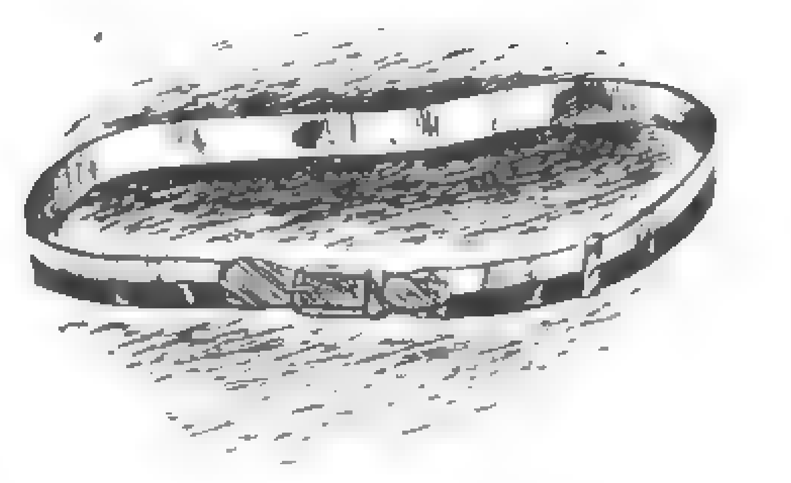
Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

How to Laugh on the Air

Continued from page 88

questions, with the answers to follow a general line—in the man's own words. After Trout, several others took on the job and it worked; at least it worked better than the other method, which we had to use occasionally.

Since then, reasons of security have almost banished the free interview from the air. You hear a man tell how in a raging sea, with sharks around him, he saw a rescue plane approaching and out of it, to save his life, came the brother he had thought dead; but you don't hear him tell it. You hear him stumbling over the words—words he'd never use; "my mother was believed—my mother was bereaved . . ."; the event is reported, the human being is nowhere. Yet a hundred servicemen's quizzes proved that nearly everyone can—and wants to—speak on the air; and Phil Baker and Ralph Edwards testify how often a seemingly stupid guest can floor them with quick repartee. You have to be careful to warn them not to be obscene or blasphemous. But it's funny—they don't want to be either. They're anxious to be decent.



The ribbon belt of blue and gold combines with many different types of slacks.

It is Utopian to think of free-running conversation on the air, so let's not think of it. Let's only come to some general agreement that the artificiality is recognized—and that it doesn't extend to the laugh. The average person, talking about something vitally interesting, doesn't make you or anyone else laugh. If he thinks of something funny, he is likely to warn you, saying, "this will give you a laugh"—and even then he's usually afraid it won't.

So let radio accept the new convention—that comedians make us laugh; and jockeys telling how they won the race, restaurant keepers telling how they obeyed the O.P.A., and other spectacular characters, do *not*. Then, so help me, if a laugh comes out of either speaker, we will have laughed first. Because that, I should think, is the cardinal rule—to let the listener at home decide when to laugh—not to force him.

Everything else about radio is heavenly perfect. ⌗

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Style and ease combine to an unusual degree in these superb leisure jackets by Monarch. Style that stems from Monarch's well-earned leadership in the field of sport and leisure wear. Ease that comes from "comfort-crafting"—a Monarch contribution insuring the complete body freedom so desired by active men and boys.

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COMFORT-CRAFTED
Monarch
MILWAUKEE
BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST

You Can Do It in a Mock-Up

Continued from page 53

once he would be allowed a free hand. In Hollywood, a writer fought the producers. In the Army, he fought the majors and colonels.

He was glad when Stacy came back into the room.

"This field is for women pilots"

"Come and sit here," the major said, patting his long, slender thighs.

"Too bony," Stacy said, and dragged up a footstool. She sat close to her husband, head resting against his knee.

"Has he told you all about it, Lieutenant?"

"I don't think he has told me everything," Gordon said quickly. "But I think enough to plan the general treatment."

"Stop me if I'm prying into professional secrets," Stacy said, and her smile seemed forced. "But how would you go about treating the high altitude jump?"

"We could have a camera plane flying alongside," Gordon said.

"It isn't feasible at that altitude," the major said quietly.

"The mock-ups help us over a lot of hurdles," Gordon said, smiling.

"Darling," the major said. "The lieutenant and I haven't discussed that part of the film. Supposing you save your questions for later."

She smiled up at him. "I am now standing in the corner wearing a dunce cap and a big sign 'I talked out of turn . . .' "

Gordon spent the best part of the following morning reading over the reports and technical data Major Morrissey had given him. In the afternoon he went over to the flight line and spoke to some of the pilots who had made emergency bail-outs. They all seemed reluctant to talk, and he realized he would have to depend mostly on the major. He went in to see him just before five.

"How did you make out?" the major asked.

"Oh, I learned a good bit," he

Continued on page 158

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by TexTan
of YOAKUM, TEXAS

YOAKUM MEANS FINE LEATHER

You Can Do It in a Mock-Up

Continued from pages 53-157

said. "Say, I was reading up on that high altitude. You know, we could do a pretty smooth job on that with animation—little comedy characters like gremlins floating down through the rarefied atmosphere, or free-falling the way it's explained in the book. The boys would really get a laugh out of that."

"They probably would," the major said, drily.

Gordon leaned over the desk. "Major, I still don't know why you're making that jump. From what I've read of the mock jumps they made in the pressure chambers, an actual jump isn't necessary."

"The pressure chamber isn't the sky," Morrissey said. "We have some figures on descent into breathable air—but I'd like to check up on them."

Gordon nodded.

"Those figures won't alter the general treatment of the picture," he said. "We can always dub them in later. You may not believe this, Major, but I feel that I could go back to the studio today and write a script which wouldn't miss a trick."

The major stared. "Any particular reason why you're in a hurry to get back to the studio, Lieutenant?"

Gordon's eyes opened wide. "Why no—none at all!"

"Good! If there were not such an urgent need for the picture, I'd like to have you spend a month or two just going around the air bases getting information on bail-outs. If you ever reached the point where you wanted to make a jump yourself, I think we'd have a first-class training film."

Gordon chuckled.

"You've almost got me eating out of your hand," he said.

The following evening, Hollister, the public relations officer, took Gordon to the officers' club for the weekly buffet dinner and dance.

Gordon spotted Stacy and the major dancing together. Morrissey danced with his shoulders hunched over, looking down into Stacy's face. She wore a long flared gown of olive green. More than ever she reminded Gordon of Ingrid Bergman.

Following Gordon's gaze, Hollister said: "Nice couple. I tried to do a story on Morrissey for the camp paper but he won't talk. Loathes publicity. All I learned was that he used to be an obstetrician. Now he's a flight surgeon. Everybody's talking about that jump he's going to make. It's never been attempted before. But I can't do a story until he's made it, and even then I'm really

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2—the praises of a grand razor blade—Personna! Honestly, it gives me the *closest, smoothest* shaves I've ever had. And *fast,* too!

3—Yes, indeed. I just naturally break into that song about a *beautiful morning* after every slick Personna shave. That's because *Personna has the edge!*

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afraid that it will be restricted."

Gordon said: "I wish he had made the jump before I got here. I had myself all faired off for a playfest in the big town this week end, and here I am."

Hollister grinned: "It's tough all over. How's Hollywood?"

Gordon shrugged. "The guys with ulcers are getting all the screen credits there these days."

Stacy smiled as they danced by. She didn't seem to have a care in the world.

At six o'clock next morning, Gordon was called to the phone. It was Morrissey.

"We're planning to make that jump this morning," he said. "The weather's perfect. I'll send a jeep over and you can have breakfast with us if you like—then we'll drive down to the line."

Driving to the major's quarters, Gordon looked up at the sky. Eastward, over the roofs of the great hangars, a pale orange glow was spreading in a broad, shimmering quadrant. The sky itself was a blue pastel wash. He thought of words in the reports he had been reading—troposphere, anoxia, aero-embolism. They were all part of that desolate, empty blue wash. You went up in a plane—the atmosphere pressure changed, and things happened to you. It looked so harmless—a clear, blue sky—nice day for the beach.

On the drill field, a few flights of soldiers were doing their early morning calisthenics. Side straddle hop—Hup, two, Hup, two!—the drill sergeant's voice came to Gordon like a delayed take.

The jeep rolled into the driveway . . .

Stacy said: "How do you like your eggs, Lieutenant?"

"Straight up."

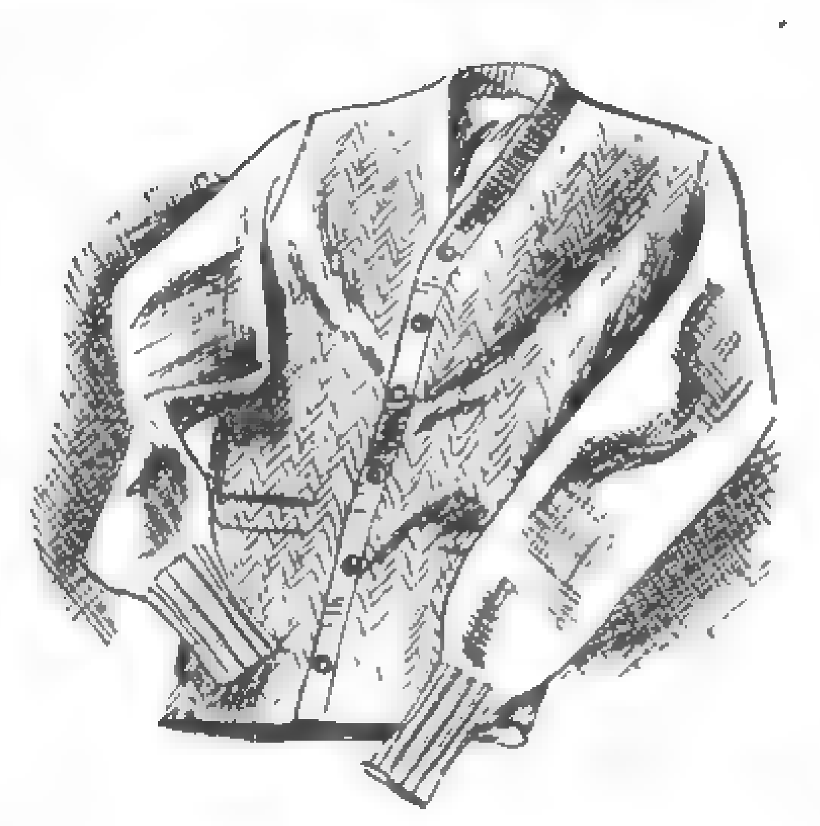
He couldn't be sure, but he thought she had been crying—or perhaps she was a little sleepy. But she was smiling when she brought his eggs to him.

"You're lucky," she said. "Roger and Bobby had to take theirs scrambled."

The major looked older this morning. There were furrows bracketing his upper lip and the lines under his eyes were dark.

"There's one thing I want to

Continued on page 160



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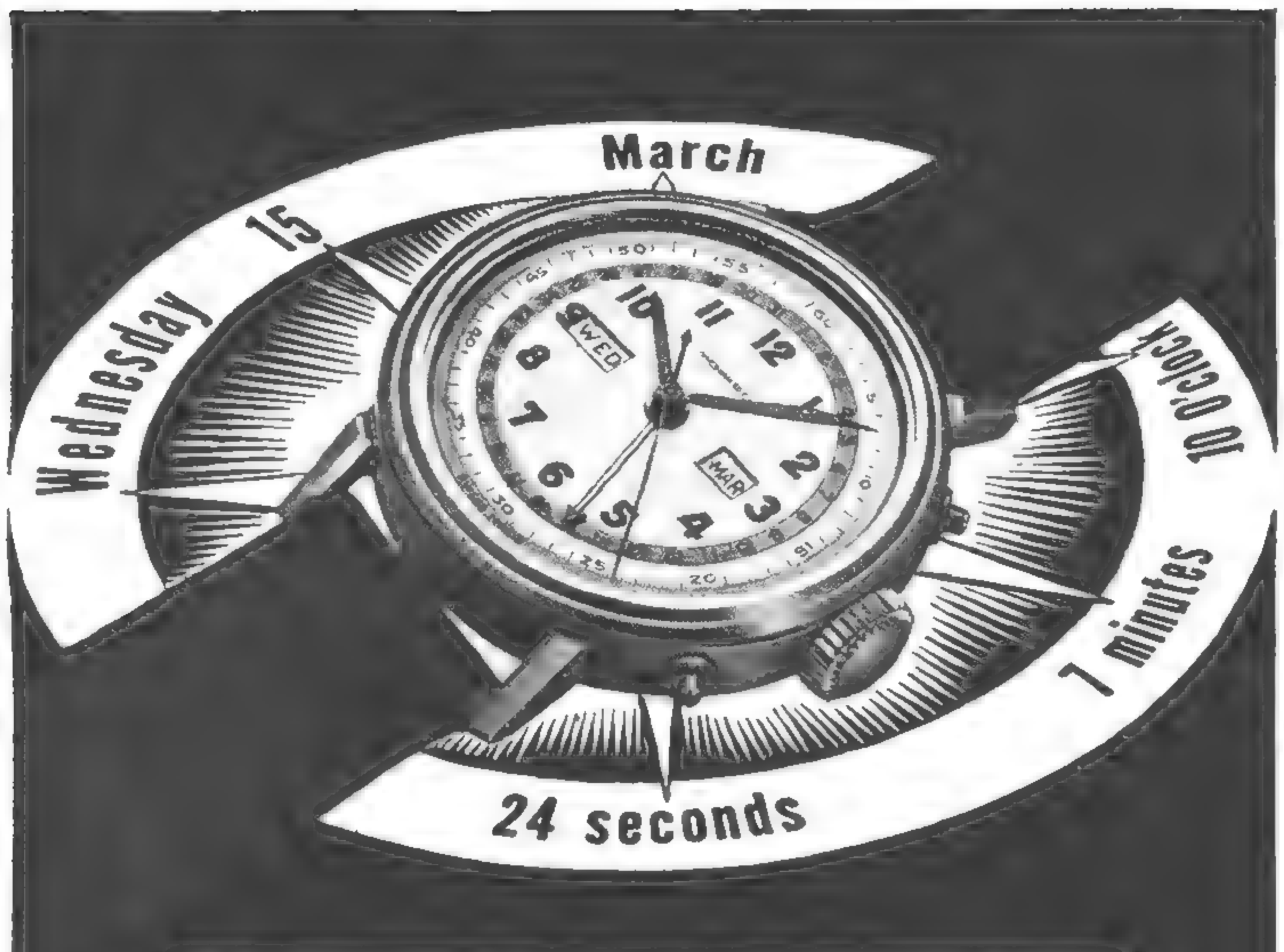

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You Can Do It in a Mock-Up

Continued from pages 53-157-159

tell you now in case I haven't time later," he said to Gordon. "When I land, try and get to me first. Ask me how long I held my first breath of oxygen. The others will clock me down."

Gordon nodded.

Bobby said: "They're going to let me have Dad's oxygen bottle as a souvenir and the pilot is going to autograph it for me."

The major looked at his watch. "We ought to be shoving off," he said, rising.

"If we get off the ground as planned," he told Stacy, "I'll be home around two."

Starting to the door, Gordon looked back for a moment. Stacy's arms were up about her husband's shoulders, stretched as if in prayer. She looked tinier than ever.

The major came to the door with Bobby riding piggy-back. He lowered him on the porch. Then he walked down the path to the waiting jeep. When the jeep started, he turned and gave Stacy and the boy a salute . . .

The jeep turned onto the ramp and chugged into silence.

"There she is," the major said, hurdling the side panel of the jeep. Gordon clambered out and stared at the Fortress—broad, squat and powerful.

A pilot strolled over.

"Morning, Major," he said. He was a young, lanky fellow, wearing a summer flying suit, the sleeves rolled high.

"This is Captain Tennyson. Lieutenant Gordon," the major said. "The captain's piloting the ship."

Tennyson said, "Soon as she's tanked up, we'll do a few turns around the field. You can come along for the ride or start getting your equipment together, whichever you prefer, Major."

"I think I'll sit the first ride out," Morrissey grinned. "The old man will be down pretty soon and I've notified the technical unit. They ought to be here directly."

As he spoke, a command car shot around the west hangar.

Gordon followed Major Morrissey and the newly arrived officers into the hangar room. The major's equipment was laid out neatly on a bench. Fleece-lined flying suit, wool socks, heavy boots, oxygen mask, parachute and emergency pack, a small first-aid kit, a number of small instruments. The talk was fragmentary and technical. He could not see how any of it would help him write the training film. All this activity so that the major could prove what had already been determined by test. And the result might mean changing two lines of

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narration in the whole script . . .

He felt that the film would have lost nothing if the major had allowed him to leave, as he had tried to suggest.

Suddenly he heard the insistent moan of an energizer and the roar of the engaging engine. He walked out and stood on the ramp, watching, until she was warm and ready for taxiing.

The engines barked deeply in the test run-up of power and swung on to the runway.

He watched her lift into the air.

He thought suddenly the take-off of a four-engined bomber was the most beautiful shot in the world.

The major was beginning to put on his flying clothes. The phone rang. One of the engineering officers took it.

TAXI
TAXI
15¢5

"With that ladder through the skylight, he carries three more customers"

"It was the tower," he said, as he hung up. "No. 2 engine is cutting out. Tennyson's coming in to land and says he wants you to put the jump off until tomorrow."

The major stared at the ground. "Damn No. 2 engine," he said. "I wasn't jittery until now . . ."

In silence, the officers left . . .

The following day, there was no flying, but towards evening the sky cleared and the weatherman gave them the green light for the next morning. That evening, Major Morrissey called him at his quarters.

"We're going to make a little later start tomorrow," he said. "Nine o'clock at the hangar will be okay."

"How do you feel, Major?" Gordon asked.

"I didn't sleep last night," he said. "But I will tonight."

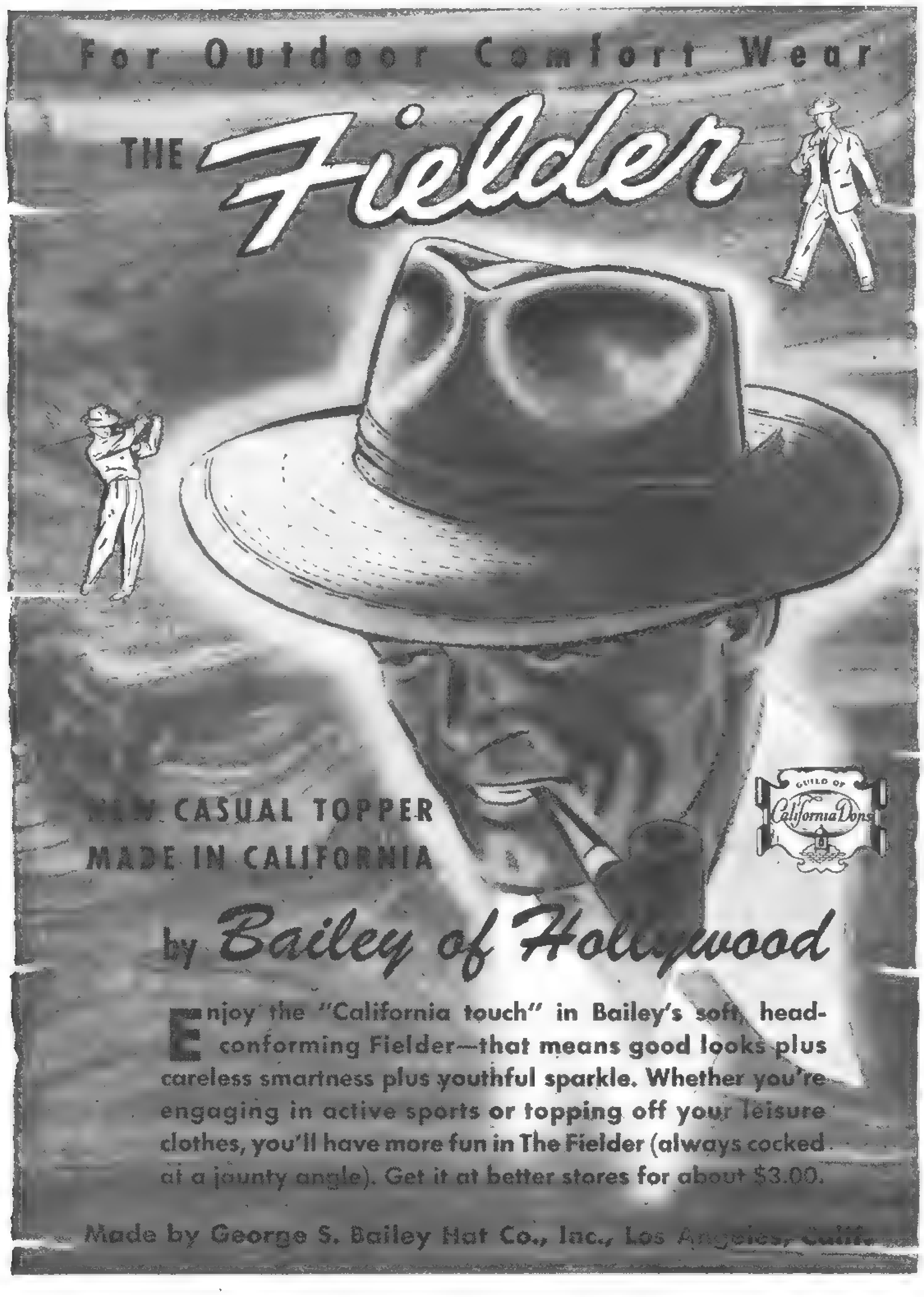
Gordon was going to ask after Stacy, but refrained.

Next morning, when he arrived at the hangar, they were all there, waiting for the take-off. The major looked heavy in his flying clothes, and his brow was moist.

Gordon watched him climb into the plane. When he lands, Gordon thought, I've got to get to him and ask about the oxygen. But how will I know where he lands?

The hatches of the plane slammed shut. He saw the pilot raise a finger—and then the pro-

Continued on page 162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DUTCH MASTERS

You Can Do It in a Mock-Up

Continued from pages 53-157-159-161

peller of No. 1 began to turn, engaged, and spun into a deep, compelling roar. . .

Gordon stood by the radio receiver, listening to the cracked, wheezing voice that was Captain Tennyson.

"Tower. This is Army 494. On oxygen at fifteen thousand feet. Everything okay."

Almost half an hour had passed. The officers sat smoking, dragging on cokes. Someone told the story about the dumb pilot who brought his plane in wheels up and never knew it because his landings were always bumpy. There was a scatter of laughter.

When Captain Tennyson announced that he was at thirty-five thousand feet, the men grew restless. Gordon stared up at the sky, and now he could see the vapor trails streaming from the unseen plane.

"Preparing to make standard rate turns at prescribed altitude," he heard the voice saying over the radio. "Estimate parachute landing one mile north of field in one five minutes. I repeat—one five minutes."

Gordon felt the quickened beat of his heart. The men synchronized their watches.

He climbed into a crowded jeep and they sped out through the north gate. There was an apple orchard and a cornfield and beyond, a rolling pasture. A mule feeding in the pasture laid back his ears and showed the whites of his eyes as they approached. They parked the jeeps and climbed to a piece of rising ground.

"We ought to get rid of the mule," someone said.

"Let him alone. There's plenty of room."

One of the engineering officers said: "He should be leaving the plane in three minutes. If the free-fall figures are right, his parachute will open at fifteen hundred feet at six minutes after eleven."

Gordon stared up at the sky—watching the vapor write a zero overhead. His eyes tired and he looked down at the landscape. It was nice country—soft green fields, clumps of trees, glowing in the sun—peaceful and serene.

Airplanes, high-altitude jumps, pilots breathing their life's breath through oxygen masks, were right out of this world.

"He's coming!" someone yelled, pointing.

Gordon searched the sky with straining eyes. A tiny black spot—was that he? But the spot merely jumped a little as if it were a mote in his eye. And then he saw him, and he was surprised how sharply he appeared against the sky. A mannikin—

IT'S NEW
AND IT'S A
STETSON
THE STETSON SHOE

THE SHOE SHOWN IS THE "BREEZE"

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

hurtling down, legs close together, feet first, arms crossed.

"It'll open now," someone said.

Gordon gulped his breath, and in the second that it took, the mannikin dropped 160 feet closer to the earth.

"Open your parachute!" someone shouted.

It aroused them all to the speed of his descent and they took up the cry, yelling at the tops of their lungs.

"Pull your ripcord! Pull it man! Pull that handle!"

Their screaming lay over the pasture like the sound of wind through the trees...

They began running, Gordon with them.

They were still running when the body hit in the cornfield, and Gordon heard the crump of the impact over the sound of his own voice.

Gordon felt his knees buckle under him and suddenly it was as if a black strip of cloth had been pulled swiftly through behind his eyes and out through his throat, and he began to vomit...

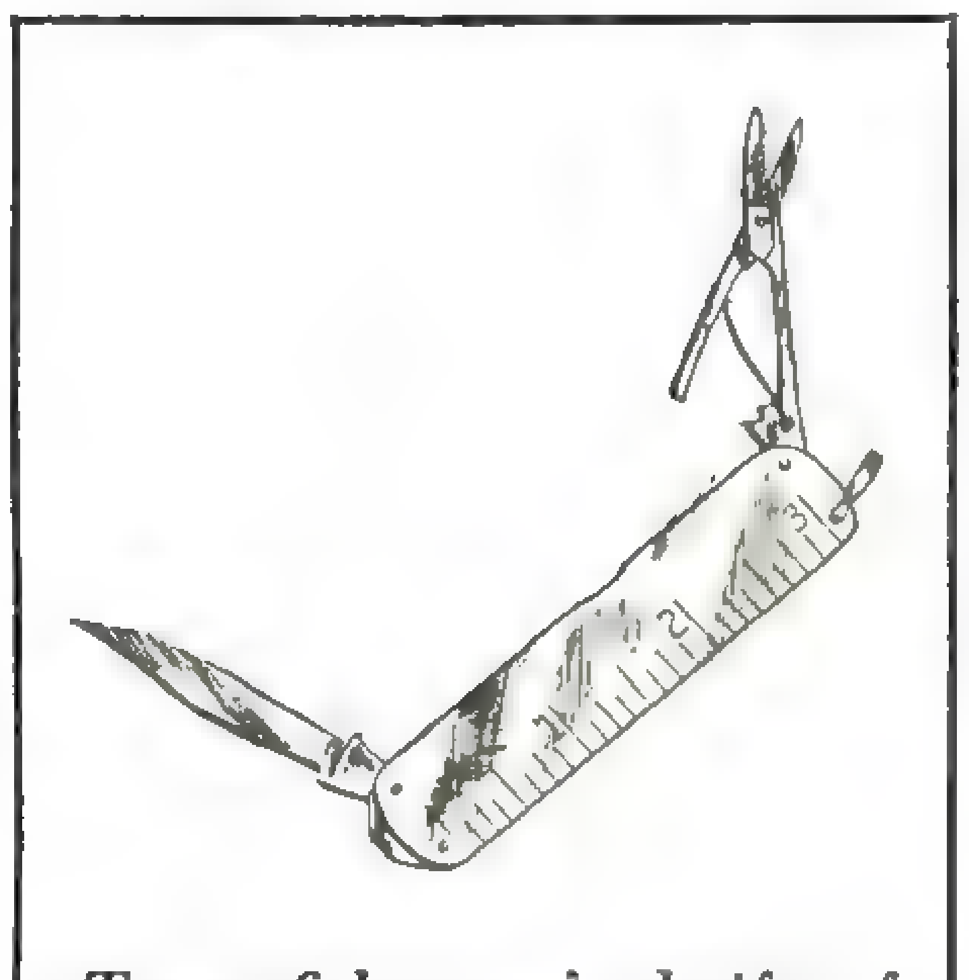
The ambulance bounced up the road and swung into the field, cutting a swath through the corn.

They don't need me over there, Gordon thought, remembering that the major had asked him to be among the first to get to him when he landed.

God—why didn't he pull that ripcord!

Perhaps he was already dead on the way down, dead from anoxia, from freezing, or perhaps he had been alive and didn't know how close he was to the ground. One of a dozen reasons—reasons which proved that the sky was not like an experimental pressure chamber.

He heard the drone of a plane, and saw the sun glinting off the fuselage of the Fortress.

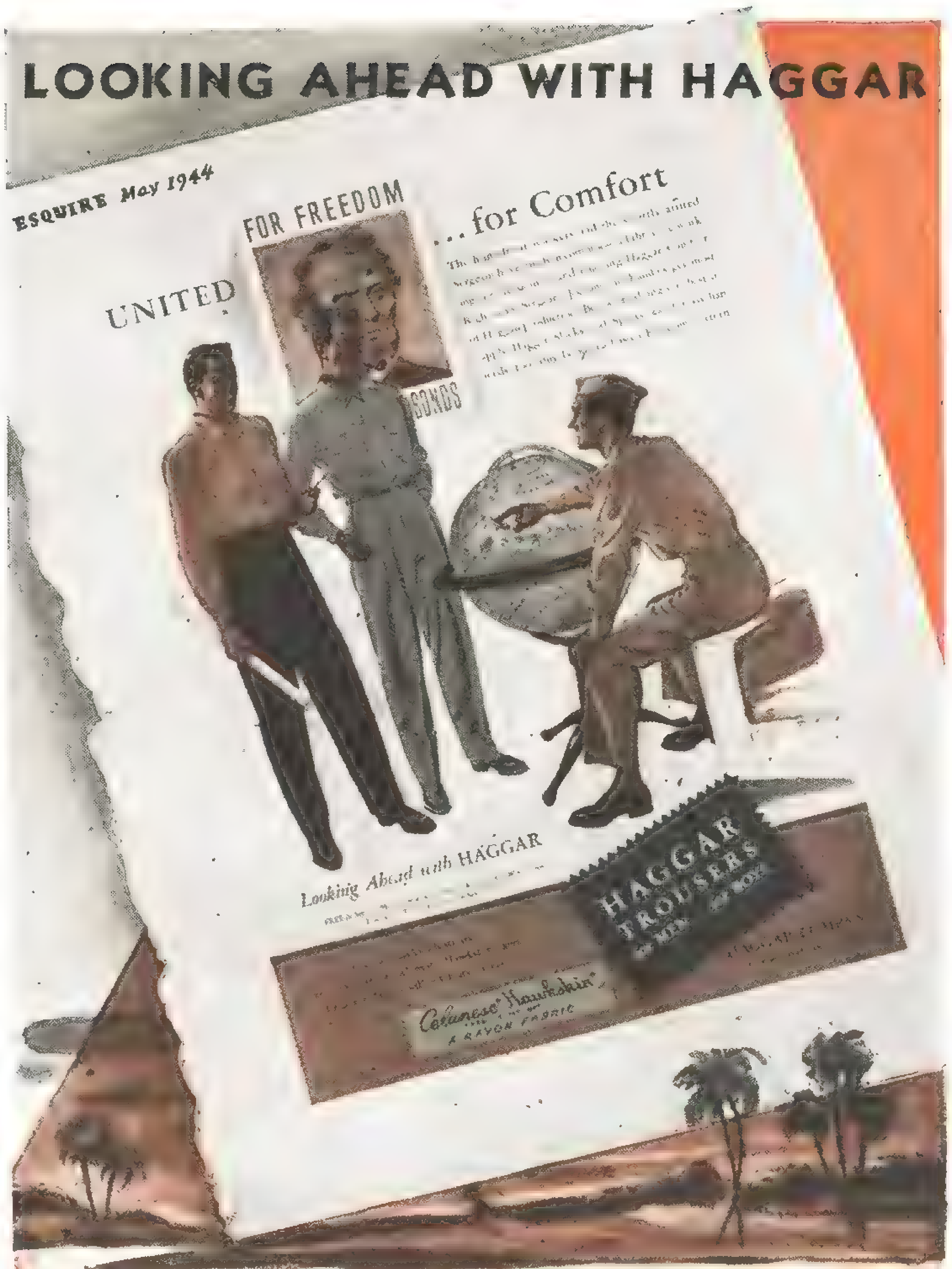


Trout fisherman's knife of chromium has measurement workings, sharp blade and scissors.

Going back to the base, he kept trying to shut out of his mind the opening scene for the training film, which he had glibly suggested to the major.

We dissolve to a close-up of the burning wreckage. The narrator goes on: Yes—he is dead. Why did that man die? There was no need for that man to die. #

Blatz Beer
SPRINGTIME...and ALL TIME...
for Good Taste
Blatz
PILSENER BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS • IN OUR 94th YEAR



A LIEUTENANT COMMANDER*
MAKES A *Suggestion*

From *"Somewhere in the South Pacific"* a U. S. Navy officer recently wrote us, enclosing the page torn from *Esquire* reproduced above:

> *"Enclosed herewith you will find a copy of your advertisement in the May, 1944, issue of* ESQUIRE.
>
> *"This is quite interesting because... you will note the most appropriate caption,* "LOOKING AHEAD WITH HAGGAR," *as the soldier puts his finger* EXACTLY *on* LEYTE ISLAND, *where our forces first landed in the Philippines.*
>
> *"It appears that your artist must have worked with his chin resting on General McArthur's shoulder, for most of the rest of us "experts" (including the Japs) expected the attack to hit Mindanao.*
>
> *"You might in view of the above, change your slogan to something like "Bet with Haggar and keep your pants."*

*Name withheld in respect to Naval regulations.

Thank you, Commander, for an appreciated suggestion. We confess that our predicting Leyte was purely coincidence. But it isn't coincidence that we predict men in service will welcome *Haggar Slacks* and *Haggar Sportswear* when those joyful "Back to Civilian Days" come. Let's buy bonds to insure their speedy return.

FREE **ESPECIALLY TO SERVICE MEN**

... Free! Write for Haggar's booklet, "Keeping Up with Your Trousers." A humorous illustrated history. Write *Haggar* Company, Dallas, Texas.

HAGGAR
TROUSERS

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
PORT
SPAIN
A tradition of excellence for nearly 150 years
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

World's Most Pressured Industry

Continued from page 62

Washington prepared with the right answers and the evidence—and the probe blew up in the red faces of its sponsors.

Congressmen, reformers and almost any public or private individual seeking to get into the headlines have always been able to achieve this end by introducing a bill or launching an attack against the movies. In Congress alone forty-five bills and resolutions dealing with regulation of the film industry have been introduced. The number of proposed state measures and city ordinances runs into the thousands.

Thus the industry is required to maintain constant guard, and frequently go to enormous expense, just to protect itself from snipers who consider it permanent open season for game like the movies.

One reason for all this jumping on the motion pictures—aside from their glamorous aspects, which make them a desirable target for the exhibitionists, and their immense public hold, which arouses jealousy coupled with the desire to appropriate the medium for some purpose other than family entertainment—is the fact that the industry has never fought back hard enough. On the contrary, it has almost broken its spine leaning backward in its efforts to please and appease everybody and anybody. Had it taken a firm fighting stand long ago and fought for its rights as a medium of free expression, there would not have been the encouragement for countless self-seekers to heckle and prey upon it.

In one of the few cases where the industry did go to the mat, a decisive victory was scored. This was the time of the Kansas edict, brought about by the W. C. T. U., banning all scenes showing the drinking of beer, wine, cocktails and similar refreshments. No matter how unobtrusive or how necessary to the dramatic action of the story, drinking scenes were summarily chopped off by the state film censor.

This resulted in mutilation of many fine pictures to the point where the continuity of the action no longer made sense. So the film companies got together, served notice on Kansas that they would stop all distribution of pictures in that state unless the absurd ruling was set aside—and it was set aside.

Very often a pressure group is motivated by a desire to create nuisance value in order to gain some objective. Within the industry itself there are small exhibitor

THE SENNIT

styled by

DISNEY

Even the classic Sennit has an "air" about it when it is a Disney. Here is a summer hat, breezy, yet dressy . . . the perfect hat for business or formal wear. Add a daringly bright band, or a conservative color, to suit your own taste. See the Disney straws at your local dealer.

DISNEY HATMAKERS • 358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

organizations that are always raising issues as a bargaining weapon to get more favorable terms from distributors. Sometimes they get over-zealous, line up outside pressure groups on their side—and wind up with a "block booking" blunder!

The film industry's own Production Code Administration, under the efficient direction of Joseph I. Breen, is so all-embracing, so impartial and so diligent in seeing to it that producers comply with the standards set down, that its job would be as perfect as it is humanly possible to perform—were it not for the countless outside influences, requests, demands and other pressures that converge upon Hollywood.

JOHN GAILEY

"You do care, then?"

Here are the introductory principles of the Production Code:

(1) No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

(2) Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

(3) Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

Then follows more than ten thousand words of specific direction, from limitations in matters of sex, drinking, wearing apparel, and forms of dancing, to respect for religion, treatment of animals, and banning of words like "nerts," "lousy" and "inyour hat."

So when a script and finally the finished picture have passed the scrutiny of the P. C. A., you can bank on their being at least 99-44/100 per cent pure. But even with this official stamp of approval, a picture has only begun to run the gantlet.

Superimposed on the P.C.A. are a whole flock of official and unofficial reviewing groups who feel they must put their own okay on every film. In addition to the several thousand newspaper, trade paper, magazine and other motion picture critics—who in themselves

Continued on page 166

CALYPSO CLOTH by EVERFAST

ice-cube comfort . . .

. . . is the first thing you'll notice about this handsome new luxury EVERFAST* fabric. It's amazingly lightweight, and porous so air can circulate right through it. Yet it has enough "body" to be tailored just like heavier fabrics . . . it's almost impossible to wrinkle, and it will hold its shape indefinitely.

IT'S AN Ayrostar ORIGINAL

. . . Burly's precision-styling is deftly tailored right into this strikingly good-looking summer sports coat. Patch pockets, back-vent, trim 3-button single-breasted . . . it's a coat the best-dressed men in America will mix or match with summer slacks. In Carribean Cream, Barbados Brown, and Sandune . . . all sizes . . .

$13.50

AT BETTER STORES

ARROW IMPORTING CO.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

*Reg. T. M.

The Burly
A NEW SUMMER-WEIGHT
DRESS JACKET
OF CALYPSO CLOTH BY
EVERFAST*

Style King
REG. TRADE MARK
BELTS

Where Style is Always King

The "Banker" with Hidden Zipper Compartment

The Banker—Baby walrus grained genuine leather lined on cowhide. Extra wide. Padded full length with raised center. Has secret zipper currency pocket and identification card holder. Highly polished tongue buckle. In Black or Brown $2.50

The Atlas—Baby walrus grained genuine leather lined on cowhide. Same luxury padding and extra width as Banker but without hidden currency compartment. Highly polished tongue buckle. In Black or Brown $2.00

The Webster—Baby walrus grained genuine leather lined on cowhide. In standard 1" width. Padded full length with raised center. Saddle stitched. Matching "Curvex" leather covered tongue buckle. In Black or Brown. $1.50

New Western Belt

The Saddle—Full grain Western leather lined on cowhide in 1" width. Saddle stitched. Western embossed hand tooled design. Golden tan only $1.50

New Walrus Grain

The Drake—Baby walrus grained genuine leather lined on cowhide. Matching metal tongue buckle. Black or Brown $1.00

The Shoreham—Full grain California luggage steerhide. Saddle stitched with matching leather covered buckle. In Golden Tan, Black or Brown. (Not illustrated) . . . $2.00

DEALERS: *Get in touch with our New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or Honolulu offices. Stocks on hand.*

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888
CHICAGO 16

Tantalizing
...ISN'T IT?

To leaf through the pages of a magazine and see the pictures of all the swell things—like Bass Sportocasins —you'd like to buy but can't, because of restrictions and shortages.

It's hard on us, too, to tell you certain models are unavailable, for we're mighty proud of Bass Sportocasins. We and our dealers like to sell them and we like to talk about them—their high quality and foot-cradling comfort, their Indian-moccasin construction. These features make many happy golfers say Sportocasins are the finest Outdoor Footwear made.

However, we're also proud of the things we are doing for Uncle Sam. So we don't mind waiting, and we know you won't either, for the time normal production of Sportocasins can be resumed. Meanwhile, don't forget that Bass Sportocasins are tops in quality, comfort and good looks.

Write for Free Booklet telling you all about Sportocasins and other Bass Outdoor numbers available now or after the war. Address G. H. Bass & Co., 55 Main Street, Wilton, Me.

BASS Sportocasins

World's Most Pressured Industry

Continued from pages 62-165

ought to constitute a sufficient, and by far the most competent, appraisal body to serve both public and exhibitors—here are some of the groups engaged in reviewing pictures:

National Board of Review.

Motion Picture Councils, formerly known as Better Films Councils, located in more than a hundred cities and working in conjunction with the National Board.

National Legion of Decency.

National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

General Federation of Women's Clubs.

American Legion Auxiliary.

National Film Music Council.

National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

National Council of Jewish Women.

Zeta Phi Eta (National Speech Fraternity).

Southern California Council of Church Women.

Boy Scouts of America.

Then there are countless regional and local units, some of them stemming from the national organizations and others operating independently. Also many school groups, study clubs and educational bodies of various kinds. Some are a help, some are just busybodies, and some merely like to see pictures free and in advance of their neighbors—but the industry has to be nice to each and every one of them.

Eight of the states have motion picture censor boards: New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Massachusetts, Maryland, Florida and Kansas. In addition there are many official or unofficial city censors. Very often a scene that is passed by the Ohio censor is banned by the Kansas clipper, or vice versa. And it is not infrequent a municipal censor disagrees with his own state censor board.

Ironically, a picture already given a clean bill of health by anywhere from a hundred to a thousand reviewers may be slashed or even banned by a single person who considers his own opinion better than the combined judgment of a thousand others!

Another and a different form of pressure takes place in many localities where certain amusements are prohibited on Sunday—the only day when many working people have a chance to go to a show.

There are a lot of these communities, however, which permit Sabbath performances provided they are put on as a charitable activity

EVERY DAY, EVERYWHERE, MORE MEN WEAR

SHERMAN BOWS

More men wear Sherman Bows than any other bow tie in America because of their color freshness, their style, their originality. Featured in all good men's stores to tie or ready tied at $1.—$1.50—$2.50.

CLIPPER* BOWS

Clipper Bow
by SHERMAN

Look for the Sherman Clipper* Bow on the unique collar package.

For outstanding Four-In-Hands see the famous wrinkle-resistant Gabardine Tie at $1 and the Sherman Nylon Tie at $1.50.

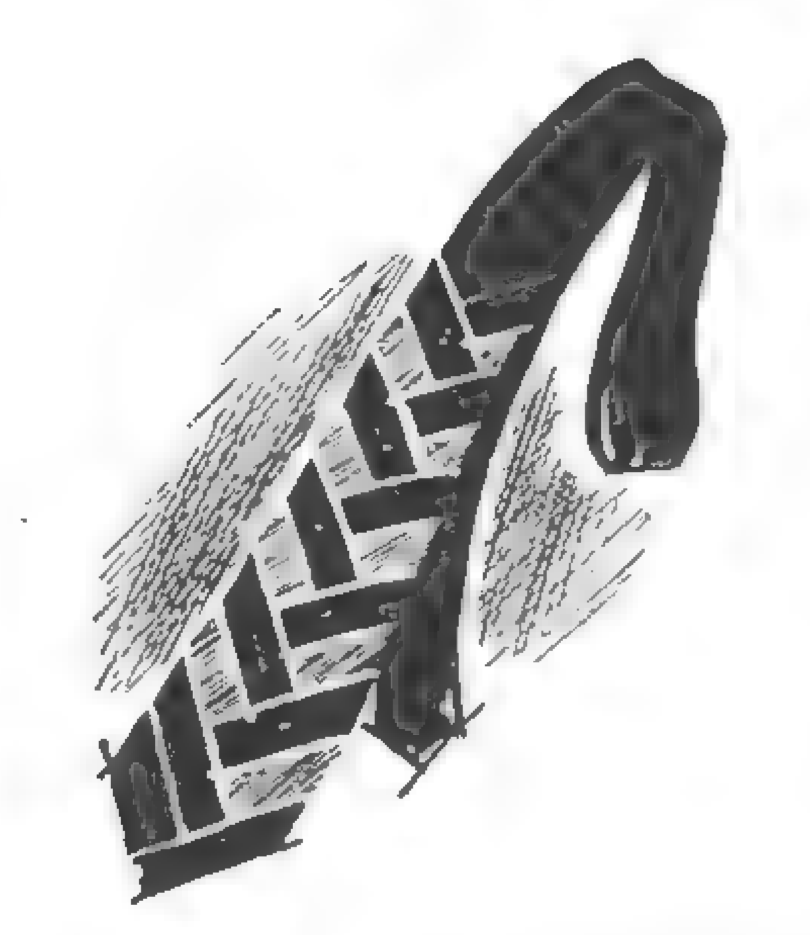
SHERMAN BOWS • 1200 Broadway, N. Y. • Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

—which means forking over a certain amount of the proceeds!

The numerous new censor bills that come up repeatedly have pretty much the same purpose—so somebody can collect a fee for inspecting and passing the pictures.

No form of entertainment has a more sensitive audience than the screen, and as a result one of the industry's biggest "pressure" headaches has come from its portrayal of newspapermen. Now, just between ourselves, we all know that the percentage of reporters who do a little elbow bending far exceeds the percentage of film players who get involved in fights or divorces. Yet newspapers will keep a little Hollywood brawl or divorce in the big headlines for days, even weeks, but just let Hollywood depict a reporter with a glass in hand or wearing baggy pants, and the newspapers of the land will turn their editorial big guns on the movies with a barrage that shatters the studio walls.



New version of right angle stripe tie, a hand-painted silk in three color effect.

In other words, a newspaper considers it justifiable "news value" license to headline a trivial Hollywood incident with almost as much prominence as the World War, but doesn't think it all right for the screen to use dramatic license in portraying the press. That's why nearly all the reporters you see on the screen these days are sober, well-groomed gentlemen—in fact, almost sissies!

Feminine fans would get a thrill out of seeing Humphrey Bogart, Errol Flynn or Clark Gable remove his shirt and reveal a hairy chest directly underneath. But that's out. There was a squawk from the underwear manufacturers, who were afraid that it'd ruin their business!

Doctors kick if one of their profession is depicted as unethical, cops complain when they are portrayed as dumb, plumbers don't think the jokes about them are a bit funny, optometrists object to the implication that a girl who wears glasses is a wallflower or an old maid, the cigar industry would like to see more smoking of cigars instead of cigarettes on the screen,

Continued on page 168

MAKES the BEST RUM COLLINS* you ever TASTED!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

"Planters' Punch" Brand—97 Proof

*Easy to make: Fill tall glass with ice. Add juice of Lemon—teaspoon Sugar—jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated Water. Decorate with Maraschino Cherry and thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straws. Remember, for the most delicious flavour,

The Rum Must be MYERS'S

*For free illustrated recipe book, write:

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole Dist. in U.S.A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. F-8,
New York 13, N. Y.

MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON

AS TRADITIONAL AS SLEEP ITSELF
JAYSON PAJAMAS

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PAJAMAS
SHIRTS
SPORTWEAR

F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • Makers of Excello Shirts

Corsets for Dandies are a thing of the Past

EARLY 19th CENTURY FASHION

But the years have added to JOHNNIE WALKER'S *popularity*

More in style than ever . . . that's popular Johnnie Walker. For a smoothness and mellowness that's unsurpassed . . . treat yourself to this choice scotch whisky.

BORN 1820
. . . still going strong

RED LABEL BLACK LABEL
Both 86.8 proof

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call...call again.

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

World's Most Pressured Industry

Continued from pages 62-165-167

and the very hint that going to the dentist is a painful mission will cause that group to yell like a patient undergoing his first nerve extraction!

These and many other professions, classes and groups have adopted resolutions against movies or written letters of protest to producers. Very often minority elements complain because they, or their purposes, do not receive recognition on the screen. The answer, of course, is that these subjects are not treated in pictures because the interest in them is too limited.

No nationality wants a screen villain to be of his race. So most of the bad boys of the films have to be men without a country. No trade-marked items may be shown, no matter how naturally they fit into the story, or exhibitors will call it "paid advertising" and demand a cut in their film rentals!

State and local bar associations became so wrought up over the way lawyers and judges were depicted on the screen that the *American Bar Association Journal* made a twelve-month study of the matter, then published a three-page analysis showing that members of the profession were being portrayed with fairness and good taste. This is a good illustration of how little it takes to arouse complaint and bring pressure.

Reformers with preconceived notions of "what's wrong with the movies" are another frequent thorn in the side of the industry. Sometimes, as in the case of the Motion Picture Research Council when it was first launched by Dr. William H. Short and promoted a huge sum of money from the Payne Fund, they attach themselves to persons who are prominent in public life and thereby command wide attention for their utterances, regardless of merit.

Foreign governments and their representatives over here also constitute a weighty combination of pressure, each seeking to keep off the screen any material not considered favorable to his particular country or people.

Then there are the labor unions, which, while not pressure groups in the same sense as those already mentioned, nevertheless have been imposing an increasingly numerous list of regulations and restrictions on film producers.

For example, to make a motion picture, a studio must deal with over *forty* different unions, guilds, societies and other units engaged in collective bargaining for their respective workers—from actors, writers and directors, to property men, plumbers and metal polishers. Only an electrician may pull

Frank Beaven

"He Gets to Sleep By Counting ZIPPO Lighters"

Those of us back home will have to continue to "dream" about that genuine ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER that always works at the zip of the wheel. No consumer sales until the boys on the high seas and the fighting fronts are fully supplied.

WARNING: Watch out for imitations claimed to be ZIPPO, or "ZIPPO type"—you may pay a high blackmarket price for something that won't work — so wait a little longer for a GENUINE ZIPPO.

Most dealers carry genuine ZIPPO Flints and Fluid.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.

No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Look for this engraving ZIPPO on the bottom of every genuine ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

a switch, only a carpenter may touch a piece of lumber, and only a wardrobe woman may pull milady's zipper up and down the back—or wherever her zipper is located.

All of which may be perfectly all right—but imagine a creative field, one that is expected to turn out imaginative and artistic works, being loaded down with forty unions and forty times that many kibitzers!

Even granting that the activities—or at least the intentions—of the recognized groups are sincere and worthwhile, and that some of them co-operate helpfully in connection with special films, the situation as a whole still adds up to entirely too much supervision, conflicting opinions and purposes, and unwarranted harassment of a great industry.

No medium that plays as big a part as the screen in the daily life of the American family can go very far off base without being yanked back. Every day is election day at the box office, and there are enough parents and other influential citizens in constant touch with their local theatres to exert moral pressure any time it is needed.

Communication between the box office and the studio is both direct and speedy, and Hollywood is amazingly quick to respond to public reactions.

Plagued with so many forms of pressure and so many factions seeking to have the screen serve their respective propaganda purposes, it is nothing less than a miracle that Hollywood can still turn out so many good pictures. It is a wonder, too, that producers continue to make pictures in the face of so much outside meddling.

One of the big studio heads, after a recent ordeal with a pressure group that left him somewhat limp, was asked why he remained in a business that had so many headaches.

His reply was typical of these indomitable characters.

"Well," he shrugged and sighed simultaneously, "it's a living!" #

$5.00
plus tax
INDIA GOAT

PIONEER

WALLETS

"Best for Your Money"

At every price from $1.50 to $10 Pioneer Wallets represent incomparable values in selected leathers, superb craftsmanship and smart style!

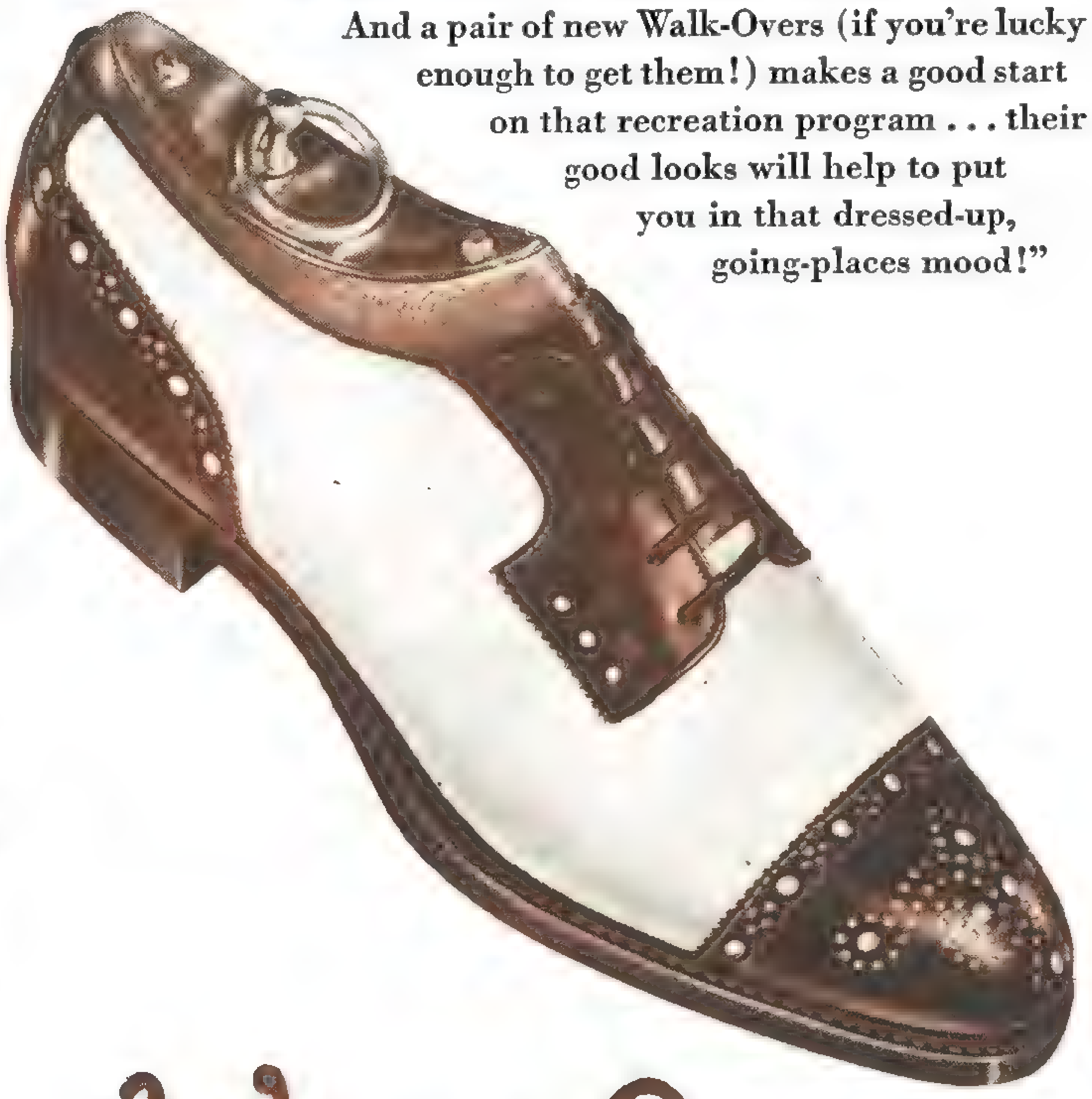
SLIM AND SEAMLESS

Rich, lustrous hand-grained India Goat in tri-tone brown (as illustrated above). A wallet any man will be proud to carry.

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA
BRACES • BELTS • GARTERS • WALLETS ★ *For Men Who Care What They Wear*

"I'll tell you what..."

• "You need a change . . . a little fun in your life. Yes . . . sure . . . we know you're too busy for a vacation. But look here . . . you don't work *every* night do you? You do get an occasional Sunday off. All right then, . . . spruce up, get around! And a pair of new Walk-Overs (if you're lucky enough to get them!) makes a good start on that recreation program . . . their good looks will help to put you in that dressed-up, going-places mood!"



WALK·OVER

BROWN AND WHITES

Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Sweethearts In Swim Suits—In Celanese* Hawkskin

Look alike, play alike in these spirited California-fashioned Catalinas... with their dashing Bronco figure hand-blocked on exclusive Celanese Hawkskin, a rayon fabric. Trunks, $6 matching shirt, $9 Women's suit, $8 matching towel, $3.50 In natural or gold.

*registered

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Catalina

SWIM TRUNKS • SWIM SUITS • SUNSTYLES

Catalina Knitting Mills,
443 S. San Pedro Street,
Los Angeles 13, Calif.

King of the Keester Bugs

Continued from page 68

son, was a sort of union town for yeggmen.

Whenever any of the bugs took it on the lam from Philly or New York, they converged on Toledo where they were assured of a welcome in the nearest soup kitchen, with maybe a spare kit of tools available on speculation. Harris had some social prominence in the burglar set and offered Wilson a spot in his mob. But the sainted tyro had other ideas.

"I wanted my own mob," he told me. "And if I decided to go into this business I wanted to know exactly what I was doing."

Wilson's cold determination to be the best safe-cracker in America was the propellent for one of the most remarkable trajectories in the annals of world crime.

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

"If you're going to be a success cracking cribs," Wilson said, "you've got to know all about safes. So what do you do? You get a job in a safe factory."

And he did.

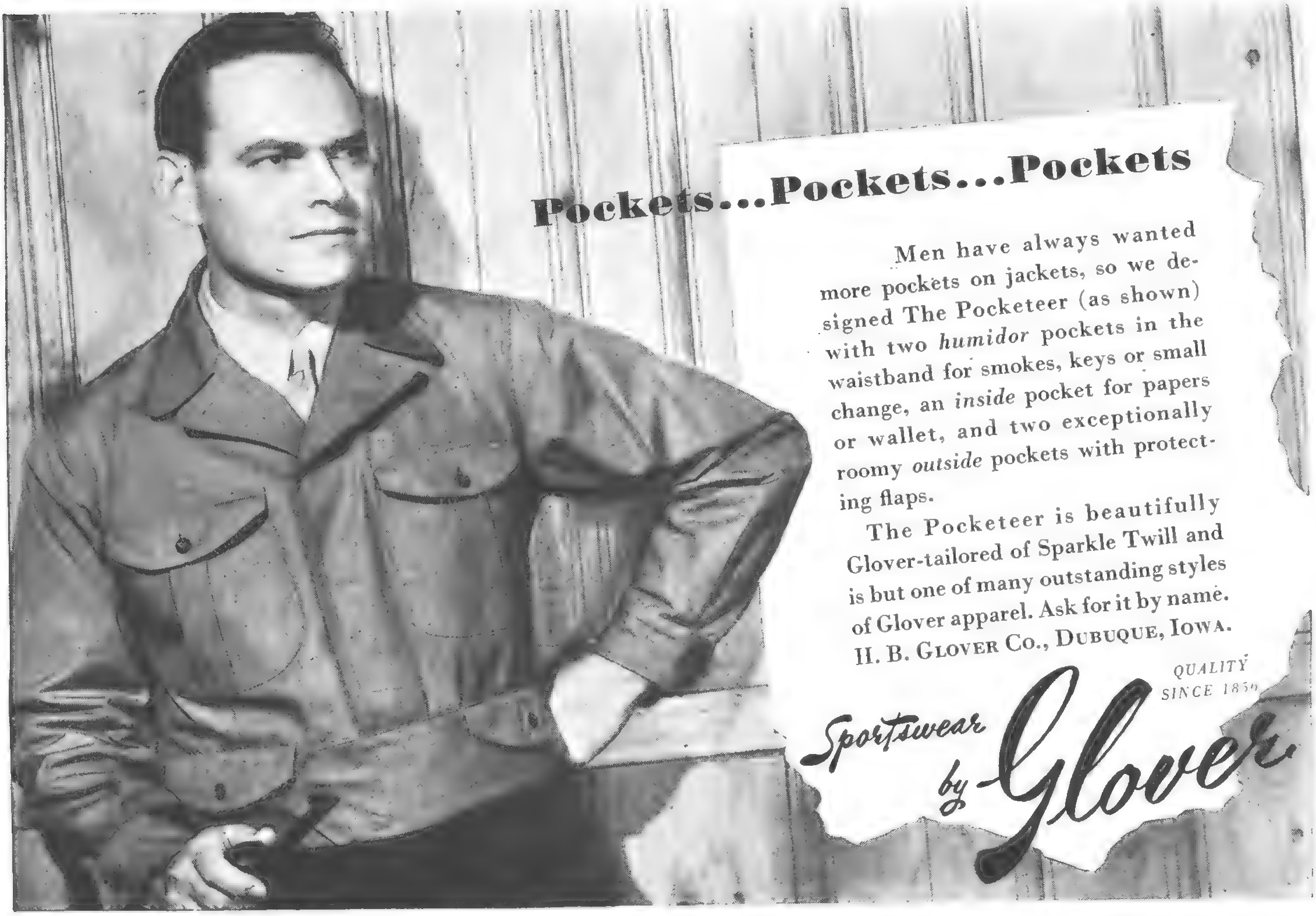
Wilson spent six months on the assembly line of an Ohio firm that manufactured a supposedly burglar-proof safe. Then he moved to Detroit and used up another three months at a Y.M.C.A. industrial school, learning the techniques of oxyacetylene welding. He found out what a torch flame would do to steel, and he knew to the exact second how much time was needed to make rarebit out of any given thickness. Today he recalls wistfully that his instructors rated him at the top of the class and said he could make big money at the welding trade.

Wilson hit Chicago next, where he ordered a portable torch from the Oxweld Company.

The retired soul-saver's subsequent curriculum included an extension course on explosives, some four months of study at the U. S. Bureau of Standards in Washington, and a temporary job in a company that specialized in burglar-alarm devices.

Back in Toledo, Wilson hand-picked his team of gophers.

The mob, All-Americans down to the last gat and shiv, included Joe Bertshe, alias "The Judge," who was subsequently perforated while toiling for Capone; Herbert Cox, alias "Count Delmar," the



Pockets...Pockets...Pockets

Men have always wanted more pockets on jackets, so we designed The Pocketeer (as shown) with two *humidor* pockets in the waistband for smokes, keys or small change, an *inside* pocket for papers or wallet, and two exceptionally roomy *outside* pockets with protecting flaps.

The Pocketeer is beautifully Glover-tailored of Sparkle Twill and is but one of many outstanding styles of Glover apparel. Ask for it by name. H. B. Glover Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

QUALITY SINCE 1850

Sportswear by Glover

fingerman and official electrician; Joe "True" Blue, a "pathfinder" who later caught rigor mortis in Chicago; George Garibaldi, alias "Mussolini," a typewriter operator; Dr. George Redding, the mob's own disaster relief man who departed this earth in a Kansas City gutter; Jack Peer, a whiz at a wheel, who argued with a fast train at Lorraine, Ohio, and lost; Joe De La Pena, also known as "Test-Tube Joe," a chemist who went ding-a-ling and arranged his own demise; Frank Wilson, Herb's brother, who was bumped off in Chicago; and several lesser artists who served as waterboys, and thereby survived.

SGT
Ned
HIL-TON

There were two others. One an unknown artist whose tenure was brief but effective, and the other an enchanting lass named Helen Gillespie, the reverend's personal moll, who contributed much and wound up with a disturbance no sawbones could fix. Any unbiased observer, of course, is apt to conclude that working for Herbert Wilson was almost like having an undertaker in the family. It bothered Wilson, too, for when he gave me the casualty list, he said quite sadly:

"Yes, I guess you could call it a dangerous business. They all got into trouble, sooner or later. But they were very efficient."

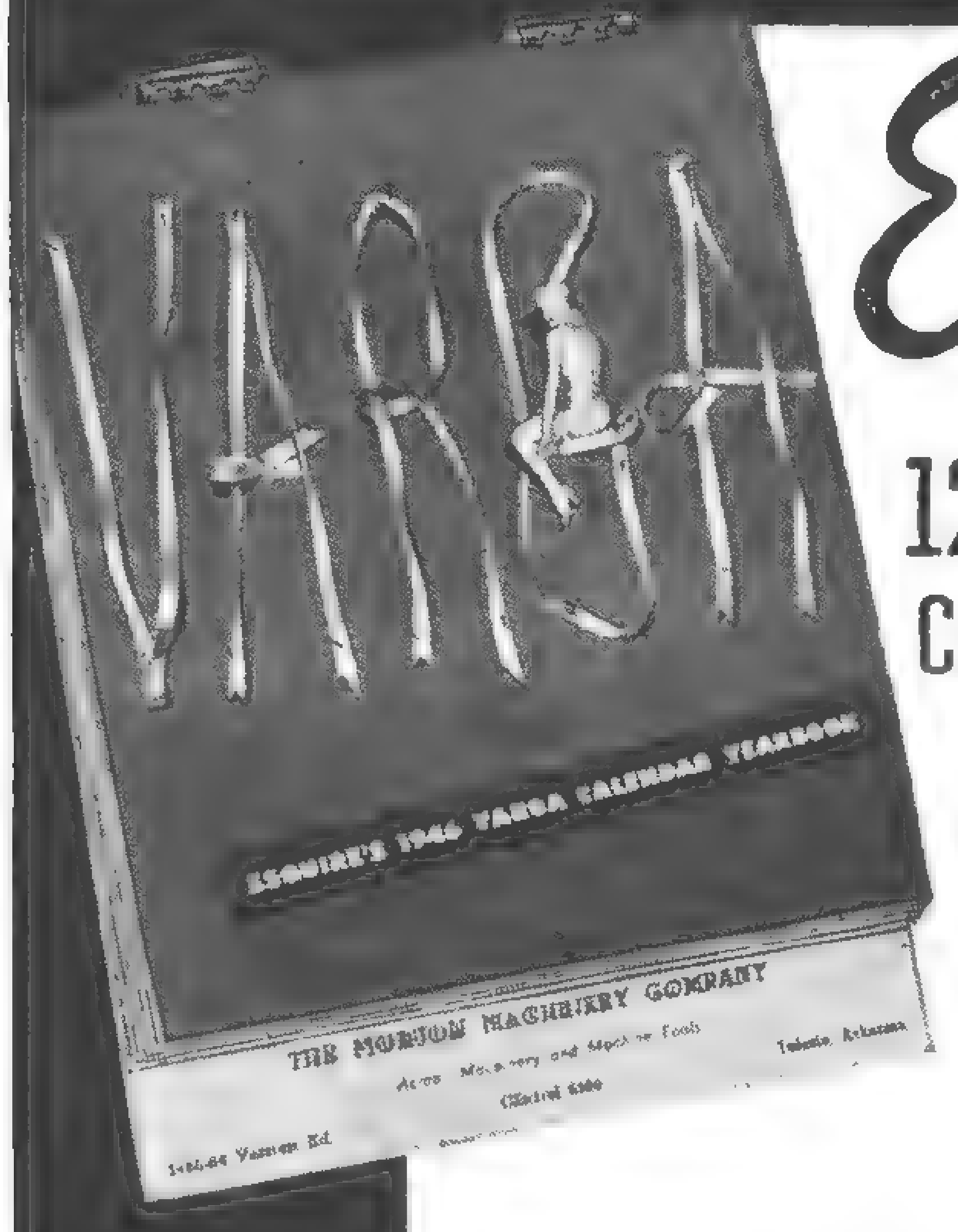
Wilson's modesty is admirable, of course, but mere efficiency is unlikely to produce the mass headaches suffered by the police in the next six years. The gang made its debut in Detroit, at the headquarters of the Kroger Company, chain grocers. They got in through an alley manhole, wrapped up a couple of night watchmen and bridged the ADT circuit with a little device invented by Wilson for this gala opening. Wilson recalls that when they reached the street floor Cox saw the safe and was mightily piqued.

"For crissakes, Herb!" he said. "This crib's right in the showcase where anybody can see us from the street."

"Such language, Herbert!" Wilson reproved. "As for the safe, I

Continued on page 172

The CHAMPION *Advertising Specialty!*


VARGA
ESQUIRE'S 1946 VARGA CALENDAR YEARBOOK
THE MORTON MACHINERY COMPANY

Esquire's

12-PAGE VARGA
CALENDAR YEARBOOK
Imprinted With Your Advertising Message

12 gorgeous Varga beauties in full color . . . large calendar highlighted by Esquire cartoons . . . handsomely plastic bound . . . generous imprint space—these are the features that make Esquire's Yearbook today's No. 1 glamour calendar! Also available in Desk Style with attractive leatherette case.

other pictures too-

Should you prefer scenic, juvenile or "human interest" pictures the Esquire line offers them. Included are prize winning photographs (in full color) from Coronet magazine and other "greats" from the pages of Esquire.

STOCKS ARE SELLING FAST
RETURN COUPON TODAY

Esquire Calendar Division, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

We are interested in the finest kind of calendar advertising at ordinary calendar prices. Send your representative with samples of the Esquire line for 1946.

COMPANY NAME____________________
YOUR NAME____________________
TITLE____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY________________ STATE________

(Samples Cannot Be Mailed. Please Do Not Request Them)

SALES REPRESENTATIVES FOR CALENDAR DIVISION WANTED IN SOME LOCALITIES
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO SALES MANAGER AT ABOVE ADDRESS

GGG CLOTHES
Golovin

EASY DOES IT . . .

IN A GGG *Comfort-Blade**

Wherever style and comfort are requisite for having fun, wear a GGG *Comfort-Blade**. Its easy correctness lies in the extra fullness that carries through from the blade under the arms, to the chest. GGG "architects of men's clothing"—for 50 years. Sold in America's finest stores.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. *LINED WITH CELANESE RAYON

Write for free color book of the newest GGG *models.*

WM. P. GOLDMAN & BROS., INC.
12 East 14th Street New York 3

Pride of THE NATION
SWANEE PRIDE
LIQUEUR
THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY
straight or mixed a delightful drink
MADE BY M. S. WALKER, INC.
Boston, Mass.

SWANEE PRIDE Liqueur

Hardy Southern gentlemen KNOW what this full 100 proof liqueur does to juleps, old fashioneds, manhattans and highballs . . . smooth and surprising . . . straight or mixed.

100 PROOF
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT OR MIXED

PRIDE OF THE SOUTH!

M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

King of the Keester Bugs

Continued from pages 68-171

have an unimpeachable solution."

Indeed he did. From a large cardboard carrying case Wilson produced a painting, a work of inspired art created by his hired artist-mobster for the première. It was an exact replica, on canvas, of the Kroger Company safe, and Wilson propped it up in front of the real box. The canvas was so convincing that the neighborhood cop passed the window at least twice, never suspecting that he was looking at a painted safe. Meanwhile Wilson was soaping the cracks around the safe door and making little half cups at the top and bottom. Into the top cup he released a steady flow of soup from a medicine dropper, waited until the greasy stuff showed up in the bottom cup, then sealed both. A detonating cap, wiring and flashlight batteries completed the process.

It was lovely stuff, this soup. "It was my own formula," he says. "It never made any noise. It just went whoof, and doors fell off. I was very proud of it, and used to sell some of it to the other boys in the business."

The Kroger job yielded 100,000 dollars in cash and Liberty bonds, a mess of lettuce that gave the lads a sort of green St. Vitus, during which jazzed-up state they established their global record of rifling nine safes in a single night. They did not take a vacation until their fiasco at the Detroit offices of the Maccabees, the national fraternal organization. Wilson had cased the job for weeks and had determined that there was a staggering treasure of some 13,000,000 dollars in the mammoth Maccabees vault. The gang sweated all night burning a hole in the eighteen-inch safe door, and had only a quarter of an inch to go when they ran out of gas. This was enough to discourage a fellow, Wilson said, particularly when he could have retired thereafter.

"I would have gone straight with my cut," he said. "On the other hand, it conclusively demonstrates that there is very little in this world you can depend on. Imagine losing thirteen million dollars for want of a little oxygen."

Stouter souls than Herbert Emerson Wilson have quailed in such crises and quit in disgust. But a man who can wrestle with other people's sins and show them the path to righteousness is not one to be downed by a sputtering nozzle on a torch. Naturally, he became a little neurasthenic and took to sipping nitroglycerin as a stimulant on difficult assignments. He says the gooey fluid tastes like honey and is a cardiac stimulant,

WATCH FOR THE
Hollycourt
COMING BACK ANNOUNCEMENT

Hollycourt
returning in all its pre-war quality, invites you soon again to enjoy the pipe with the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl

The Miracle Pipe
IT STAYS DRY

$3.50 • $5.00
$10.00

FASHIONED BY M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

a discovery not entirely unknown to the medical profession. Incidentally, it was during one of these nitric jags that Wilson invented a portable drill that has since become almost standard equipment in any top-flight keester kit. He explains that he got the idea from watching trained monkeys roaring around a carnival track in midget autos powered by electric motors. He simply eliminated the monkeys from the setup, and attached a socket to the motor for his fine drills.

Wilson's educated gophers employed this scientific marvel at Harvard University, among other places, in December of 1919.

They got away with everything but a Ph.D. in this skirmish, including a hundred grand in cash and bonds. While they were touring in the East, the gang paused in New York to call on Mrs. Charlotte King Palmer, a wealthy woman who owned a dandy little collection of rocks.

The loot included a fabulous necklace strung with 210 pear-shaped pearls insured for 250,000 dollars, a 14-carat diamond, a clock encrusted with diamonds and emeralds, and a handful of other baubles for a jackpot exceeding 300,000 dollars. The necklace was broken up and sold to a fence in Reno, and the other gems were shipped to London and Paris for disposal.

Following this burglary, each of Wilson's trained seals climbed aboard a different westbound train, and they met in California.

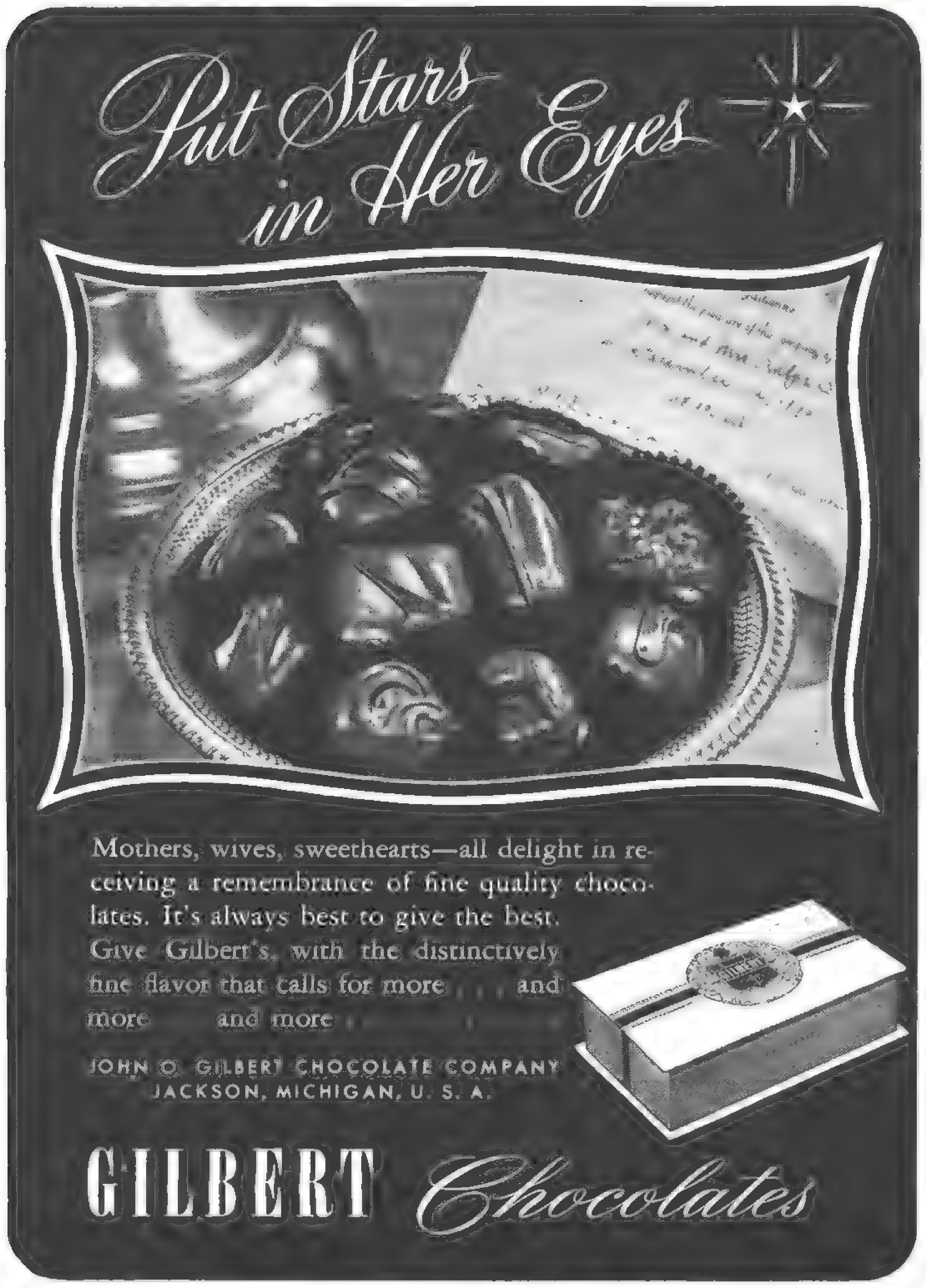
Wilson's debut on the Pacific coast drew reluctant raves from the critics, to say nothing of the yelps that came from his victims.

During that first year in never-never land, the gang emptied the safe at the huge Hale Brothers department store in San Francisco, obtaining more than 100,000 dollars; raided the Fifth Avenue department store in Los Angeles for a similar amount, and clipped Mr. Nick the Greek, the gambling gentleman, by extracting an enormous amount of cash from his Los Angeles hotel suite. In all of these jobs Wilson demonstrated his remarkable prescience, plus a grasp of human nature acquired in the pulpit. Each of the department-store burglaries required three months of preparation, during which his girl, Helen Gillespie, worked behind a hosiery counter and kept her eyes open. Other members of the mob cultivated the friendship of the night watchmen. Still others posed as burglar-alarm salesmen. During the actual raid, several of the gophers wore phony uniforms matching those of the real guards, and all carried fake police badges.

It is a disturbing truth that during the entire six years Wilson and his men were never once betrayed by a burglar alarm.

He and Cox were experts on

Continued on page 174



Put Stars in Her Eyes

Mothers, wives, sweethearts—all delight in receiving a remembrance of fine quality chocolates. It's always best to give the best. Give Gilbert's, with the distinctively fine flavor that calls for more . . . and more . . . and more . . .

JOHN O. GILBERT CHOCOLATE COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

GILBERT *Chocolates*

There's more to a Regal Tie than meets the eye!

Regal DU·ALL·O

Patented and registered U. S. Pat. Off.

The Tie With The Silver Lining

- Lined and inter-lined throughout.
- Resilient and hand-finished throughout.
- Streamlined for Beauty.
- Reinforced for Wear.
- Perfect Drape.
- Perfect Knot.

$1.00 • $1.50

and up at
Better Stores

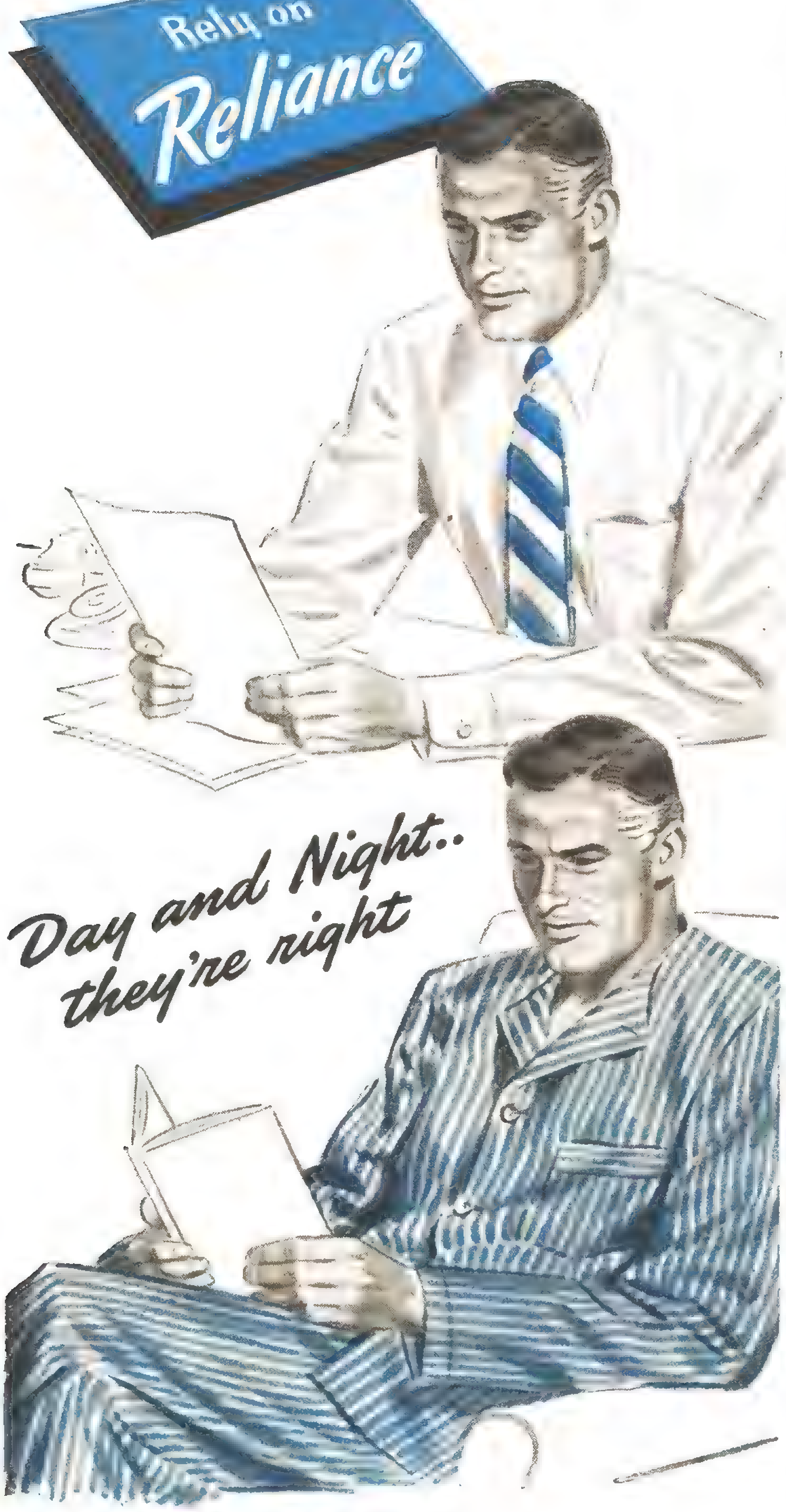
Ask Your Dealer to Show You All of the New

Regal Ties

Famous for Two Generations for Style and Wear

The Ideal Gift for Every Occasion

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.


Rely on Reliance
Day and Night.. they're right

UNIVERSAL Shirts and Pajamas

Around the clock in smartly tailored, smoothly fitted Universal Shirts and Pajamas. Done in Relon luxury fabrics whose richness of feel and long wear make them worthy members of the Reliance family. You men who for many years have enjoyed the perfection of Universal Pajamas will welcome Universal Shirts, superbly designed and tailored to the same high quality standards. Better dealers everywhere feature them as often as Reliance's military obligations permit civilian shipments.

Relon RAYON FABRIC

Tested and approved by Reliance and adhering to the famous Reliance tradition of quality.

WAR BONDS—Buy Them Often And Keep Them

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.
New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. . 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Kay Whitney Frocks • Universal Pajamas No-Tare Shorts

Reliance UNIVERSAL

King of the Keester Bugs

Continued from pages 68-171-173

these wiring systems and knew how to neutralize charged floor mats, door knobs, inner safe boxes and other protective circuits. Success made them careless, however. During the Hale Brothers burglary Wilson left his fingerprints on an electric light bulb and forgot to smash it, and Cox lost a stolen deputy sheriff's badge at the Los Angeles store. Nick Harris, famed California detective, subsequently traced the badge to the gang, and it became the mightiest nail that ever impaled a human being.

In 1921, when he had approximately a million dollars in cash stowed away in safe deposit boxes, Wilson thought about retiring.

That is, the business was losing its zing. The reverend was about forty years old and his nerves were unraveling like a sweater. There was too much work and patience involved in casing a big safe job; there was always the chance that the soup would backfire, or that they would pick a night when the safe was empty. Wilson reasoned there were short cuts to the gold. The country was bursting with cash and Liberty bonds, and much of it flowed through the post offices.

"I figured I was smarter than the G-boys," he said wryly. "An exceedingly erroneous assumption, I might add."

During the year 1921 the gang substituted shiny new roscoes for their jimmies and drills, a transition that terminated Wilson's tenure as top safe-cracker.

To be sure, the mob was still amazingly efficient, for in those twelve months they staged three of the most brazen crimes in United States Post Office history. These dazzling sorties, two at Los Angeles and one in Cincinnati, yielded a net profit of more than 3,000,000 dollars. But that wasn't all. On the night of December 23, spending a quiet evening at home with his wife, Alice, Wilson peered through the window and knew he was a cold turkey. Twelve Federal agents and deputy sheriffs, equipped with tommy guns, were playing a quaint little game known as ring-around-the-gopher.

Wilson tried to explain to his wife, who was learning for the first time that her ever-loving gee was not a traveling salesman.

He tried to explain to the gentlemen who broke down his front door and laid rough hands on him.

It was not until he sat in the county bastille the next morning that Wilson discovered Herbert Cox had been arrested on an incoming steamer and had been singing off key for two solid days. On April 9, shortly before his trial, Wilson, Cox, and one Eddie O'Brien attempted an unscheduled exit from the jail with the aid of a turnkey they thought had been bought off. Emerging from a bridge connecting the jail with the adjoining courthouse, the boys

"I've got something for you too, Mr. S..."

"... and it isn't an invitation to an intimate little dinner, either!

"It's advice, Friend. Why don't you use Mum!

"Underarm odor, Mr. S., is not just something that happens to women. Or other men...

"It happens to you. No use to stick your head in the sand like an ostrich and say, 'It can't happen here.'

"Because it does happen, Friend. To you and a lot of other men. And you all go around offending women, fellow employees, clients, everybody. And it's time somebody told you about it!"

- **NOTE TO MR. S...**

You can't count on your morning shower to keep you from risk of offending.

But 30 seconds with Mum... a dab under each arm... will keep you safe. Get Mum today!

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum helps a man to make the grade!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

SMOOTH GOING IS YOURS in these cheerful Westminsters for Spring! Gay patterns for play—handsome styles for day! All so very *RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!*

IT'S ALL HITS—NO ERRORS when you are in comfortable Westminsters underfoot! Regulars or Shorts—they are the socks that make you feel just *RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!*

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

were greeted with a salvo from ambushed deputies.

Wilson is still convinced the "escape" was arranged by the sheriff and that they intended to give him a permanent tattooing.

But he and O'Brien both took a dive to the floor and scrambled back toward the jail. Cox was the unfortunate guinea pig and was thoroughly ventilated in that brief lethal shower. The following day, to his everlasting consternation, the retired cleric was charged with murdering Cox.

Wilson made two more breaks from the jail and, with Helen Gillespie's help, actually crashed out and had two days of liberty until a posse tracked him down. He was finally convicted and sent to San Quentin for life—an insoluble dilemma which broke his girl's heart and spirit. She did not eat, she did not sleep, and her baffled physicians saw her die in less than two weeks.

The burglar king was a bitter man when he finally entered San Quentin in 1923 as No. 37983.

He felt the mob had deserted him when he needed help, and he took his revenge by testifying against them in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles and other cities as they were rounded up, one by one. Wilson's expert fingering gave him an unpleasant reputation at the penitentiary and he was voted the man most likely to be knocked off. In fact, there were no less than six attempts against his life. Once, during a baseball game in the main yard, he was struck with a poisoned arrow shot from a blowpipe, and only heroic efforts by the prison physician kept him out of the morgue.

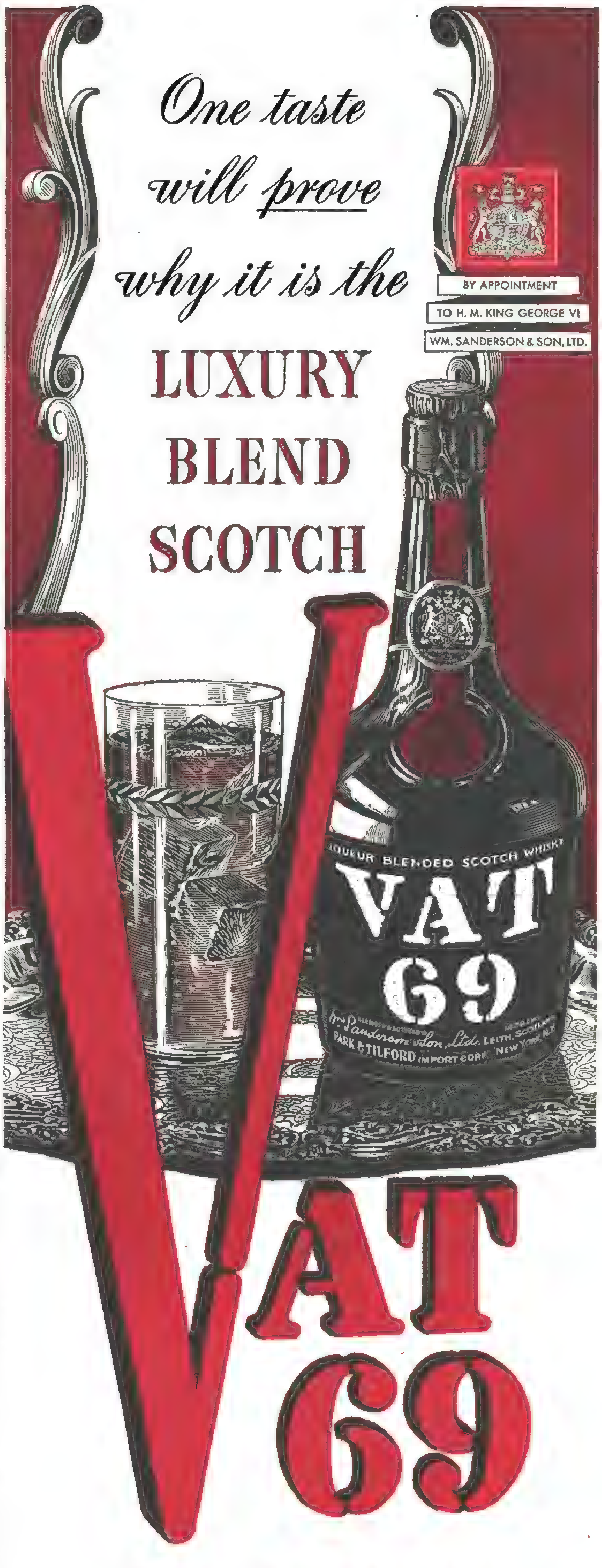
He was ultimately transferred to "Condemned Row" for protection and spent eighteen months there as a "social secretary" to the men waiting for execution.

Later he developed a consuming ambition to be a writer and wrote half a dozen novels and scores of short stories for a total of more than one million words. It was during this literary rebirth that he also wrote a sarcastic monograph on the flaws of burglar-proof safes and protective systems in general, and devised what he called the "Wilson Plan" for preventing burglaries. The essence of this extraordinary document was a proposal that all large institutions should hire reformed but expert cracksmen—such as Herbert Emerson Wilson—to find the weak spots and correct them.

Unfortunately, perhaps, there was no stampede for his services.

Wilson was a guest of the state for twelve long years and was deported to Canada after his parole in 1936. He will soon be sixty-four years old, but he carries the weight of years lightly. In one of his last letters to me he said:

"Time is generous. Why worry? The only thing in which I am greatly interested, aside from my creative work, is an honest endeavor to obtain a little money for my mother, who is in need." ⌗


One taste will prove why it is the
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
VAT 69

"Quality Tells"

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

First in fine taste

The man who wears Footsavers knows the enjoyment of wearing distinguished shoes. A shoe of excellence in every stitch and line. Superbly leathered. Painstakingly lasted. And styled with the restraint which has always been the mark of a gentleman's shoe. Illustrated is Formal, handsomely styled in fine brown, or black, calf. When will *you* enjoy these better fitting, longer wearing Footsavers? $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Massachusetts.

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

This Man's World

Continued from page 65

golliwogg, performing with skill and courage, to win more often than to lose, but I am afraid that nobody really cared once the Phenomenon Had Taken Place.

Ladies Only:

Come in, girls. We're just having another one of those little informal chats that have come to mean so much to you. We were discussing a little tip that I wanted to pass along to you for what it is worth, which may not be much, but then you never can tell.

What I was saying was that a lot of people, the press and the radio and the government, have been yipping at you for the ultra-lousy job you are doing in the U. S. for the war effort, scolding you for sitting this one out in the movies and the beauty parlors instead of helping out in the Wac or Waves or hospitals or taking an essential war job, and it is not my intention to add my yip to theirs because it is none of my business what you do or don't do, and after all the function of this Department is purely and simply one of Rendering Service.

Now I happen to know that your husbands and brothers and sweethearts have been advising you to keep out of such services as the Wac and the Waves and the Spars and the Marines and Nursing, as being too tough for your lily-white paddies and delicate constitutions, because—when they come home, they want to find their precious little dears just the way they left them—soft, flabby and useless, and that too is their business and yours and not mine.

But the tip that I wanted to pass along to you is: think it over before you fall for that one, because another thing I happen to know is that the American soldier in Great Britain—and they all pass through England before they reach the front lines—is getting an eyeful of another kind of girl, and he's getting not only an eyeful, but an eye-opener, and he thinks she's wonderful.

You see, every English girl without exception is doing something for the War Effort. If she doesn't work in a factory, she is a member of the Land Army, working the farms, or she joins the R.A.F., or their equivalent of the Wac or the Waves, working long, hard hours, sharing the burden with the men, working closely with them, and she still finds time to look neat and pretty and put on a bit of lips if she can get hold of a precious lipstick, and keep up with the feminine side of life, being companionable, and cooking and dancing.

The American soldier sees pink-cheeked, sturdy, clear-eyed girls

"*Cosmopolitan*"

PRESENTS

The Great Dane

Reg. Appl'd for

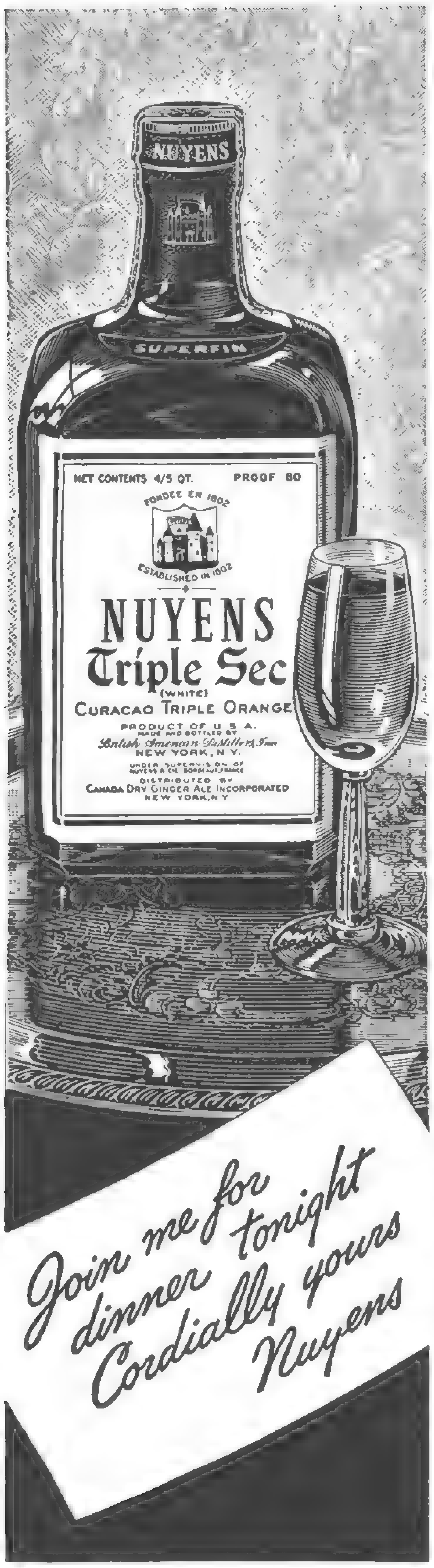
Year-Round Weatherproof

Coat

STYLED BY *Cosmo* OF ESPECIALLY LOOMED *Airedale* WORSTED GABARDINE

COSMOPOLITAN MANUFACTURING CO.

Cambridge 42, Mass.
FRED MONOSSON, President
New York Office • 200 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office • Merchandise Mart



Prepared in America from formulae developed through 140 years by the family

NUYENS

LIQUEURS

Creme de Menthe 60 proof
Creme de Cacao 60 proof
Triple Sec 60 proof
Apricot 60 proof

Distributed exclusively by
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

of the Land Army in their attractive Aussie-type uniform, who get up at five in the morning and milk and plow and till and harvest, and still have plenty left to cut a rug with the boys at the Post dances at night, or cook a dinner for a lonely G. I. far away from home.

They come into contact with girls who have mastered radar and form an integral part in the great machine whose web spreads protectingly over the nation. There are the neat little black stockinged Wrens of the Navy who know signaling and telegraphy and communications, and Army girls who can take down an anti-aircraft gun and clean it, in addition to aiming and firing it if they have to, or who can burrow into the innards of a sick automobile or airplane engine and make it go again.

And far from becoming tough and masculine, their femininity increases in their off hours to compensate for the hard exacting jobs they have mastered. They look dashing in their uniforms, are healthy as all get-out and full of the devil.

And those same boys who have been writing and telling you to stay out of service are looking this new breed over with wonder and admiration and are saying, "Wow! How long has this been going on? Say, these gals can really work. They've got it all over our kids back home. Doesn't seem to do 'em any harm either. They're really something. A guy could do all right teamed up with one of these. She'd help him get ahead. . . ."

What I figure is that it's a part of that funny twist in a man that makes him tell his own wife to lay off lipstick and permanents and peek-a-boo blouses or revealing sweaters and sheathlike dresses, but when that fresh dame from down the block comes into the room wiggling her hips and revealing a kisser that ought to have a "Wet Paint" sign on it, the guy comes close to dislocating his upper vertebrae gandering at the specimen.

That, my sweets, is life, and you are old enough to know about it.

And so all I wanted to say is that if you go for that line of theirs about staying at home and leading the sheltered life until this nasty old war is over, instead of getting into uniform and working side by side with the soldier, either here at home or in England or France, Belgium or Germany where the guns are banging (plenty of our Wacs are up there and the boys love 'em) why then you are just cutting your own dear little white throats.

The Silver Cup:

LEGENDS arise out of every war and here is one I heard recently, compounded out of the past, the present and the future.

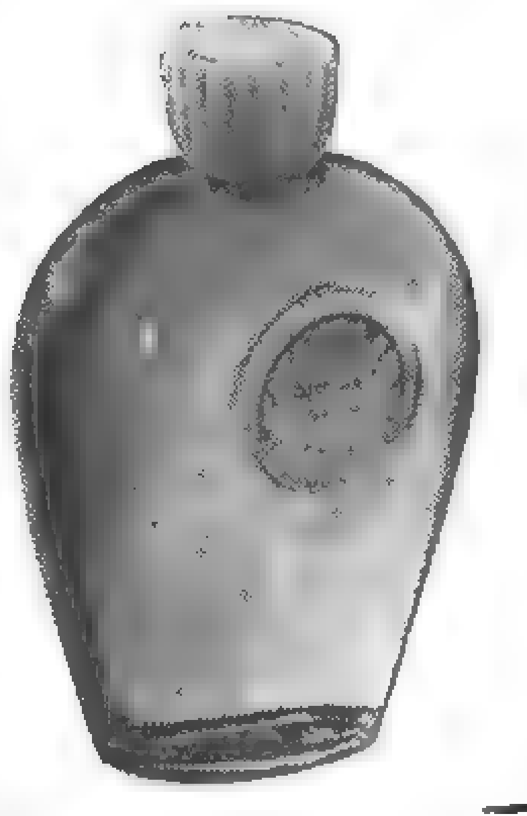
It began in the year 1753 in

Continued on page 178

FOR Father's Day JUNE 17

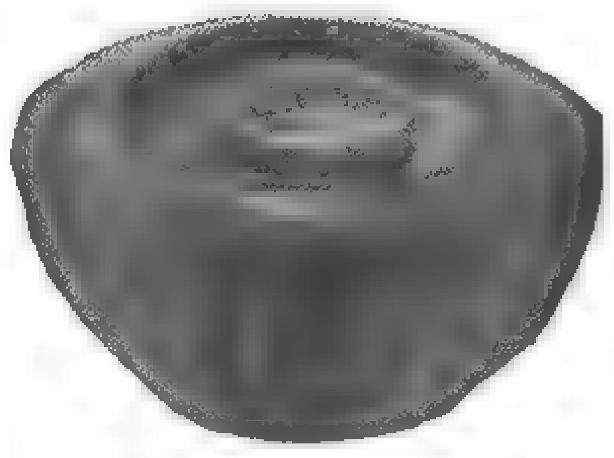
Wrisley spruce

FOR DAD . . . .

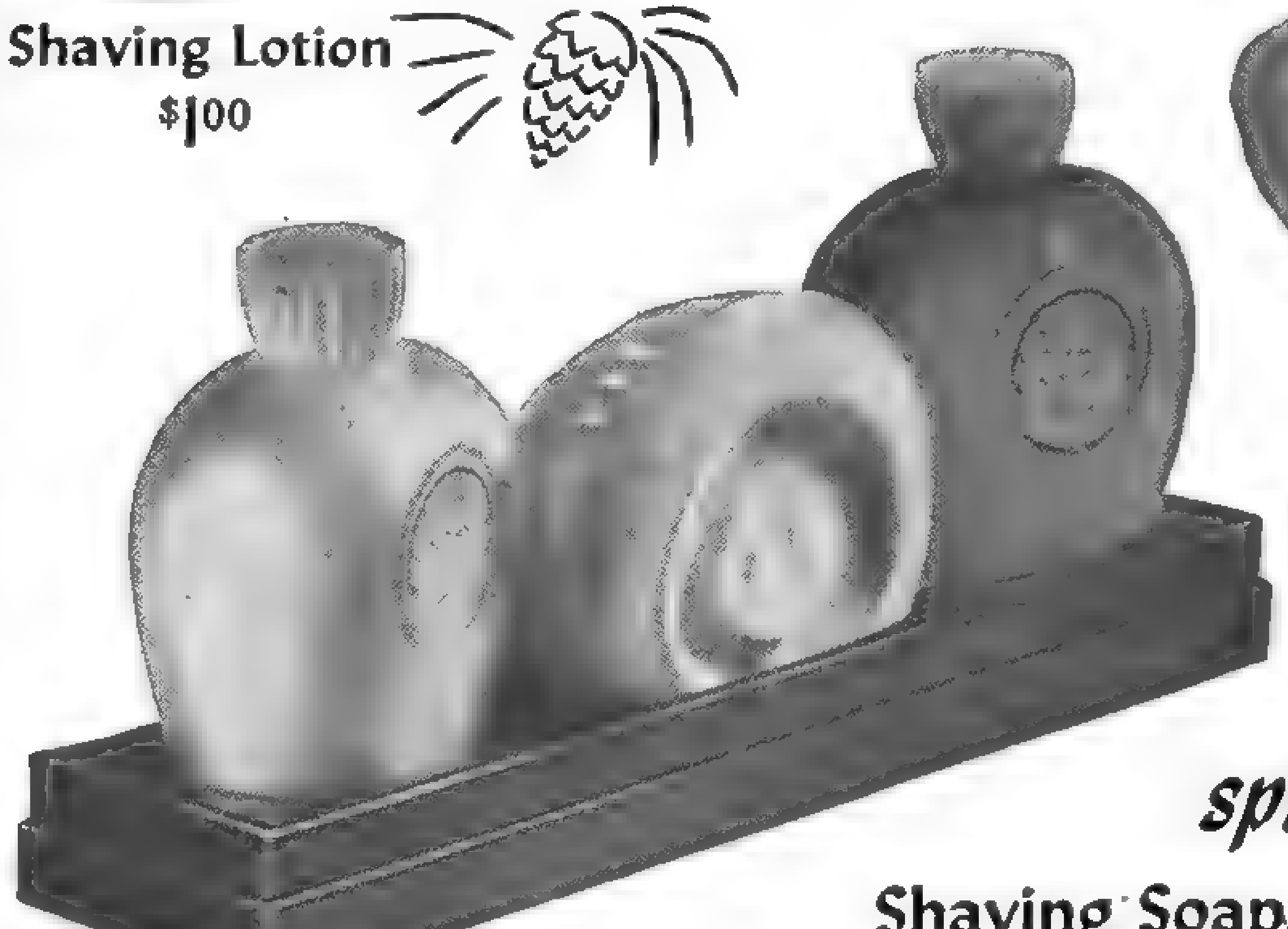


Everything he needs for his daily "spruce-up" . . . forest-fresh fragrance from a man's world of wind and northern pine—Wrisley Spruce.

Shaving Lotion
$1.00



Shaving Soap
$1.00



spruce
Shaving Soap, Lotion, Talcum
$3.00

spruce
Shaving Soap, Lotion
$2.00

spruce
Bath Soap
$1.00

Wrisley

NEW YORK • CHICAGO

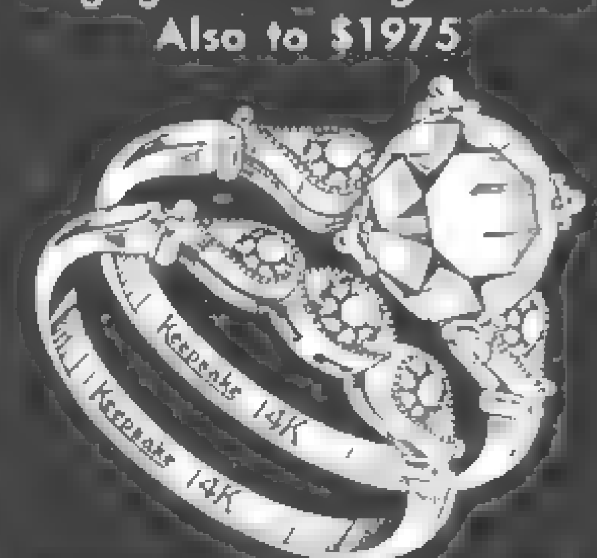
a GENUINE REGISTERED Keepsake*

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

LADY DIANA Set* 350.00
Engagement Ring 225.00
Also $350 and 500

DALE Set* 212.50
Engagement Ring 150.00

BETHEL Set 550.00
Engagement Ring 450.00
Also to $1975



HOLLINS Set* 850.00
Engagement Ring 750.00
Also $400, 975 to 1975

*In white as well as natural gold.

So Precious a Moment . . . So Lovely a Ring

Together again! . . . your love and hers sealed forever with the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . a Genuine Registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. You choose wisely when you choose a Keepsake because only one diamond in hundreds meets the high standards of color, cut and clarity which Keepsake has maintained through six decades. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is part of your purchase. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . $100 to $3500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS and want to send your sweetheart a Keepsake, send her a money order and have her write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Rings enlarged to show details.
Prices include federal tax.
*Trade Mark Registered.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name ....

Street and No. ....

City .... E 5-45

This Man's World

Continued from pages 65-177

the wild Highlands of Scotland where, on a dour day, a man outside a small cottage gave way to despair at his ill fortune. Childless, and the last of his line, he had married late in life. Inside the cottage his young wife, attended by the midwife, lay in labor and in grave danger of her life.

The midwife had informed the unhappy husband that unless a potion of a certain specific could be procured and administered, both wife and the yet unborn child would die. And alas, the nearest source of this specific was in distant France.

At the sound of a galloping horse, the Scot looked up from his tears and his prayers to see a gallant gentleman with lace at his sleeves and sword at his side, mounted on a black charger. The gallant drew rein and inquired the cause of the Scotsman's distress.

When he had heard the story he pronounced the mysterious words: "Your child will be born. Your line must not die out if mine is to survive." He then ordered the bewildered countryman to climb up behind him onto the black horse, and when he had done so, they galloped away like the wind.

They galloped over the land until they came to the edge of the sea, and then the black horse, without pause, galloped over the stormy waves until they came to a strange shore and at last drew up before a large castle where they dismounted and went inside. The gentleman placed the Scot before the roaring fire and said, "I will go and fetch the specific you have need of. But first you will want something to warm your bones after the long, cold ride." He procured an old bottle and poured some liquid into a small silver cup on the side of which was engraved a crest and a coat of arms, and then left the room.

The Scot drank, and the fiery liquid penetrated to every portion of his body, warming and strengthening him. The worthy man was quite certain that he was dreaming, and so to certify to the possible reality of these strange events, he thrust the silver cup into his wallet. A few moments later, the gallant returned bearing a small phial which he gave to his guest. "Come," he said, "it is time to return."

And so away they went over the strange land to the shore, and again the black charger galloped over the water until they reached the edge of Scotland and the bleak moors and mountains and came to a halt before the lonely cottage once more. When the Scot dismounted, the gallant, without waiting for thanks, raised his plumed hat and rode away.

The specific administered, the child was safely born, a fine son,

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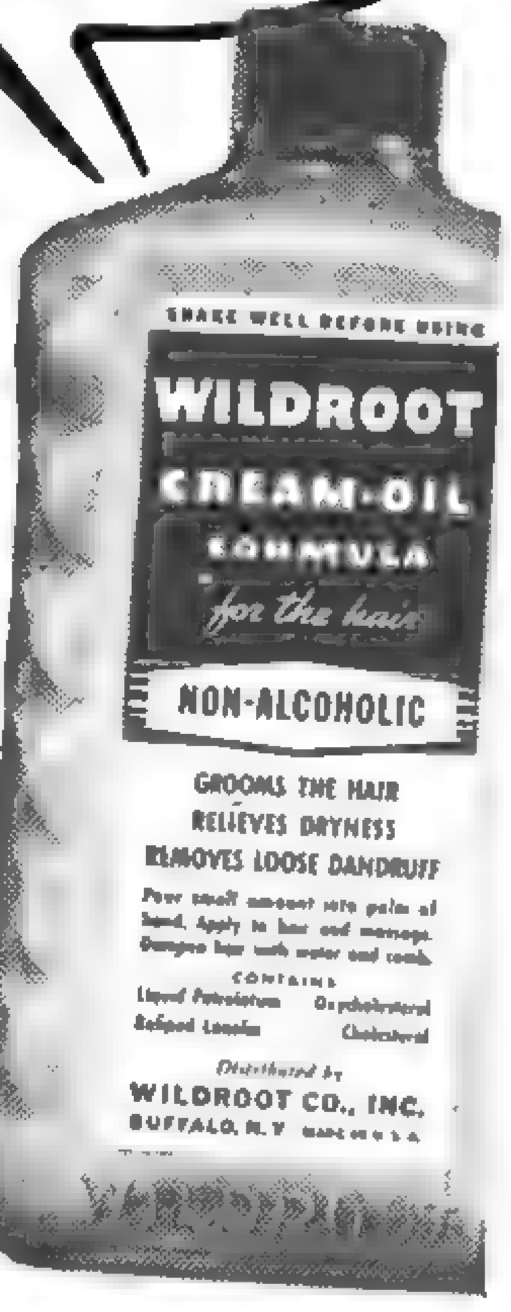

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who grew to manhood, prospered and had children of his own. And the crested silver cup remained in the family and was handed down from father to son through the years.

And so we come to modern times and young Jock, descendant of the man who had had the strange adventure, departing for the defense of his country against the German aggressor in 1939. On his last leave home, the boy took the little crested silver cup that stood on the mantel and packed it in his knapsack as an article that might come in handy at the wars.

Came the end of the period of the "phony" war and the disaster of the German break-through, followed by the catastrophe of the defeat of the French and British Armies that ended in the evacuation of Dunkerque.

Young Jock was holding the line some miles inland in the heroic rear-guard action designed to stave off the Germans until the men could be got off the beaches. Not far from his group was the stranded remnant of a French unit.

During the lull in attack, Jock heard the moans of a badly wounded man some distance away. The Scot crawled forward to find a young French officer who appeared to be at the point of death. He had been badly injured by a machine-gun bullet and had lain where he had fallen for three days.

Jock encouraged him with a "Now then, laddie, we'll have tae get ye oot of here. Can ye crawl if I help ye?"

But the Frenchman seemed to have nothing left. Despite the storm of machine-gun bullets and shell bursts, Jock stood by. He took from his wallet the little silver cup, filled it with brandy, and gave it to the wounded man. Soon life and strength came back to him, and it was evident that with Jock's help they would be able to get back to safety in the next lull.

They waited in a shell crater, and the Frenchman stared and stared with ever increasing astonishment at the crested silver cup in his fingers. Finally he asked, "Where did you get this cup? I must know."

Jock explained that to the best of his knowledge it was an heirloom and that it had been in his family for the better part of three centuries.

The Frenchman continued to stare and finger the cup. He said: "Strange! That is the crest and the coat of arms of the De Miramonts. I am the Marquis de Miramount. In our chateau in Normandy we have always had eleven of these cups. We have never known whatever became of the twelfth."

He paused, and then added, "Ah well, whatever the mystery, no matter. Sufficient that it is fortunate for our house that you rescued me. You see, I am the last of my line. . . ." #

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In Lieu of a Written Will

Continued from bottom of page 61

order on the bank will suffice.

Question often arises about the gift of a key to a box or receptacle, as to whether it constitutes a gift of the contents when the receptacle itself has not been transferred.

In a gift of this nature it is necessary to use care if the proceeding is to hold water. The law is ironclad in its rules as to the delivery of keys as symbols of possession. If lockbox, handbag, trunk, case or other container be present so that the donor can have it brought to him or can point to it, turning over of the key is not enough. The container or its contents must be surrendered at the time. On the other hand, if the container is not in presence of the donor and is not available, as in a bank vault or in some distant location, it is sufficient if the key is handed over and surrendered completely to the one to whom the gift is made, or to someone for him, with the donor's indication of the gift of the contents.

A man in Virginia bestowed his entire holdings of 200,000 dollars on a daughter, to the exclusion of other heirs, by merely giving her the key to his lockbox in a distant bank and telling her that it was all for her.

But the bequest of a man in Massachusetts did not stand, although he thought he had made all safe for his son. From his deathbed the Massachusetts man ordered a trunk key taken from its regular hook on a closet door, a bundle of securities put in the trunk for his son, the trunk locked and the key put back in its place. The gift was not allowed. The man should have turned trunk and key over to his son then and there, or to some other person for him.

In the first World War a soldier about to go into action said to his buddy, "All I've got is five hundred dollars in a lockbox in the First National Bank at home. Ruby and I were going to get married on that. If I am killed, take the box key from the string around my neck and send it to her and tell her I want her to have the money."

The soldier fell in the battle. His friend carried the key and the message to Ruby, but she failed to get the money. It was awarded to the soldier's parents as his heirs. If he had given the key to his friend before going into the fight, the gift to his fiancée would have stood.

So, if you ever find yourself in the position of intended beneficiary or intermediary in case of a gift made in contemplation of death, don't let delicacy stand in your way. See that everything is done to make the gift complete and take possession of the property and don't let go of it. Or else the last wish and effort of the dying benefactor may be futile.

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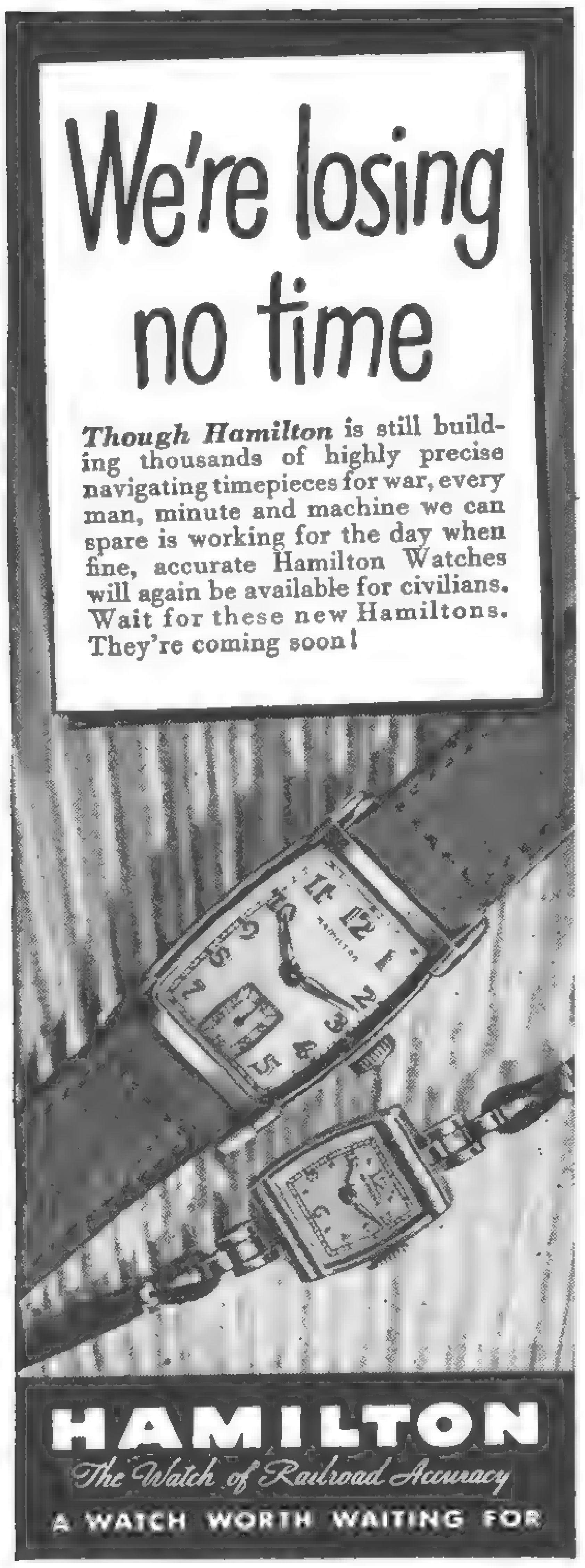
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The Mule Who Didn't Want Fame

Continued from top of page 41

Army. I thought I'd bumped into everything. But a lieutenant who insists he knows a mule that can talk! And a command that is practically standing on its ear arguing as to whether or not it's true. I'm stumped. What do I do now?"

"Sir," I said, "may I make a suggestion?"

The general's face lighted. "Lieutenant, I certainly wish you would."

"I don't mean to be out of line, sir. But perhaps you would go and have a talk with Frances?"

"Perhaps I'd what?" The general looked startled.

"Perhaps, sir, you would allow me to go with you to talk to the mule."

"You mean, I can meet the animal?"

"Why, yes, sir."

The general pushed himself back from the chair and straightened. He paced back and forth.

"You're telling me, Lieutenant, that I can talk to the animal just as I'm talking to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the mule will answer me just the way you answer?"

"Yes, sir."

The general made a turn of the room.

"This will probably cost me my command," he said. "But I'll go."

* * *

The general's car stopped some fifty feet from the banyan tree. Frances stood in its shade, seemingly asleep.

The general approached the mule. I trailed along three feet behind.

Frances' head turned and her large, brown eyes caught the three stars on the general's collar. She stiffened from tail to nose. Ears stood straight and trembling. Eyes became pin-point sharp.

The general stopped. He surveyed Frances from crest to hocks. He looked dismayed.

"Lieutenant, is *this* the animal?"

"Yes, sir."

The general studied the mule.

"Hello, Frances," I said. "How are you today?"

I could tell the mule was highly excited. But there was no answer.

"Frances, I want you to meet the Commanding General."

Frances' legs became boards and her ears pointed to the heavens.

"Is the animal talking to you, Lieutenant?" asked the general.

"No, sir."

"Something the matter?"

I moved behind Frances and motioned the general to follow me. We stepped off twenty paces. I lowered my voice.

"Sir," I said, "I'm afraid I failed to tell you that Frances is in terror that the Army will discover she can talk."

"Why in terror?"

"I don't know, sir. Once Frances

Continued on page 182

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The Mule Who Didn't Want Fame

Continued from pages 41-181

told me she was afraid they would send her to O.C.S."

"O.C.S.?" The general stared. "A mule?"

"That's what she said, sir."

"Then what do we do?"

"Well, sir, Frances is old and takes great pride in the military. I believe, sir, if you gave her orders she would obey."

"You mean, if I ordered that animal to talk, it would?"

"Well, sir, perhaps if you could trick her into it."

"I don't follow you, Lieutenant."

"If you could give her a series of commands, one of which would require her to answer you, it might work."

"Young man," said the general, "I've spent my life in the Army. As an officer I've been assigned some strange duties. But issuing orders to a mule to trick it into talking . . . Well, I just wonder what the limit is."

The general turned and marched back to the mule. He was all soldier. I followed at a distance.

The general came to attention six paces in front of the mule.

"'tainsHUN!" barked the general.

Frances stiffened even more.

"Right fHace!"

The mule's hind legs pivoted neatly, while her front legs carried her around to the right with precision.

"About fHace!"

Frances' right hind foot moved to the rear and slightly to the left of the left heel. The front legs sidestepped and she performed as neat an about-face as I'd seen.

The general gave "Right fHace!" to bring her around facing him.

"Parade Rest!"

Her feet snapped to position twelve inches apart. Her tail was stiff.

"COUNTOFF!"

Frances looked straight ahead.

"One step forward mHarch!"

The mule moved forward the prescribed thirty inches, stopped.

"REPORT!"

No sound came from Frances.

"ATEASE!" roared the general.

The mule relaxed.

The general beckoned me.

"Remarkably well-trained mule, Lieutenant. But no indication that the animal can talk."

"May I try again, sir?" I asked.

"Go to it, young fellow."

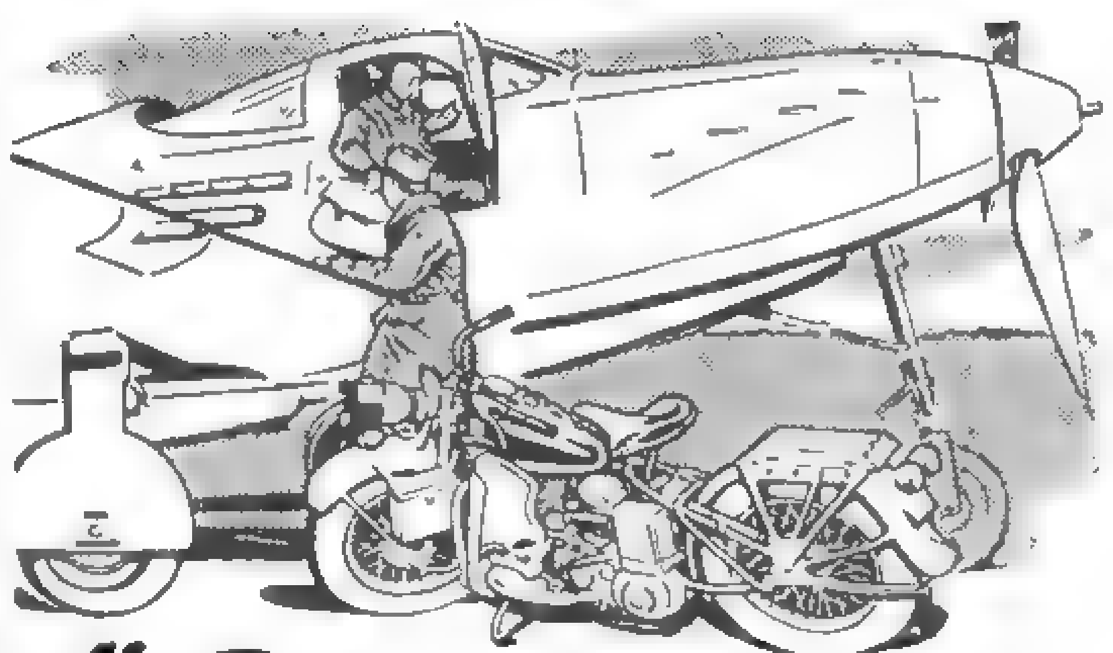
"Frances," I said, "I'm in a jam. Everybody thinks I'm crazy. You and I have faced the enemy and death together. Frances, for the love of mud, talk to the general and get me out of this."

Frances gave no indication of hearing me.

The general became angry.

"Lieutenant, I don't believe there is anything the matter with your mind. I'm inclined to think you're trying to pull a very clever stunt.

"The trouble with this Army,"



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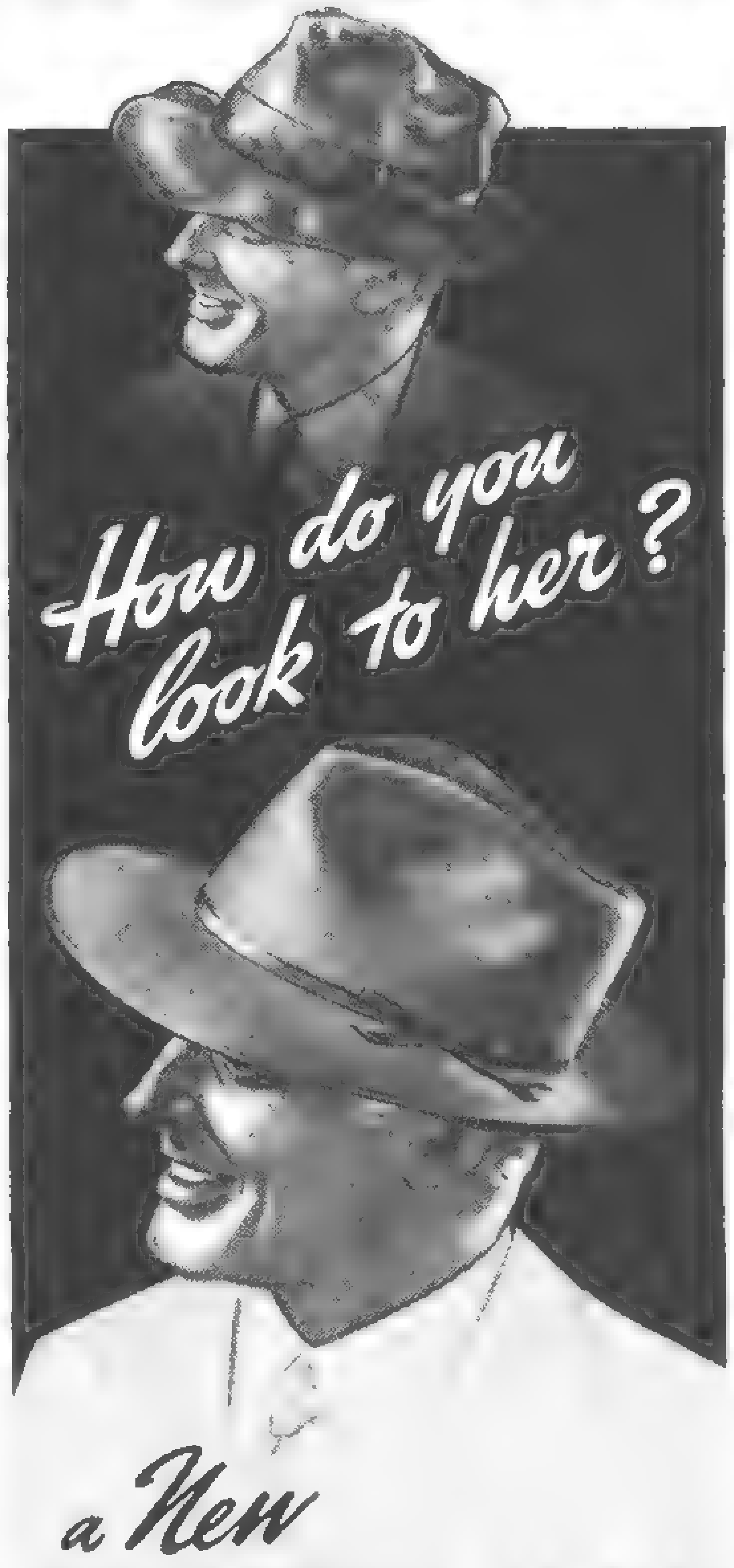
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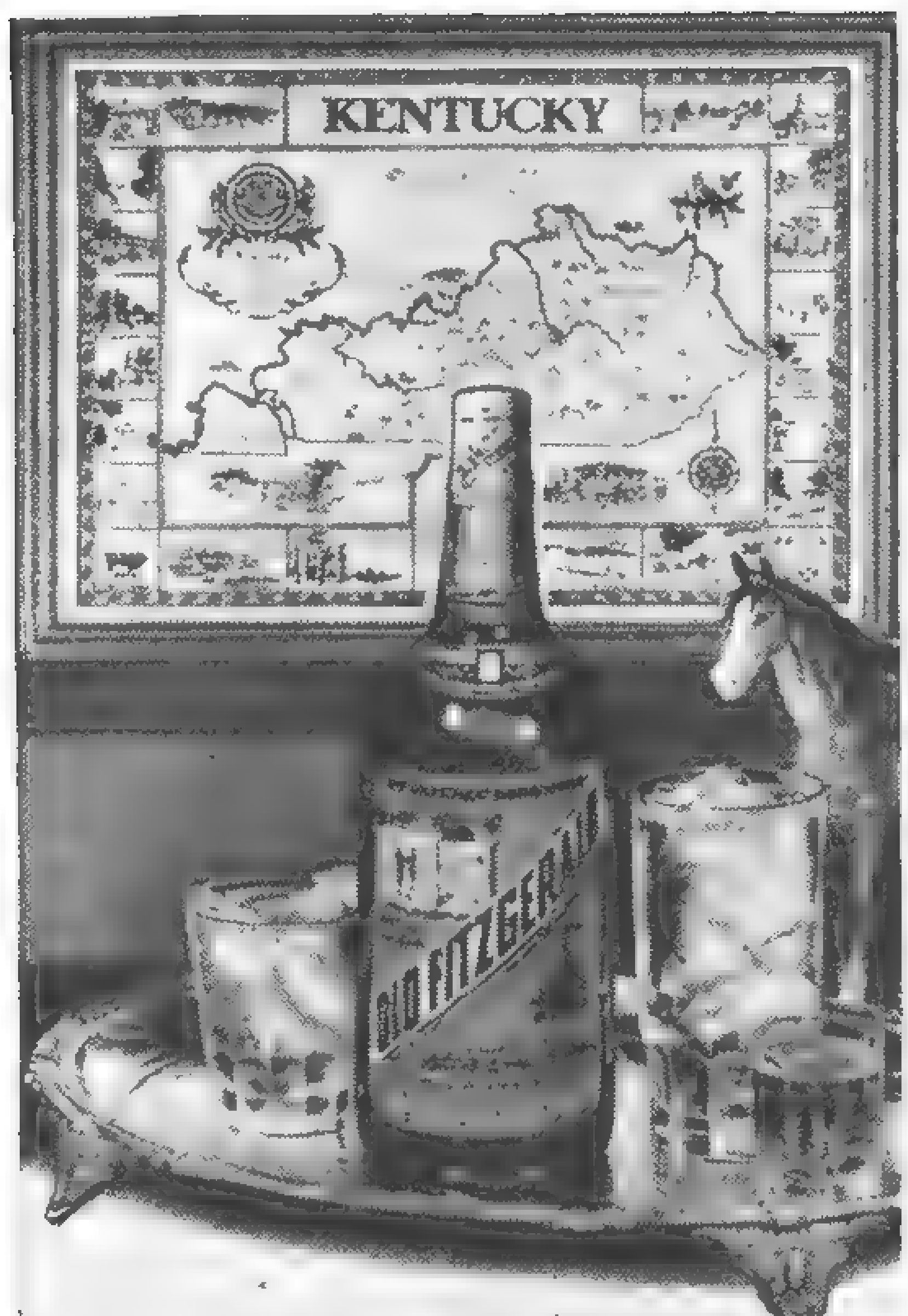

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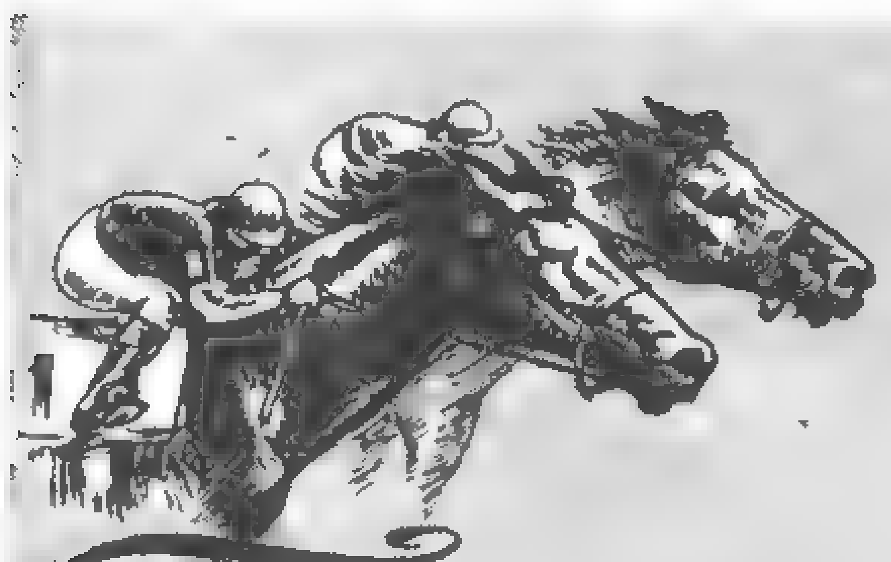

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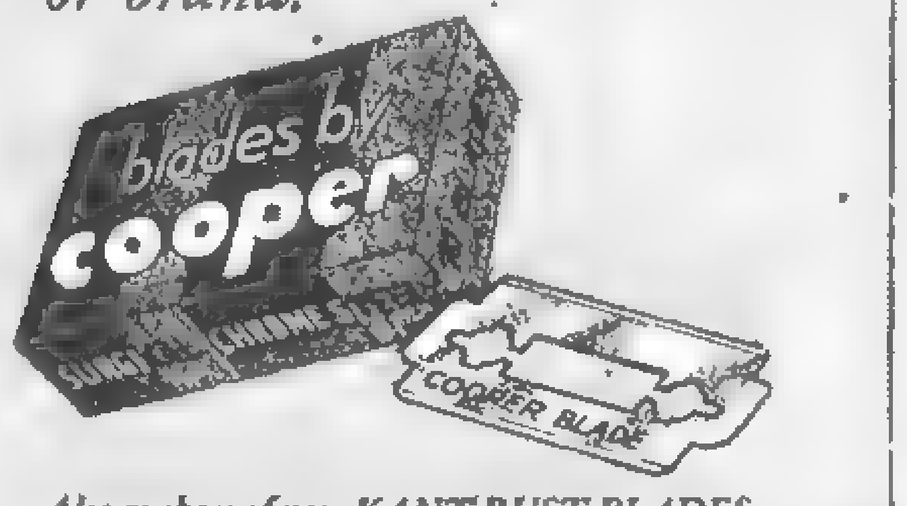

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he said, "is the junior officers. They are, to use slang, full of prunes. They confuse me. They confuse the G.Is. They confuse the war. When I think what they'll do to the postwar world the little hair I have left stands at attention."

"General, you said a mouthful!"

The general swung round.

"Who said that?"

"You have no idea how good it made me feel to hear you speak as you did," said Frances. "Just echoed what I've been thinking ever since Pearl Harbor."

"Give me good junior officers," said the general, "and I'll have the best . . ." The general stopped short and gave me a searching look.

"Lieutenant, have you ever tried throwing your voice?"

"No, sir."

"You're not a ventriloquist?"

"No, sir."

The general fixed the mule with a glare that would have withered a heavy tank.

" 'tainSHUN!" he barked.

The mule froze.

"No nonsense, now," said the general. "I want direct answers to direct questions. Name?"

"Frances," said the mule.

"Organization?"

"123rd Mule Detachment."

"Commanding Officer?"

"Captain Hodgins."

"Length of service?"

"Seven years."

"ATEASE!"

I thought the general was about to faint. I stepped up to catch him. But he pulled himself together.

"I'll be damned!" he said, "I'll be double, triple damned! So you can talk?"

"Yes, sir," said the mule. "I can talk. And I'm just as worried as you are about the junior officers, specially second lieutenants."

"They're a sorry lot," said the general, "and we of the old Army have a tremendous burden to bear."

"I have done what little I could," said Frances.

"I'm sure you have," nodded the general.

"The lieutenant here . . ." said Frances.

"I know . . ." the general was looking at me.

"You know, General," said Frances, "I'm a great admirer of yours, a great admirer."

"You are?" said the general. He was smiling.

"I particularly liked the way you handled your light armor in that last push. Their co-ordination with the 155's was magnificent."

"It certainly seemed to work," said the general.

"One question I'd like to ask, sir, if I might?" said the mule.

"Certainly, young man . . . ah . . . Frances. Certainly."

"Sir, after the first wave had swept over hill X-32, I couldn't understand why you didn't order the 227th down from the heights on the left flank? It seemed to

Continued on page 184

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The Mule Who Didn't Want Fame

Continued from pages 41-181-183

me that would have driven the Japs right into the field of fire of your mortars and machine guns?"

"A good question," the general said. "Astute. If I'd known then what I know now I would have done that. But I was told the enemy had forces deployed to the right of X-32. I was afraid of a counter-flanking movement."

"I thought of that," said Frances. "But how about the 324th?"

"They came up into line later."

"I don't mean to disagree, sir. But they arrived in position some ten minutes before the first wave took off."

"They did?" said the general. "Damn that Signal Corps."

"That explains it," said Frances. "Poor communications. Probably some junior officer asleep at the switch."

Suddenly the general shook his head to clear it, then he looked at me. "Lieutenant," he said, "I owe you an apology."

"Yes, sir."

"You, Frances," the general said, "have done a truly magnificent job for the Army."

"I've always tried to do my duty as I saw it." The mule blushed a darker brown.

"But the work you have done," the general continued, "is as nothing to the tremendous service you can render."

"I am quite happy where I am, sir," the mule said.

"You like being a pack animal?"

"Most certainly, sir. I feel that I am helping in a vitally important job. I enjoy my associations. And I appreciate the sense of satisfaction after a fatiguing day."

"I like your attitude, Frances. But I am here to offer you a tremendous opportunity to serve."

"I am in the Army to serve, sir," said the mule.

"Frances," said the general, "when America finds out about you, it's going to cause more of a furor than the war."

The mule looked worried. "I hope it won't be necessary to reveal to the public any slightly unusual qualifications I may have. I don't trust the public."

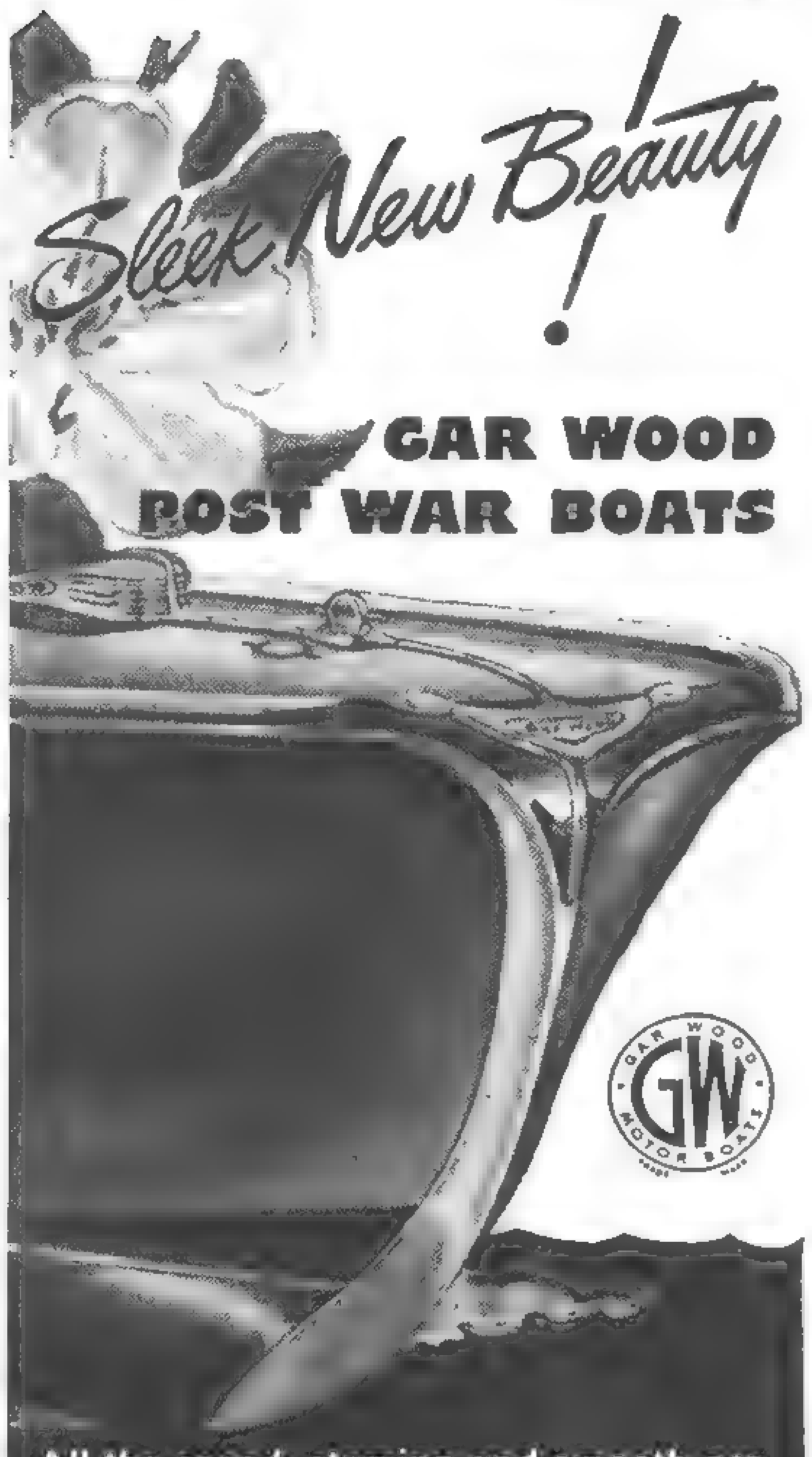
The general shook his head, "Frances," he said. "I'm not sure you understand. I am offering you an opportunity for fame such as few men . . . ah . . . few human bei . . . ah . . . few living creatures have ever enjoyed."

"I wouldn't enjoy it, sir," said the mule.

"When the country discovers you," the general continued, "the hysteria over Lindbergh will pale into insignificance."

"Sounds ghastly," said Frances.

"You are a hero. What I offer you is fully deserved. You will be one of the famous personages of our era. You will be waited on hand and foot. The Army will activate a special unit to handle you. The great of the world will vie for an opportunity to meet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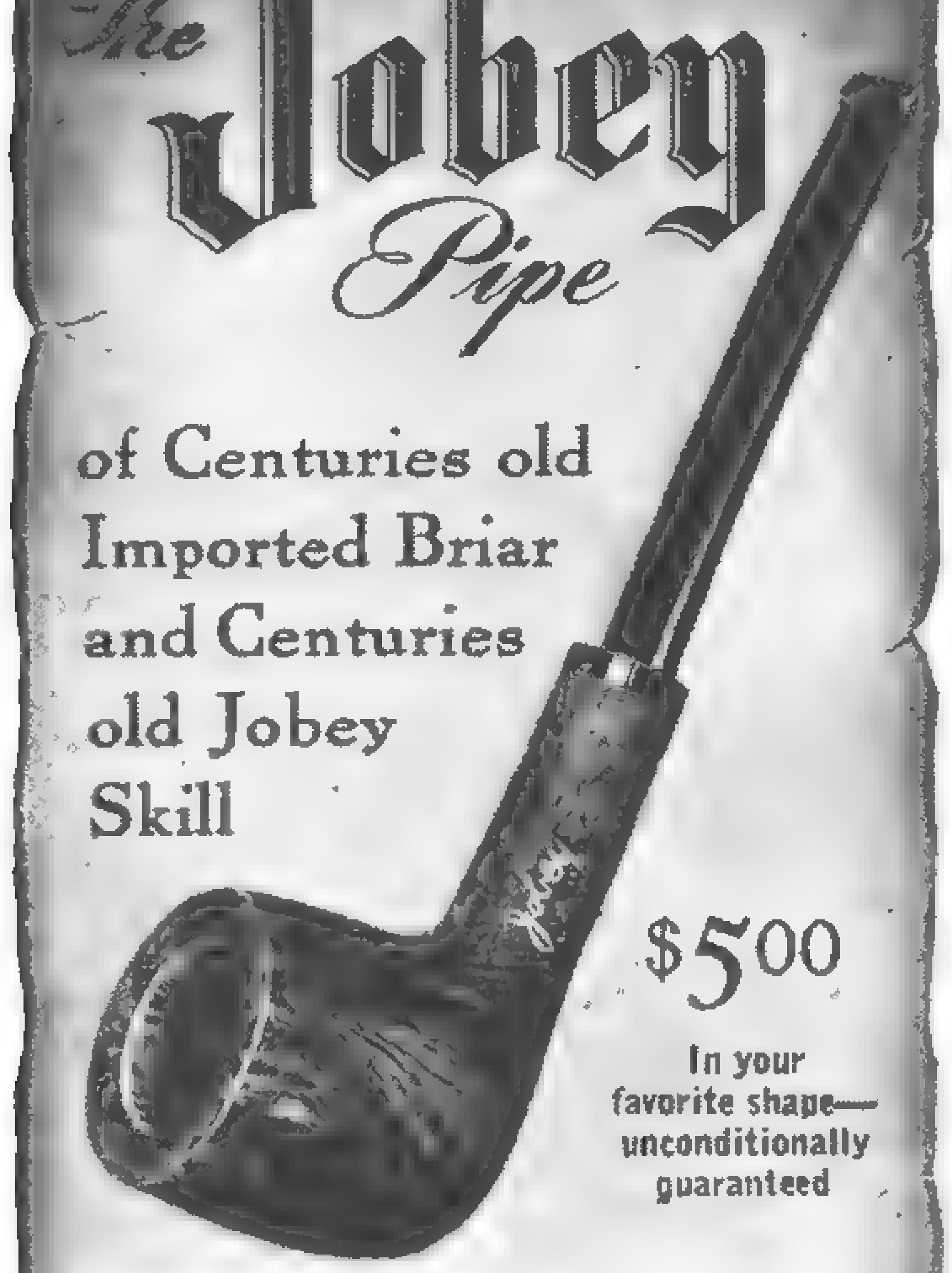

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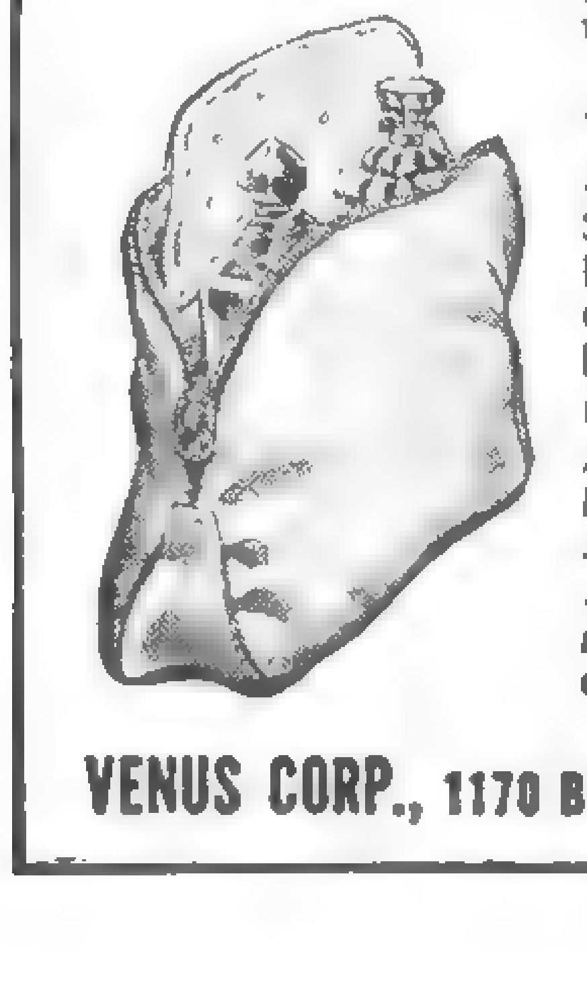

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you. Millions of people will listen to your every word."

"One of the most unpleasant sales talks I've ever heard," said the mule.

"You mean," said the general, "you don't want all that?"

"The very thought of it, sir, makes me shiver right down to my untidy, for which I beg your pardon, sir, tail."

"But think of the prestige which you could bring to the Army."

"As you said, sir, I have been rendering valuable service in my present capacity."

"But you're a nobody," said the general.

The mule looked annoyed. "It's your nobodies, sir, who are winning this mule's war."

The general colored. "True," he said. "I've always maintained it is the men of the line who win wars. I made a press statement to that effect only last week. But I am offering you a much broader field for service."

"And I appreciate it, sir," said the mule. "But I couldn't be happy in the life you picture."

"I don't want to issue orders to you," the general said.

"I hope you won't, sir," the mule countered.

"Then don't make it necessary for me to do so." I could see the general was about to act like one.

"Sir," said the mule, "I have spent seven years in the Army. The best years of my life. I have taken pride in being part of what is commonly referred to as 'the backbone of the Army.' My only request is that I be allowed to continue to serve as I have in the past."

"That's impossible," barked the general.

"Sir," said Frances, "suppose I refuse to move?"

"I am the Commanding General in this Theater!" boomed the general.

"And I am a mule!" boomed Frances in an equally determined voice.

The general glared at Frances. The mule met the look without a blink, back feet planted firmly.

"I will not tolerate insubordination," barked the general. "We're going back to headquarters."

"Oh, are we?" said the mule.

Suddenly the general squared his shoulders. He took a deep breath.

" 'tainsHUN!" The general shot out the command.

Frances shook, stiffened, tried to relax. But the years of training were just too much for the animal. She came to attention.

"Right fHace!" roared the general.

The mule turned.

"Forward MHARCH!" commanded the general.

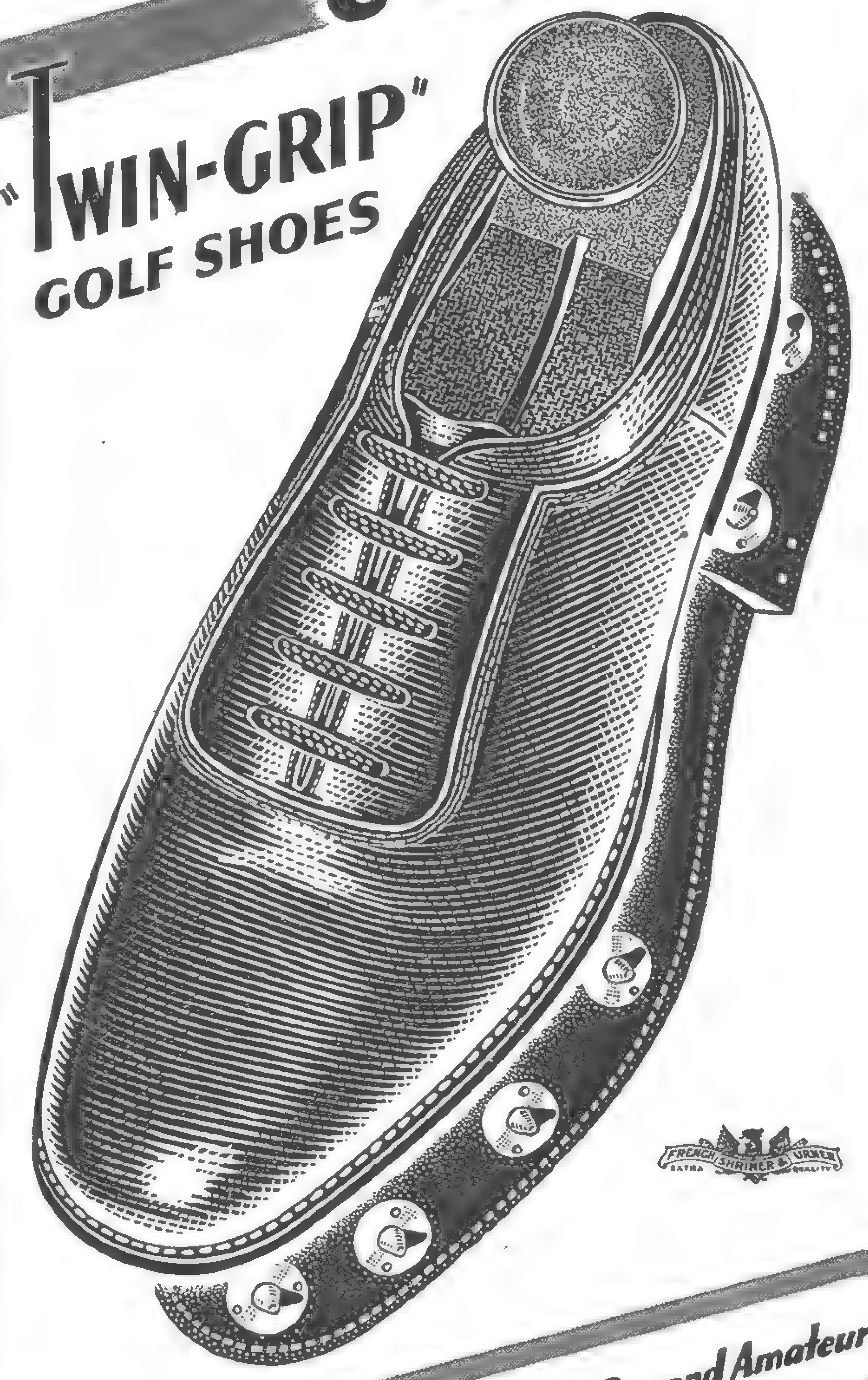
The mule stepped off with precision. The general followed.

I trotted up behind the C.G.

"What about me, sir?" I asked.

The general looked around as though he'd just remembered I was there.

"You can come along too, young man," he said. ♯



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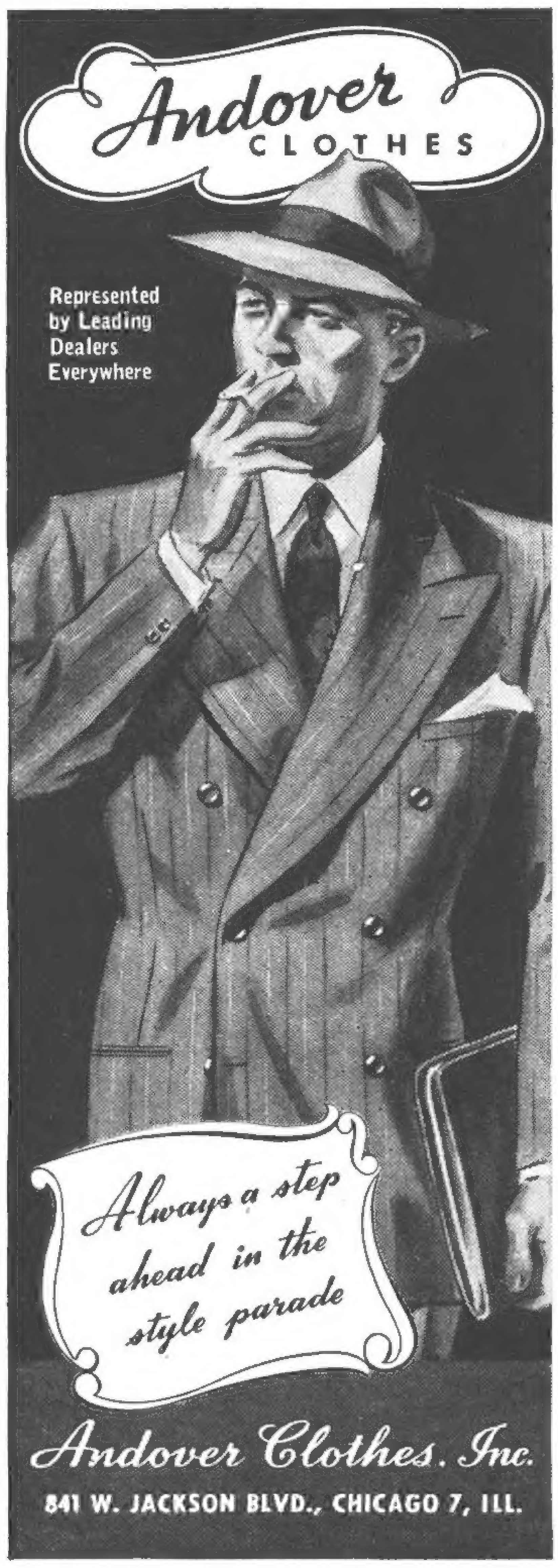
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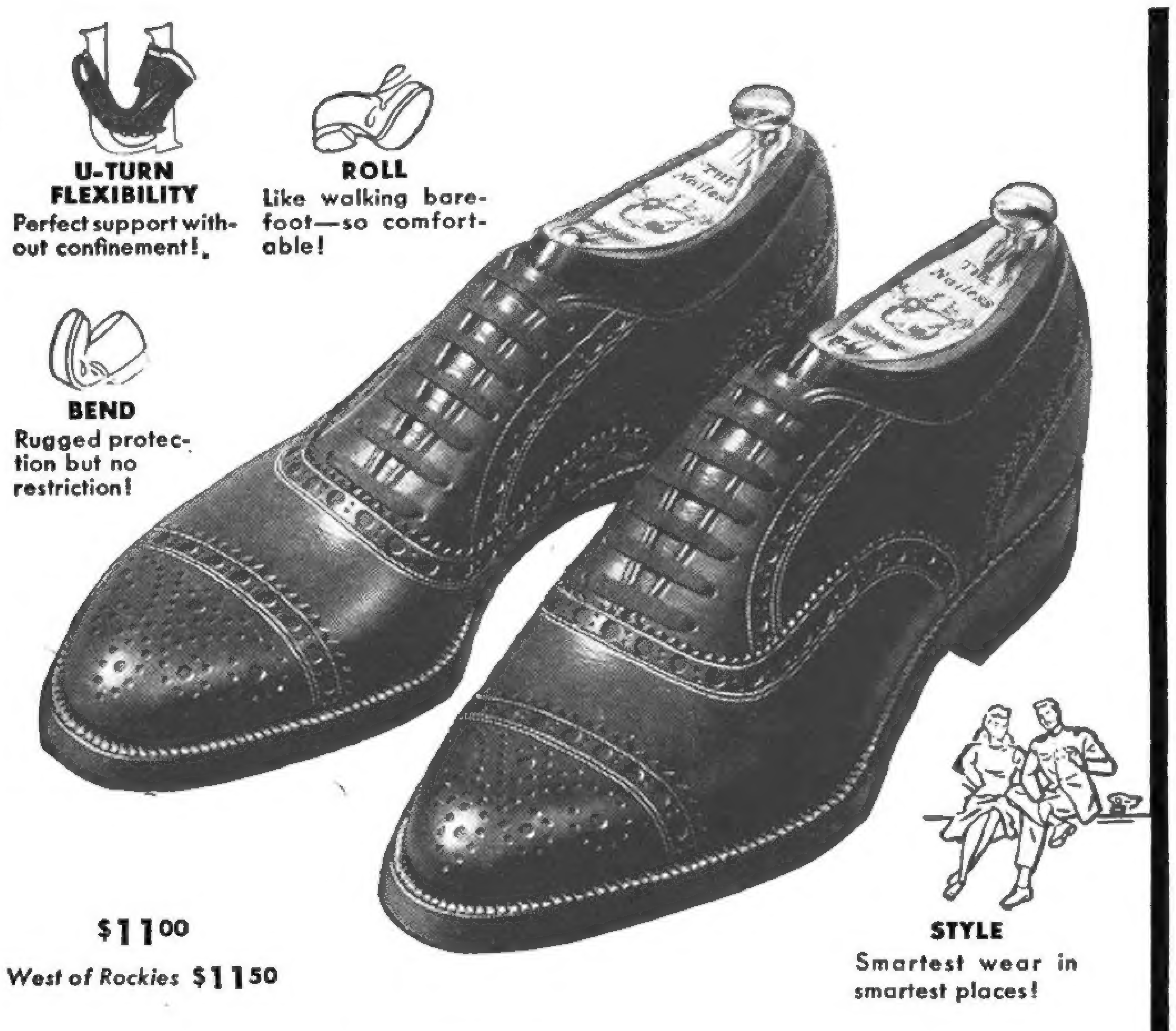
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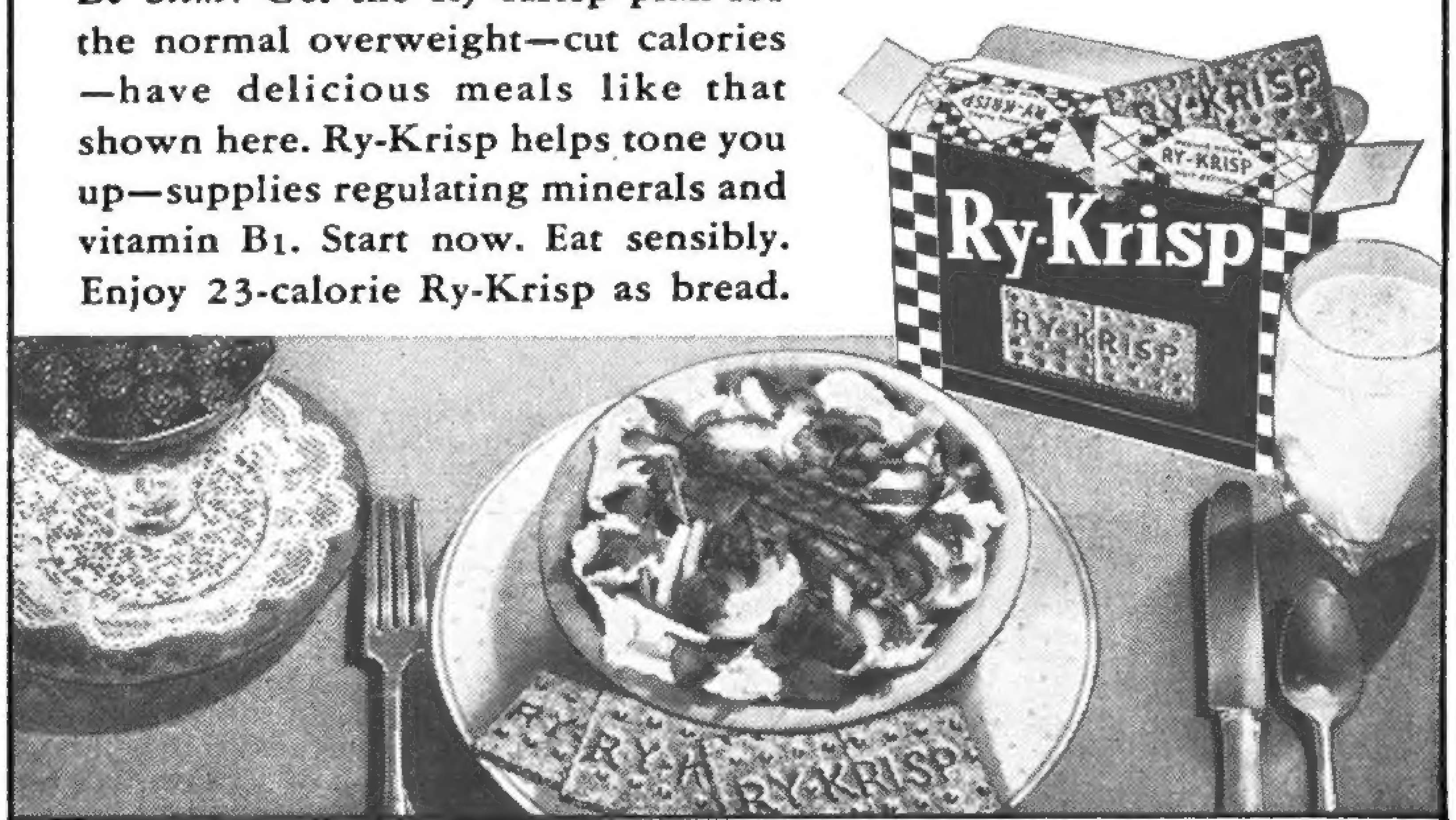
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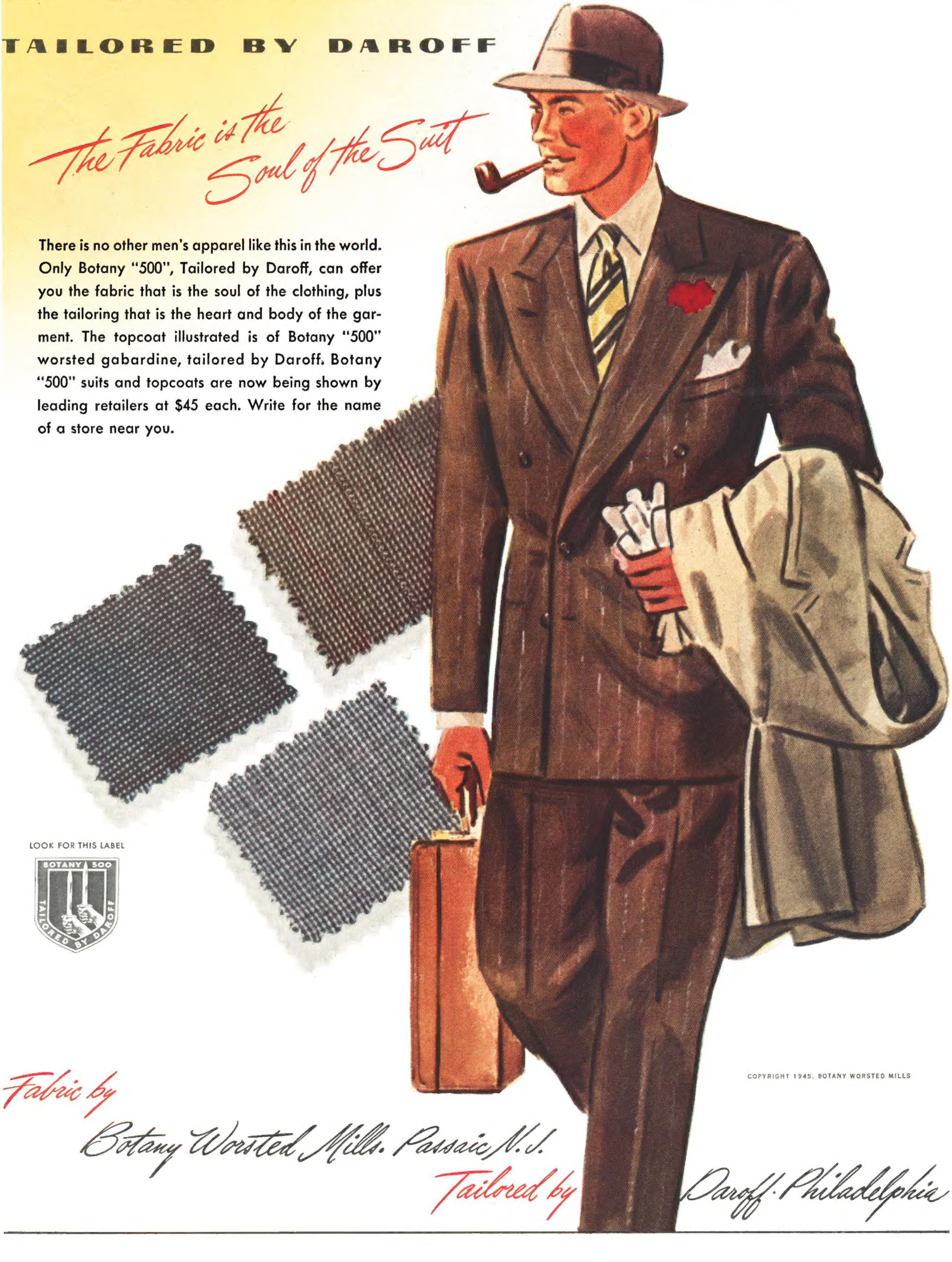

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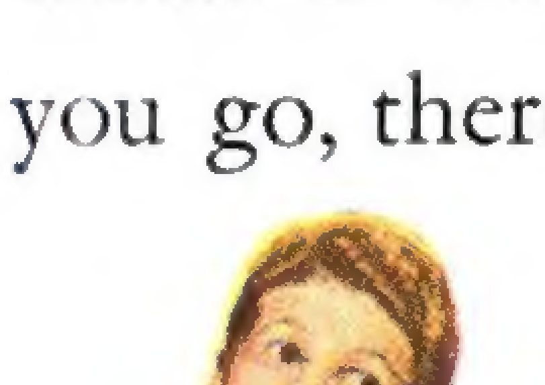

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